THE FIFTEENE BOOKES

OF

P. OVIDIVS NASO;

ENTITVLED

METAMORPHOSIS.

Translated out of Latine into Englisſh Meeter,
By *Arthur Golding* Gentleman.

A Worke very pleaſant and delectable.

With Skill, heed, and Iudgement, this Worke muſt be read:
For elſe to the Reader *it ſtands in ſmall ſtead.*

AT LONDON,
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To the right Honourable and his singular good Lord, Robert *Earle of* Leiceſter, Baron of *Denbigh*, Knight of the moſt Noble Order *Of the Garter*, &c. *Arthur Golding Gent.* wiſheth continuance of health, with proſperous eſtate and felicitie.

T Length my Chariot wheele about
the marke hath found the way,
And at their wearie races end,
my breathleſſe horſes ſtay.
The worke is brought to end by which
the Authour did account
(And rightly) with eternall fame
above the Starres to mount.
For whatſoever hath been writ
of ancient time in Greeke
By ſundry men diſperſedly,
and in the Latine eeke,
Of this ſame darke Philoſophie
of turned ſhapes, the ſame
Hath Ouid into one whole maſſe in this Booke brought in frame.
Foure kind of things in this his worke the Poet doth containe.
That nothing vnder heauen doth aye in ſtedfaſt ſtate remaine.
And next that nothing periſheth: but that each ſubſtance takes
Another ſhape then that it had. Of theſe two points he makes
The proofe by ſhewing through his worke the wonderfull exchange
Of Gods, Men, Beaſts, and Elements, to ſundry ſhapes right ſtrange.
Beginning with creation of the world and man of ſlime,
And ſo proceeding with the turnes that happened till his time.
Then ſheweth he the ſoule of man from dying to be free,
By ſamples of the noble men, who for their vertues bee
Accounted and canonized for Gods by heathen men.
And by the paines of Lymbo lake, and bliſsfull ſtate agein
Of Spirits in thy Elyſian fields. And though that of theſe three
He make diſcourſe diſperſedly: yet ſpecially they bee
Diſcuſſed in the latter Booke, in that Oration where
He bringeth in Pythagoras, diſſwading men from feare
Of death, and preaching abſtinence from fleſh of liuing things.
But as for that opinion which Pythagoras there brings

Of soules remoouing out of beasts to men, and out of men
To birds and beasts both wilde and tame, both too and fro agen:
It is not to be vnderstood of that same soule whereby
We are endewde with reason and discretion from on hye:
But of that soule or life, the which brute beasts as well as we
Enioy. Three sorts of life or soule (for so they termed be)
Are found in things. The first giues power to thriue, encrease and grow,
And this in senceless Hearbs and trees and shrubs it selfe doth show.
The second giueth power to mooue and vse of sences fiue.
And this remaines in brutish beasts, and keepeth them aliue.
Both these are mortall, as the which receiued of the ayre
By force of Phœbus, after death do thither oft repaire.
The third giues vnderstanding, wit, and reason: and the same
Is it alonely which with vs of soule doth beare the name.
And as the second doth containe the first: euen so the third
Containeth both the other twaine. And neither beast, nor bird,
Nor fish, nor herbe, nor tree, nor shrub, nor any earthly wight
(Saue onely man) can of the same partake the heauenly might.
I grant that when our breath doth from our bodies go away,
It doth ettsoones returne to ayre: and of that ayre there may
Both bird and beast participate, and we of theirs likewise.
For while we liue, (the thing it selfe appeareth to our eyes)
Both they and we draw all one breath. But for to deeme or say
Our noble soule (which is diuine and permanent for aye)
Is common to vs with the beasts, I thinke it nothing lesse
Then for to be a point of him that wisedome doth professe.
Of this I am right well assurde there is no Christen wight
That can by fondnesse be so farre seduced from the right.
And finally he doth proceed in shewing that not all
That beare the name of men (how strong, fierce, stout, bold, hardy, tall,
How wise, faire, rich, or highly borne, how much renownde by fame,
So ere they be, although on Earth of Gods they beare the name)
Are for to be accounted men: but such as vnder awe
Of reasons rule continually do liue in vertues law:
And that the rest do differ nought from beasts, but rather bee
Much worse than beasts, because they do abase their owne degree.
To naturall Philosophy the formost three pertaine,
The fourth to morrall: and in all are piththy, apt and playne
Instructions which import the praise of vertues: and the shame
Of vices: with the due rewards of either of the same.

Out of the first booke.

1 As for example, in the tale of Daphnee turnde to Bay,
A mirrour of virginity appeare vnto vs may.
Which yeelding neither vnto feare, nor force, nor flattery,
Doth purchase euerlasting fame and immortality.

Out of the second.

2 In Phaetons Fable vnto sight the Poet doth expresse
The natures of ambition blind, and youthfull wilfulnesse.
The end whereof is misery, and bringeth at the last
Repentance when it is too late, that all redresse is past.
And how the weakenesse and the want of wit in Magistrate
Confoundeth both his Common weal and eke his own estate.
This Fable also doth aduise all parents and all such
As bring vp youth, to take good heed of cockering them too much.

It

It further doth commend the meane: and willeth to beware
Of rash & hasty promises, which most pernitious are,
And not to be performed: and in fine it playnly showes
What sorrow to the parents and to all the kinred growes
By disobedience of the child: and in the child is ment
The disobedient subiect that against his Prince is bent.
The transformation of the Crow and Rauen do declare
That Clawbacks and Col-carries ought wisely to beware
Of whom, to whom, and what they speake. For loue against his will
Can any friendly heart abide to heare reported ill
The party whom he fauoureth. This tale doth eke bewray
The rage of wrath and ielosie to haue no kind of stay:
And that light credite to reports in no wise should be giuen.
For feare that men too late to suit repentance should be driuen.
The Fable of Ocyroee by all such folke is told
As are in searching things to come too curious and too bold.
A very good example is described in Battus tale
For courtous people which for gaine do let their tongues to sale.
3 All such as do in flattering freakes, and Hawks, and Hounds delight, Out of the
And Dice, and Cards, and for to spend the time both day and night third.
In foule excesse of Chamber worke, or too much Meat and Drinke:
Vpon the piteous story of Acteon ought to thinke.
For theie and their adherents plide, excessiue are in deed
The Dogges that daily do deuour their followers on with speed.
Tyresias willes inferiour folke in any wise to shun
To iudge betweene their betters, least in perill they do run.
Narcissus is of Scornfulnesse and Pride a myrror cleere,
Where Beauties fading vanity most plainly may appeere.
And Echo in the selfe-same tale doth kindly represent
The leawd behauiour of a Bawd, and his due punishment.
4 The piteous tale of Pyramus and Thysbee doth containe Out of the
The heady force of frantick Loue, whose end is woe and paine. fourth.
The snares of Mars and Venus shew that time will bring to light
The secret sinnes that folke commit in corners or by night.
Hermaphrodite and Salmacis declare that Idlenesse
Is chiefest nurse and cherisher of all Voluptuousnesse.
And that voluptuous life breeds Sinne: which linking all togither,
Make men to be effeminate, unweeldy, weake, and lither.
5 Rich Pyers daughters turnd to Pies, doe openly declare, Out of the
That none to bold to vaunt themselues as blindelt bayards are. fift.
The Muses plainly do declare againe a tother side,
That whereas cherish'd Wilfulnesse is, most mischiefe doth abide.
6 Arachnee may example be, that folke should not contend Out of the
Against their betters, nor perfist in errour to the end. sixt.
So doth the tale of Niobee and of her children: and
Their transformation of the Carles that dwelt in Lycie land,
Togither with the flaying off of piper Marsies skinne.
The first do also show that long it is ere God beginne
To pay vs for our faults, and that he warnes vs oft before
To leaue our folly: but at length his vengeance striketh sore.
And therefore that no wight should striue with God in word, nor thought,
Nay deed. But Pride and fond desire of people haue euer wrought
Confusion.

Confusion to the parties which accompt of them do make.
For some of such a nature be, that if they once do take
Opinion (be it right or wrong) they rather will agree
To dye, then seeme to take a foyle: so obstinate they bee.
The tale of Tereus, Philomele, and Progne, doth containe
That folke are blind in things that to their proper weale pertaine.
And that the man in whome the fire of furious lust doth reigne,
Doth runne to mischiefe like a Horse that getteth loose the reyne.
It also shewes the cruell wreake of Women in their wrath,
And that no haynous mischiefe long delay of vengeance hath.
And lastly, that distresse doth driue a man to looke about,
And seeke all corners of his wits, what way to wind him out.

Out of the seuenth. 7 The good successe of Iason in the land of Colchos, and
The doings of Medea since, doo giue to vnderstand,
That nothing is so hard but paine and trauell doo it win,
For fortune euer fauoureth such as boldly doo begin:
That women both in helping and in hurting haue no match
When they to either bend their wits: and how that for to catch
An honest meaner vnder fayre pretence of friendship, is
An easie matter. Also there is warning giuen of this
That men should neuer hastily giue eare to fugitiues,
Nor into hands of Sorcerers commit their state or liues.
It shewes in fine of Stepmothers the deadly hate in part,
And vengeance most vnnaturall that was in mothers hart.
The deeds of Theseus are a spurre to prowesse, and a glasse
How Princes sonnes and Noblemen their youthfull yeares should passe.
King Minos shewes that kings in hand no wrongfull warres should take,
And what prouision for the same they should before hand make.
King Aeacus giues also there example, how that Kings
Should keepe their promise and their leagues aboue all other things.
His graue discription of the plague and end thereof, expresse
The wrath of God on man for sinne: and how that nere the lesse
He doth vs spare and multiply againe for good mens sakes.
The whole discourse of Cephalus and Procris mention makes,
That married folke should warely shun the vice of iealozie,
And of suspition should auoyd all causes vtterly.
Reproouing by the way all such as causelesse do misdeeme
The chaste and giltlesse for the deeds of those that faulty seeme.

Out of the eight. 8 The story of the daughter of King Nisus setteth out
What wicked lust driues folke vnto to bring their wills about.
And of a righteous iudge is giuen example in the same,
Who for no meed nor friendship will consent to any blame.
We may perceiue in Dedalus how euery man by kind
Desires to be at libertie and with an earnest mind
Doth seeke to see his natiue soyle, and how that straight distresse
Doth make men wise, and sharpes their wits to find their owne redresse.
We also learne by Icarus how good it is to bee
In meane estate, and not to clymbe too high, but to agree
To wholesome counsayle: for the hyre of disobedience is
Repentance when it is too late for thinking things amisse.
And Partrich tels that excellence in any thing procures
Men enuie, euen among those friends whom nature most assures.

Philemon

Philemon and his Feere are rules of godly patient life,
Of sparing thrift and mutuall loue betweene the man and wife,
Of due obedience, of the feare of God, and of reward
For good or euill vsage shewd to wandring strangers ward,
In Ensiction doth appeare a liuely image both
Of wickednesse and cruelty which any wight may loath,
And of the hyre that longs thereto. He sheweth also plaine
That whereas Prodigality and Gluttony doth raigne,
A world of riches and of goods are euer with the least
To satisfie the appetite and eye of such a beast.

9 In Hercules and Acheloyes encounters is set out
The nature and behauiour of two Wooers that be stout.
Wherein the Poet couertly taunts such as being bace
Do seeke by forged pedegrees to seeme of noble race.
Who when they do perceiue no truth vpon their side to stand,
In stead of reason and of right vse force and might of hand.
This Fable also signifies that valiantnesse of heart
Consisteth not in words, but deeds: and that all slight and Art
Giue place to prowesse. Furthermore in Nessus we may see
What breach of promise commeth too, and how that such as bee
Vnable for to wreake their harmes by force, doo oft deuise
To wreake themselues by pollicy in farre more cruell wise.
And Deyanira doth declare the force of iealozie
Deceiued through too light beleefe and fond simplicity.
The processe following painteth out true manlinesse of hart,
Which yeeldeth neither vnto death, to sorrow, griefe, nor smart.
And finally it shewes that such as liue in true renowne
Of Vertue here, haue after death an euerlasting crowne
Of glory. Cawne and Byblis are examples contrary:
The Mayd of most outragious lust, the man of chastity.

Out of the Nynth.

10 The tenth Booke chiefly doth containe one kind of argument
Reprooving most prodigious lusts of such as hane been bent
To incest most vnnaturall. And in the latter end
It sheweth in Hippomenes how greatly folke offend,
That are ingrate for benefits which God or man bestow
Vpon them in the time of need. Moreouer it doth show
That beauty (will they nill they) aye doth men in danger throw:
And that it is a foolishnesse to striue against the thing
Which God before determineth to passe in time to bring.
And last of all Adonis death doth shew that manhood striues
Against forewarning though men see the perill of their liues.

Out of the Tenth.

11 The death of Orphey sheweth Gods vengeance on the vyle
And wicked sort which horribly with incest them defile.
In Mydas of a couetous wretch the image we may see
Whose riches iustly to himselfe a hellish torment bee,
And of a foole whom neither proofe nor warning can amend,
Untill he feele the shame and smart that folly doth him send.
His Barbour represents all blabs which seeme with child to bee
Untill that they haue blaazde abroad the things they heare or see.
In Ceyx and Alcyone appeares most constant loue,
Such as betweene the man and wife to be it doth behoue.
This Ceyx also is a light of princely courtesie,

Out of the Eleauenth.

And bounty toward ſuch whom need compelleth for to ſlye.
His voyage alſo doth declare how vainly men are led.
To vtter perill through fond toyes and fancies in their head.
For Idols, doubtfull Oracles, and Sooth-ſayers prophelies,
Doe nothing elſe but make fooles fayne and blynd their bleared eyes.
Dedalions daughter warnes to vſe the tongue with modeſtie,
And not to vaunt with ſuch as are their betters in degree.

Out of the Twelfth. 12 The ſiege of Troy, the death of men, the razing of the citie,
And ſlaughter of King Priams ſtocke without remorſe or pitty,
Which in the 12. and 13. Bookes be written, doo declare
How haynous willfull periury and filthy whoredome are
In ſight of God. The frentick fray betweene the Lapithes and
The Centawres, is a note whereby is giuen to vnderſtand
Out of the Thirteenth. The beaſtly rage of drunkennelle. (13) Vlyſſes doth erpreſſe
The image of diſcretion, wit, and great aduiſednelle.
And Aiax on the tother ſide doth repreſent a man
Stout, heady, trefull, hault of mind, and ſuch a one as can
Abyde to ſuffer no repulſe. And both of them declare
How couetous of glory and reward mens natures are.
And finally it ſheweth playne that Wiſedome doth preuayle
In all attempts and purpoles when ſtrength of hand doth fayle.
The death of fayre Polyxena doth ſhew a princely mind
And ſtirme regard of honor rare engraft in Woman-kind.
And Polymeſtor King of Thrace doth ſhew himſelfe to bee
A glaſſe for wretched couetous folke wherein themſelues to ſee.
This Story further witneſſeth that Murder eryeth ay
For vengeance, and it ſelfe one time or other doth bewray.
The tale of Gyant Polypheme doth euidently proue,
That nothing is ſo fierce and wilde, which perſeth not to loue.
And in the perſon of the ſelfe ſame Gyant is ſet out
The rude and homely wooing of a country clowne and lout.

Out of the Fourteenth. 14 The tale of Apes reproues the vayce of willfull periury,
And willeth people to beware they vſe not for to lye.
Aeneas going downe to Hell, doth ſhew that Vertue may
In ſafety trauell where it will, and nothing can it ſtay.
The length of life in Sybill doth declare it is but vayne
To wiſh long life, ſith length of life is alſo length of payne.
The Greci in Achemenides doth learne vs how we ought
Be thankefull for the benefites that any man hath wrought.
And in this Achemenides, the Poet doth erpreſſe
The vnage of exceeding feare in danger and diſtreſſe.
What elſe are Cuces witchcrafts and enchauntments than the vyle
And filthy pleaſures of the fleſh, which do our ſoules defile?
And what is elſe hearbe Moly, than the gift of ſtayednelle
And temperance which doth all fowle concupiſcence repreſſe?
The tale of Anaxaretee willes dames of high degree
To vſe their louers courteouſly how meane ſo ere they bee.
And Iphys learnes inferiour folkes too fondly not to ſet
Their loue on ſuch as are too high for their eſtate to get.

Out of the Fifteenth. 15 Alemons ſonne declares that men ſhould willingly obay
What God commands, and not vpon exceptions ſeeme to ſtay.
For he will find the meanes to bring their purpoſe well about.

And

And in their most necessity dispatch them safely out
Of danger. The oration of Pythagoras implyes
A summe of all the former worke. What person can devyse
A notabler example of true loue and godlinesse
To ones owne native Country-ward than Cippus doth expresse?
The turning to a blazing Starre of Iulius Cesar, showes
That fame and immortality, of vertuous doings growes.
And lastly, by examples of Augustus, and a few
Of other noble Princes sonnes, the Author there doth shew
That Noblemen and Gentlemen should striue to passe the same
And vertues of their ancestors, or else to match the same.
These Fables out of euery Booke I haue interpreted,
To shew how they and all the rest may stand a man in sted.
Not adding ouer curiously the meaning of them all,
For that were labour infinite, and tediousnesse not small
Both vnto your good Lordship and the rest that should them reed:
Who well might thinke I did the bounds of modesty exceed,
If I this one Epistle should with matters ouercharge,
Which scarce a Booke of many quires can well containe at large.
And whereas in interpreting these few, I attribute
The things to one, which Heathen men to many Gods impute
Concerning mercy, wrath for sinne, and other gifts of grace:
Described for example sake in proper time and place.
Let no man maruell at the same: For though that they as blind
Through vnbeleefe, and led astray through error euen of kind,
Knew not the true eternall God, or if they did him know,
Yet did they not acknowledge him, but vainely did bestow
The honor of the maker of the creature: yet it dooth
Behoue all vs (who rightly are instructed in the sooth)
To thinke and say that God alone is he that rules all things,
And worketh all in all, as Lord of Lords, and King of Kings,
With whom there are none other Gods that any sway may beare.
No fatall Law to bind him by, no Fortune for to feare.
For Gods, and Fate, and Fortune are the tearmes of heathennesse,
If men vsurpe them in the sence that Paynims did expresse.
But if we will reduce their sence to right of Christian law,
To signifie three other things these tearmes we well may draw.
By Gods, we vnderstand all such as God hath placst in cheefe
Estate to punish sinne, and for the godly sorkes releefe,
By Fate, the order which is set and stablished in things,
By Gods eternall will and word, which in due season brings
All matters to their falling out. Which falling out, or end,
(Because our curious reason is too weake to comprehend
The cause and order of the same, and doth behold it fall
Unwares to vs) by name of Chance or Fortune we it call.
If any man will say these things may better learned bee
Out of diuine Philosophy or Scripture, I agree
That nothing may in worthinesse with Holy Writ compare.
Howbeit so farre forth as things nu whit impeachments are
To vertue and to godlynesse, but furtherers of the same,
I trust we may them safely vse, without desert or blame.
And yet there are (and those not of the rude and vulgar sort:

But such as haue of Godlinesse and Learning good report)
That thinke the Poets tooke their first occasion of these things
From Holy Writ, as from the Well from whence all wisedome springs.
What man is he but would suppose the Author of this Booke,
The first foundation of his Worke from Moses writings tooke?
Not onely in effect he doth with Genesis agree,
But also in the order of Creation, saue that hee
Makes no distinction of the dayes. For what is elce at all
That shapelesse, rude, and pestred heape with Caos he doth call,
Than euen that vniuersall masse of things which God did make
In one whole lumpe, before that each their proper place did take.
Of which the Byble sayth, that in the first beginning God
Made Heauen and Earth: the Earth was waste, and darknesse yet abod
Vpon the deepe: which holy words declare vnto vs playne,
That Fire, Ayre, Water, and the Earth did vndistinct remayne
„ In one grosse body at the first. „ For God the Father, that
„ Made all things, framing out the World according to the plat,
„ Conceiued euerlastingly in mind, made first of all
„ Both Heauen and Earth vncorporall, and such as could not fall,
„ As obiects vnder sence of sight: and also Ayre likewise,
„ And emptinesse: and for these twayne apt termes he did deuise.
„ He called Ayre darknesse: for the Ayre by kind is darke,
„ And emptinesse by name of depth full aptly he did marke:
„ For emptinesse is deepe and waste by nature. Ouermore,
„ He formed also bodylesse (as other things before)
„ The natures both of water and of spirit. And in fine
„ The light: which being made to be a patterne most diuine
„ Whereby to forme the fired starres and wandring Planets seuen,
„ With all the lights that afterward should beautifie the heauen,
„ Was made by God both bodilesse and of so pure a kind,
„ As that it could alonely be perceiued by the mynd.
To this effect, are Philos words. And certainely this same
Is it that Poets in their worke confused, Chaos name.
Not that Gods workes at any time were pact confusedly
Together: but because no place nor outward shape whereby
To shew them to the feeble sence of mans deceitfull sighe
Was yet appointed vnto things, vntill that by his might
And wondrous wisedome, God in time set open to the eye
The things that he before all time had euerlastingly
Decreed by his prouidence. But let vs further see
How Ouids scantlings with the whole true patterne do agree.
The first day by his mighty Word (sayth Moyses) God made light,
The second day the Firmament, which heauen or welkin hight.
The third day he did part the earth from sea and made it dry,
Commanding it to beare all kind of fruites abundantly.
The fourth day he did make the lights of heauen to shine from hye,
And stablished a law in them to rule their courses by,
The fift day he did make the Whales and Fishes of the deepe,
With all the birds and feathered fowles that in the ayre doe keepe,
The sixt day God made euery beast both wild and tame, and wormes
That creepe on ground according to their seuerall kinds and formes.
And in the image of himselfe he formed man of clay,

To

To be the Lord of all his workes the very selfe same day.
This is the summe of Moyses words. And Ouid (whether it were
By following of the Text aright, or that his mind did beare
Him witnesse that there are no Gods but one) doth playne vphold
That God (although he knew him not) was he that did vnfold
The former Chaos putting it in forme and fashion new,
As may appeare by these his workes which vndernecath enclew.
" This strife did God and Nature breake and set in order due
" The Earth from Heauen, the Sea from Earth he parted orderly,
" And from the thicke and loggy ayre he tooke the lightsome skie.
In these few lines he comprehends the whole effect of that
Which God did worke the first three dayes about this noble plat.
And then by distributions he entreateth by and by
Moze largely of the selfesame things, and paints them out to eye
With all their hounds and furniture: And whereas we do find
The terme of Nature ioynde with God: (according to the mind
Of learned men) by ioyning so is meant no other thing,
But God the Lord of Nature who did all in order bring.
The distributions being done right learnedly, anon,
To shew the other three dayes workes he thus proceedeth on.
" The heauenly soyle to Gods and Starres and Planets first he gaue,
" The waters next both fresh and salt he let the Fishes haue.
" The subtile Ayre to flickering fowles and birds he hath allignde.
" The earth to beasts both wilde and tame of sundry sorts and kinde.
Thus partly in the outward phrase, but more in very deed,
He seemes according to the sence of Scripture to proceed,
And when he comes to speake of man, he doth not vainely say
(As some haue written) that he was before all time for ay.
Ne mentioneth no Gods than one in making him. But thus
He both in sentence and in sence his meaning doth discusse.
" Notwithstanding, yet of all this while the creature wanting was
" Farre more diuine, of nobler mind, which should the residue passe
" In depth of knowledge, reason, wit, and high capacitee,
" And which of all the residue should the Lord and ruler bee,
" Then either he that made the world and things in order set
" Of heauenly seed engendred man: or else the earth as yet
" Yong, lustie, fresh, and in her flowre, and parted from the Skie
" But late before, the seeds thereof as yet held inwardly.
" The which Prometheus tempting streight with water of the Spring,
" Did make in likenesse to the Gods that gouerne euery thing.
What other thing meanes Ouid here, by terme of heauenly seed,
Than mans immortall soule, which is diuine, and comes indeed
From heauen, and was inspirde by God, as Moyses showeth plaine?
And whereas of Prometheus he seemes to adde a vaine
Deuice, as though he meant that he had formed man of clay,
Although it be a tale put in for pleasure by the way:
Yet by th'interpretation of the name we well may gather,
He did include a subtilty and secret meaning rather.
This word Prometheus signifies a person sage and wise,
Of great foresight who headily will nothing enterprise,
Ie was the name of one that first did Images inuent:
Of whome the Poets do report that he to heauen vp went,

And there ſtole fire through which he made his images aliue:
And therefore that he formed men the Paynims did contriue.
Now when the Poet read perchance that God Almighty by
His prouidence and by his word (which euerlaſtingly
Is aye his wiſedome) made the world and alſo man to beare
His image, and to be the Lord of all the things that were
Erſt made, and that he shaped him of earth or ſlimy clay:
He tooke occaſion in the way of fabling for to ſay
That wiſe Prometheus temp'ring earth with water of the Spring,
Did forme it like the Gods aboue that gouerne euery thing.
Thus, may Prometheus ſeeme to be th'eternall Word of God,
His wiſedome, and his prouidence, which formed man of clod.
" And where all other things behold the ground with grouling ey:
" He gaue to man a ſtately looke repleate with maieſty:
" And wild him to behold the Heauen with countenance caſt on hye,
" To marke and vnderſtand what things are in the ſtarry skie.
In the ſame words, both parts of man, the Poet doth expreſſe
As in a glaſſe, and giueth vs inſtruction to addreſſe
Our ſelues to know our owne eſtate: as that we be not borne
To follow luſt, or ſerue the paunch like brutiſh beaſts forlorne:
But for to lift our eyes as well of body as of mynd
To Heauen as to our natiue ſoyle, from whence we haue by kynd
Our better part: and by the ſight therof to learne to know
And knowledge him that dwelleth there: and wholly to beſtow
Our care and trauell to the praiſe and glory of his name,
Who for the ſakes of mortall men created firſt the ſame.
Moreouer, by the Golden age what other thing is ment,
Than Adams time in Paradiſe, who being innocent
Did lead a bleſt and happy life, vntill that through ſinne
He fell from God? From which time forth all ſorrow did beginne.
The earth accurſed for his ſake, did neuer after more
Peeld food without great toyle. Both heate and cold did vexe him ſore.
Diſeaſe of body, care of mind, with hunger, thirſt and need,
Feare, hope, ioye, griefe, and trouble fell on him and on his ſeed.
And this is termde the ſiluer age. Next which there did ſucceed
The brazen age, when malice firſt in peoples hearts did breed,
Which neuer ceaſed growing till it did ſo farre outrage,
That nothing but deſtruction could the heat therof aſſwage.
For why, mens ſtomaches wering hard as ſteele againſt their God,
Prouoked him from day to day to ſtrike them with his rod.
Prowd Gyants alſo did ariſe that with preſumptuous wills
Heapt wrong on wrong, and ſinne on ſinne, like hugge and lofty hills.
Whereby they ſtriue to clyme to heauen and God from thence to draw,
In ſcorning of his holy word and breaking natures law.
For which anon enſewd the flood which ouerflowed all
The wole round earth, and drowned quite all creatures great and ſmall,
Excepting few that God did ſaue: as ſeed whereof ſhould grow
Another off-ſpring. All theſe things the Poet here doth ſhow
In colour, altering both the names of perſons, time and place.
For where according to the truth of Scripture in this caſe
The vniuerſall flood did fall but fifteene hundred yeeres
And ſix and fifty after the Creation (as appeeres

By

By reckoning of the ages of the Fathers) vnder Noy,
With whome ſeauen other perſons mo like ſafegard did enioy
Within the Arke, which at the end of one whole yeare did ſtay
Vpon the hilles of Armenie: The Poet following ay
The Fables of the glorying Greekes (who ſhamefully did take
The praiſe of all things to themſelues) in fabling wiſe doth make
It happened in Deucalions time, who raigned in Theſſalie
Eight hundred Winters ſince Noes flood, or thereupon well nye,
Becauſe that in the raigne of him a mighty flood did fall,
That drowndе the greater part of Greece, townes, cattell, folke and all,
Saue few that by the helpe of boats attained vnto him,
And to the higheſt of the forke Parnaſos top did ſwim.
And for becauſe that he and his were driuen awhile to dwell
Among the ſtony hilles and rockes vntill the water fell,
The Poets hereupon did take occaſion for to fayne,
That he and Pyrrha did repaire mankind of ſtones againe.
So in the firſt Booke afterward Amphions harpe is layd
The firſt foundation of the walles of Thebee to haue layd,
Becauſe that by his eloquence and iuſtice (which are ment
By true accord of harmony and muſicall conſent)
He gathered into Thebee towne, and in due order knit
The people that diſperſt and rude in hilles and rockes did ſit,
So Orphey in the tenth Booke is reported to delight
The Sauage beaſts, and for to hold the fleeting birds from flight,
To moue the ſenſeleſſe ſtones and ſtay ſwift riuers, and to make
The trees to follow after him, and for his muſicke ſake
To yeeld him ſhadow where he went. By which is ſignifide,
That in his doctrine ſuch a force and ſweetneſſe was implyde,
That ſuch as were moſt wild, ſtowre, fierce, hard, witleſſe, rude, & bent
Againſt good order, were by him perſwaded to relent,
And for to be conformable to liue in reuerent awe
Like neighbours in a common weale by iuſtice vnder law.
Conſidering then of things before rehearſt the whole effect,
I truſt there is already ſhewd ſufficient to detect
That Poets tooke the ground of all their chiefeſt Fables out
Of ſcripture: which they ſhadowing with their glozes went about
To turne the truth to toyes and lyes. And of the ſelfeſame rate
Are alſo theſe. Their Phlegeton, their Styx, their bliſſull ſtate
Of ſpirits in th'Aylian fields. Of which the former twaine
Seeme counterfuted of the place where damned ſoules remaine,
Which we call hell. The third doth ſeeme to fetch his pedegree
From Paradyce, which Scripture ſhewes a place of bliſſe to bee.
If Poets then with feelings and with Fables ſhadowed ſo
The certaine truth, what letteth vs to plucke thoſe vizers fro
Their doings, and to bring againe the darkened truth to light,
That all men may behold thereof the clearenеſſe ſhining bright?
The Readers therefore earneſtly admoniſht are to bee
To ſeeke a further meaning than the letter giues to ſee.
The trauell tane in that behalfe although it haue ſome paine,
Yet makes it double recompence with pleaſure and with gaine.
With pleaſure, for variety and ſtrangeneſſe of the things:
With gaine, for good inſtruction which the vnderſtanding brings.

And if they happening for to meet with any wanton woord
Or matter lewd, according as the person doth auoorde
In whome the euill is deseribde, do feele their minds thereby
Prouokt to vice, and wantonnesse (as nature commonly
Is prone to euill) let them thus imagine in their mind.
Behold, by sent of reason and by perfect sight I find
A Panther heere, whose painted coat with yellow spots like gold,
And pleasant smell allure mine eyes and sences to behold.
But well I know his face is grim and fierce, which he doth hide
To this intent, that while I thus stand gazing on his hyde,
He may deuoure me vnbewares. Ne let them more offend
At vices in this present worke in liuely colours pend.
Than if that in a Christall glasse foule images they found,
Resembling folkes foule visages that stand about it round.
For sure these Fables are not put in writing to thintent
To further or allure to vice: but rather this is ment,
That men beholding what they be when vice doth raigne instead
Of Vertue, should not let their lewd affections haue the head.
For as there is no creature more diuine then man as long
As reason hath the soueraignty and standeth firme and strong:
So is there none more beastly, vile, and diuellish, than is hee,
If reason giuing ouer, by affection mated bee.
The vse of this same Booke therefore is this: that euery man
(Endeauouring for to know himselfe as neerely as he can.)
(As though he in a Chariot sate, well ordered) should direct
His mind by reason in the way of Vertue, and correct
His fierce affections with the bit of temperance, least perchance
They taking bridle in the teeth, like wilfull iades do prauuce
Away, and headlong carrie him to euery filthy pit
Of vice, and drinking of the same defile his soule with it:
Or else do headlong harry him vpon the rockes of sin,
And ouerthrowing forcibly the Chariot he sits in,
Do teare him worse than euer was Hippolytus the sonne
Of Theseus when he went about his fathers wrath to shun.
This worthy Worke, in which of good examples are so many,
This Ortyard of Alcinous in which there wants not any
Hearbe, tree, or fruite that may mans vse for health or pleasure serue.
This plenteous horne of Acheloy which iustly doth deserue
To beare the name of treasory of knowledge, I present
To your good Lordship once againe not as a member rent
Or parted from the residue of the body any more:
But fully now accomplished: desiring you therefore
To let your noble courtesie and fauour counteruayle
My faults, where Art or eloquence on my behalfe doth fayle.
For sure the marke whereat I shoote is neyther wreaths of Bay,
Nor name of Poet, no nor meed: but chiefly that it may
Be liked well of you and all the wise and learned sort,
And next that euery wight that shall haue pleasure for to sport
Him in this garden, may as well beare wholesome fruit away
As onely on the pleasant flowers his retchlesse sences stay.
But why seeme I these doubts to cast, as if that he who tooke
With fauour and with gentlenesse a parcell of the Booke,

Would

Would not likewiſe accept the whole? or euen as if that they
Who do excell in wiſedome and in learning, would not wey,
A wiſe and learned worke aright? or elſe as if that I
Ought ay to haue a ſpeciall care how all men do apply
My doings to their owne behooſe? as of the former twaine
I haue great hope and confidence: ſo would I alſo fayne
The other ſhould according to good meaning find ſucceſſe:
If otherwiſe, the fault is theirs not mine they muſt confeſſe.
And therefore briefly to conclude, I turne againe to thee
O noble Earle of Leiceſter, whoſe life God grant may bee
As long in honour, health and wealth as ancient Neſtors was,
Or rather as Tithonuſſis: that all ſuch ſtudents as
Doe trauell to enrych our tongue with knowledge theretofore
Not common to our vulgar ſpeech, may dayly more and more
Proceed through thy good furtherance and fauour in the ſame.
To all mens profit and delight, and thy eternall fame.
And that (why ch is a greater thing) our native Country may,
Long time enioy thy counſell and they trauell to her ſtay.

At Barwicke this 27. of Aprill. 1567.

Your good L. moſt humbly to
command, ARTHVR GOLDING.

To the Reader.

Would not wish the simple sort
offended for to bee,
When in this Booke the Heathen names
of feyned Gods they see.
The true and euer-liuing GOD
the Paynims did not know:
Which caused them the name of Gods
on creatures to bestow.
For nature being once corrupt,
and knowledge blinded quight
By *Adams* fall, those little seeds
and sparkes of heauenly light
That did as yet remaine man, endeauouring foorth to burst,
And wanting grace and power to grow to that they were at furst,
To superstition did decline: and draue the fearefull mind,
Strange worships of the liuiug God in creatures for to find.
The which by custome taking roote, and growing so to strength,
Through Sathans helpe possest the hearts of all the world at length.
Some worshipt all the hoste of heauen: some dead-mens ghosts & bones:
Some wicked fiends: some wormes & fowls, hearbs, fishes, trees & stones.
The fire, the ayre, the sea, the land, and euery running brooke,
Each queachie groue, each cragged cliffe the name of Godhead tooke.
The night and day, the fleeting howres, the seasons of the yere,
And euery strange and monstrous thing for Gods mistaken were.
There was no vertue, no nor vice: there was no gift of mind
Or body, but some God thereto or Goddesse was assign'd.
Of health and sickneſſe, life and death, of needyneſſe and wealth,
Of peace and warre, of loue and hate, of murder, craft, and stealth,

Of

Of bread and wine, of slouthfull sleepe, and of their solemne games,
And euery other trifling toy their Gods did beare the names,
And looke how euery man was bent to goodnes or to ill,
He did surmize his fooliſh Gods enclyning to his will.
For God perceiuing mans peruerſe and wicked will to ſinne,
Did giue him ouer to his luſt, to ſincke or ſwimme therein.
By meanes whereof it came to paſſe (as in this Booke ye ſee)
That all their Gods with whoredome, theft, or murder blotted bee.
Which argues them to be no Gods, but worſer in effect
Than they whoſe open puniſhment their doings do detect.
Who ſeeing *Ione*, whome Heathen folke do arme with triple fire
In ſhape of Eagle, Bull, or Swanne, to winne his foule deſire?
Or griſly *Mars* their God of Warre, intangled in a Net,
By *Venus* husband purpoſely to trap him warely ſet?
Who ſeeing *Saturne*, eating vp the children he begate?
Or *Venus*, dalying wantonly with euery luſty mate?
Who ſeeing *Iuno* play the ſcould? or *Phœbus* mourne and rew
For loſſe of her whom in his rage through iealous moode he ſlew?
Or elſe the ſuttle *Mercurie* that beats the charmed rod
Conueying Neat and hyding them, would take him for a God?
For if theſe faults in mortall men do iuſtly merit blame,
What greater madneſſe can there be, than to impute the ſame
To Gods, whoſe natures ought to be moſt perfect, pure, and bright,
Moſt vertuous, holy, chaſt, and wiſe; moſt full of grace and light?
But as there is no Chriſten man that can furmiſe in mind,
That theſe or other ſuch are Gods, which are no Gods by kind:
So would to God there were not now of Chriſten men profeſt,
That worſhipt in their deeds theſe Gods whoſe names they do deteſt.
Whoſe lawes we keepe, his thralles we be, and he our God indeed,
So long is Chriſt our God, as we in Chriſten life proceed,
But if we yeeld to fleſhly luſt, to lucre, and to wrath,
Or if that Enuie, Gluttony, or Pryde the maſtrie hath:
Or any other kind of ſinne, the thing the which we ſerue,
To be accounted for our God moſt iuſtly doth deſerue.
Then muſt we thinke the learned men that did theſe names frequent,
Some further things and purpoſes by thoſe deuiſes ment.

By

By *Ioue* and *Iuno*, vnderſtand all ſtates of Princely port:
By *Ops* and *Saturne*, ancient ſolke that are of elder ſort:
By *Phœbus*, young and luſty brutes of hand and courage ſtout:
By *Mars*, the valiant men of Warre, that loue to fight it out:
By *Pallas* and the famous troope of all the Muſes nine,
Such folke as in the Sciences and vertuous Arts do ſhine.
By *Mercury*, the ſuttle ſort that vſe to filch and lye,
With Theeues, and Marchants, who to gaine their trauell do apply.
By *Bacchus*, all the meaner trades, and handicrafts are ment:
By *Venus*, ſuch as of the fleſh to filthy luſt are bent:
By *Neptune*, ſuch as keepe the Seas: by *Phœbe*, Maydens chaſt,
And Pilgrimes, ſuch as wandringly their time in trauell waſt.
By *Pluto*, ſuch as delue in Mynes, and Ghoſts of perſons dead:
By *Vulcane*, Smyths and ſuch as worke in Iron, Tinne, or Lead:
By *Hecat*, Witches, Conjurers, and Necromancers reed:
With all ſuch vaine and diueliſh arts as ſuperſtition breed.
By *Satyres*, *Syluanes*, *Nymphs*, and *Faunes*, with other ſuch beſide,
The plaine and ſimple Country ſolke that euery where abide.
I know theſe names to other things oft may and muſt agree,
In declaration of the which, I will not tedious bee,
But leaue them to the Readers will to take in ſundry wiſe,
As matter riſing giueth cauſe conſtructions to deuiſe.
Now when thou readſt of God or man in ſtone, in beaſt, or tree,
It is a mirrour for thy ſelfe thine owne eſtate to ſee.
For vnder fayned names of Gods, it was the Poets guiſe,
The vice and faults of all eſtates to taunt in couert wiſe.
And likewiſe to extoll with prayſe ſuch things as do deſerue,
Obſerуing alwaies comlynes, from which they do not ſwerue.
And as the perſon greater is of birth, renowne, or fame,
The greater euer is his laude, or fouler is his ſhame.
For if the States that on the earth the roome of God ſupply,
Decline from Vertue vnto Vice, and liue diſorderly,
To Eagles, Tygres, Bulls, and Beares, and other figures ſtrange,
Both to their people and themſelues moſt hurtfull do they change:
And when the people giue themſelues to filthy life and ſinne,
What other kind of ſhape thereby than filthy can they winne?

So

So was *Licaon* made a Woolfe: and *Ione* became a Bull:
The tone for vſing cruelty, the tother for his trull.
So was *Eſpenor* and his mates tranformed into Swine,
For following of their filthy luſt in women and in wine:
Not that they loſt their manly ſhape as to the outward ſhow,
But for that in their brutiſh breaſts moſt beaſtly luſts did grow.
For why this lumpe of fleſh and bones this body is not weet
We are a thing which earthly eyes denyed are to ſee.
Our ſoule is we, endewed by God with reaſon from abouet
Our body is but as our houſe, in which we worke and moue.
Tone part is common to vs all, with God of heauen himſelfe:
The tother common with the beaſts, a vile and ſtinking pelfe.
The tone bedeckt with heauenly gifts and endleſſe: tother groſſe,
Frayly, filthy, weake, and borne to dye, as made of earthly droſſe.
Now looke how long this clod of clay to reaſon doth obay,
So long for men by juſt deſert account our ſelues we may:
But if we ſuffer fleſhly luſts as lawleſſe Lords to raigne,
Then are we Beaſts, we are no Men, we haue our name in vaine.
And if we be ſo drownd in Vice, that feeling once be gone,
Then may it well of vs be ſayd, we are a blocke or ſtone.
This ſurely did the Poets meane, when in ſuch ſundry wiſe
The pleaſant tales of turned ſhapes they ſtudied to deuiſe.
Their purpoſe was to profite men, and alſo to delight,
And ſo to handle euery thing as beſt might like the ſight.
For as the jmage portrayd out in ſimple white and blacke,
(Though well proportiond, true and faire) if comely colours lacke,
Delighteth not the eye ſo much, nor yet contents the mind,
So much as that that ſhadowed is with colours in his kind:
Euen ſo a plaine and naked Tale of Story ſimply told,
(Athough the matter be indeed of value more then gold)
Makes not the hearer ſo attent to print it in his hart,
As when the thing is well declarde, with pleaſant tearmes and art.
All which the Poets knew right well: and for the greater grace,
As *Perſian* Kings did neuer go abroad with open face,
But with ſome Lawne or ſilken Scarfe, for reuerence of their ſtate:
So Euen ſo they following in their workes the ſelfe ſame trade and rate,

Did

Did vnder couert names and tearmes their doctrine ſo implie,
As that it is right hard and darke their meaning to eſpye.
But being found it is more ſweet, and makes the mind more glad,
Then if a man of tryed Gold a treaſure gained had.
For as the body hath his ioye in pleaſant ſmells and ſights:
Euen ſo in knowledge and in artes the mind as much delights.
Whereof a boundant hoords and heaps in Poets packed been
So hid, that (ſauing vnto few) they are not to be ſeene.
And therfore who ſo doth attempt the Poets workes to reed,
Muſt bring with him a ſtayed head and iudgement to proceed.
For as there be moſt holeſome heſtes and precepts to be found,
So are there rockes and ſhallow ſhelues to run the ſhip a ground.
Some naughty perſon ſeeing Vice ſhewd liuely in his hew,
Doth take occaſion by and by like vices to enſew.
Another being more ſeuere then wiſedome doth require,
Beholding Vice (to outward ſhew) exalted in deſire;
Condemneth by and by the Booke, and him that did it make,
And willes it to be burnd with fire for lewd examples ſake.
Theſe perſons ouerſhoote themſelues, and other folkes deceiue:
Not able of the Authors mind the meaning to conceiue.
The Authors purpoſe is to paint and ſet before our eyes
The liuely image of the thoughts that in our ſtomacks ryſe.
Each Vice and Vertue ſeemes to ſpeake and argue to our face,
With ſuch perſwaſion as they haue their doings to embrace.
And if a wicked perſon ſeeme his vices to exalt,
Eſteeme not him that wrote the worke in ſuch defaults do halt.
But rather with an vpright eye conſider well thy thought:
See if corrupted nature haue the like within thee wrought.
Marke what affection doth perſwade in euery kind of matter,
Iudge if that euen in heynous crymes thy fancie do not flatter.
And were it not for dread of Law, or dread of God aboue,
Moſt men (I feare) would do the things that fond affections moue.
Then take theſe workes as fragrant Flowers moſt full of pleaſant iuce,
The which the Bee conueying home, may put to holeſome vſe:
And which the Spider ſucking on, to poyſon may conuart,
Through venom ſpred in all her limbes and natiue in her hart.

For

To the Reader.

For to the pure and godly mind, are all things pure and cleene,
And vnto ſuch as are corrupt, the beſt corrupted beene:
Like as the fineſt meats and drinkes that can be made by art,
In ſickly folkes to nouriſhment of ſickneſſe do conuart.
And therefore not regarding ſuch whoſe dyet is ſo fine,
That nothing can digeſt with them vnleſſe it be deuine:
Nor ſuch as to their proper harme do wreſt and wring awry
The things that to a good intent are written pleaſantly,
Through *Ouids* worke of turned ſhapes I haue with painefull pace
Paſt on vntill I had attaind the end of all my race.
And now I haue him made ſo well acquainted with our toong,
As that he may in Engliſh verſe as in his owne be ſoong.
Wherein although for pleaſant ſtile, I cannot make account,
To match mine Author, who in that all other doth ſermount:
Yet (gentle Reader) do I truſt my trauell in this cace,
May purchaſe fauour in thy ſight my doings to imbrace:
Conſidering what a ſea of Goods and Iewells thou ſhalt find,
Not more delightfull to the eare, then fruitfull to the mind.
For this do learned perſons deeme of *Ouids* preſent worke,
That in no one of all his Bookes the which he wrote, do lurke
Mo darke and ſecret miſteries, mo counſells wiſe and ſage,
Mo good enſamples, mo reproones of vice in youth and age,
Mo fine inuentions to delight, mo matters clarkly knit,
No nor more ſtrange variety to ſhew a learned wit.
The high, the low: the rich, the poore: the maiſter, and the ſlaue:
The mayd, the wife: the man, the child: the ſimple, and the braue:
The young, the old: the good, the bad: the warriour ſtrong and ſtout:
The wiſe, the foole: the country clowne: the learned, and the lout:
And euery other liuing wight ſhall in this mirrour ſee
His whole eſtate, thoughts, words and deeds expreſly ſhewd to bee:
Whereof if more particular examples thou do craue,
In reading the Epiſtle through, thou ſhalt thy longing haue.
Moreouer thou mayſt find herein deſcriptions of the times,
With conſtellations of the Starres and Planets in their clymes.
The Sites of Countries, Cities, Hils, Seas, Forreſts, Plaines, and Floods.
The natures both of Fowls, beaſts, worms, herbs, mettals, ſtones, & woods.

For

And

And finally, what euer thing is ſtrange and delectable,
The ſame conuayed ſhall you find moſt featly in ſome fable.
And euen as in a Chayne each linke within another winds,
And both with that that went before, and that that followes binds:
So euery Tale within this Booke, doth ſeeme to take his ground
Of that that was rehearſt before, and enters in the bound
Of that that followes after it; and euery one giues light
To other: ſo that who ſo meanes to vnderſtand them right,
Muſt haue a care as well to know the thing that went before,
As that the which he preſently deſires to ſee ſo fore.
Now to th'intent that none haue cauſe hereafter to complaine
Of me, as ſetter out of things that are but light and vaine:
If any ſtomacke be ſo weake, as that it cannot brooke
The liuely ſetting foorth of things deſcribed in this Booke,
I giue him counſell to abſtaine vntill he be more ſtrong,
And for to vſe *Vlyſſes* feat againſt the Meremayds ſong.
Or if he needs will heare and ſee, and wilfully agree
(Through cauſe miſconſtrued) vnto Vice allured for to bee,
Then let him alſo marke the paine that doth thereof enſue,
And hold himſelfe content with that that to his fault is due.

FINIS.

THE FIRST BOOKE
of Ouids Metamorphosis translated *into English Meter.*

Of shapes transform'd to Bodies strange,
I purpose to intreat,
Ye Gods vouchsafe (for you are they,
that wrought this wondrous feate)
To further this mine enterprise:
And from the world begunne,
Graunt that my Verse may to my time,
his course directly runne.
Before the Sea and Land were made,
and Heauen that all doth hide,
In all the world one only face of Nature did abide,
Which Chaos hight, a huge rude heape, and nothing else but euen
A heauie lumpe and clottred clod of seedes together driuen,
Of things at strife among themselues, for want of order due.
No Sunne as yet with lightsome beames the shapelesse world did viewe:
No Mone in growing did repaire her hornes with borrowed light:
Nor yet the earth amids the ayre did hang by wondrous slight
Iust peyzed by her proper weight: Nor winding in and out
Did Amphitryte with her armes embrace the earth about.
For where was earth, was sea and ayre, so was the earth vnstable.
The ayre all darke, the sea likewise to beare a shippe vnable.
No kind of thing had proper shape, but each confounded other.
For in one selfe same body stroue the hote and colde together.
The moyst with dry, the soft with hard, the light with things of weight.
This strife did God and Nature breake, and set in order streight.
The earth from heauen, the sea from earth, he parted orderly,
And from the thick and foggy ayre, he toke the lightsome skie.
Which when he once vnfolded had, and seuered from the blind

And clodded heape. He setting each from other, did them bind
In endlesse friendship to agree. The fire most pure and bright,
The substance of the heauen it selfe, because it was so light
Did mount aloft, and set it selfe in highest place of all.
The second rowne of right to ayre, for lightnes did befall.
The earth more grosse, drew downe with it each weighty kind of matter,
And set it selfe in lowest place. Againe, the wauing water
Did lastly challenge for his place, the vtmost coast and bound
Of all the compasse of the earth, to close the stedfast ground.
Now when he in this foresayd wise (what God so ere he was)
Had broke and into members put this rude confused masse:
Then first because in euery part, the earth should equall be,
He made it like a mighty ball, in compasse as we see.
And heere and there he cast in Seas, to whome he gaue a law:
To swell with euery blast of wind, and euery stormie flaw.
And with their waues continually to beat vpon the shore
Of all the earth within their bounds enclosde by them afore.
Moreouer, Springs and mighty Meres and Lakes he did augment,
And flowing streames of crooked Brookes in winding banks he pent.
Of which the earth doth drinke vp some, and some with restlesse race
Do seeke the Sea: where finding scope of larger rowne and space,
In stead of bankes, they beat on shores. He did command the plaine
And champion grounds to stretch out wide: and valleys to remaine
Aye vnderneath: and eke the woods to hide them decently
With tender leaues: and stony hilles to lift themselues on hie.
And as two Zones do cut the Heauen vpon the righter side,
And other twaine vpon the left likewise the same diuide,
The middle in outragious heate exceeding all the rest:
Euen so likewise through great foresight to God it seemed best,
The earth included in the same should so deuided be,
As with the number of the Heauen, her Zones might full agree,
Of which the middle Zone in heate, the vtmost twaine in cold
Exceede so farre, that there to dwell no creature dare be bold.
Betwixt these two so great extreames, two other Zones are fixt,
Where temprature of heate and cold indifferently is mixt.
Now ouer this doth hang the Ayre, which as it is more sleightie
Then earth and water: so againe than fire it is more weighty.

There

There hath he placed myst and clouds, and for to fray mens minds,
The thunder and the lightning eke, with cold and blustring winds.
But yet the maker of the world permitteth not alway,
The windes to vse the ayre at will. For at this present day,
Though each from other placed be in sundry coasts aside:
The violence of their boystrous blasts, things scarcely can abide.
They so turmoyle as though they would the world in peces rend,
So cruell is those brothers wrath when that they doe contend.
And therefore to the morning gray, the Realme of Nabathie,
To Persis and to other lands and countries that doe lie
Farre vnderneath the morning Starre, did Eurus take his flight,
Likewise the setting of the Sunne, and shutting in of night
Belong to Zephyr. And the blasts of blustring Boreas raigne,
In Scythia, and in other lands set vnder Charles his waine,
And vnto Auster doth belong the coast of all the South,
Who beareth shoures and rotten mistes, continuall in his mouth.
Aboue all these he set aloft the cleare and lightsome skie,
Without all dregges of earthly filth or grossenesse vtterlie,
The bounds of things were scarsly yet by him thus pointed out,
But that appeared in the Heauen, starres glistring all about,
Which in the sayd confused heape had bidden bene before,
And to thintent with liuely things each Region for to store.
The heauenly soyle, to Gods and starres and Planets first he gaue,
The waters next both fresh and salt he let the Fishes haue.
The suttle ayre to flickring Fowles and Birds he hath assignde.
The earth to Beasts both wild and tame of sundry sort and kind.
Notwheit yet of all this while, the creature wanting was,
Farre more diuine, of nobler minde, which should the residue passe
In depth of knowledge, reason, wit, and high capacitie,
And which of all the residue should the Lord and ruler bee.
Then eyther he that made the world, and things in order set,
Of heauenly seede engendred Man: or else the earth as yet
Young, lusty, fresh, and in her flowers, and parted from the skie
But late before, the seede thereof as yet held inwardly.
The which Prometheus tempring straight with water of the spring,
Did make in likenes to the Gods that gouerne euery thing.
And where all other beastes behold the ground with groueling eie,

He gaue to Man a stately lore repleat with maiestie.
And wil'd him to behold the Heauen with countnance cast on hie,
To marke and vnderstand what things were in the starrie skie.
And thus the earth which late before had neither shape nor hew,
Did take the noble shape of Man, and was transformed new.
Then sprang vp first the Golden age, which of it selfe maintaind
The truth and right of euery thing vnforst and vnconstraind.
There was no feare of punishment, there was no threatning lawe
In brazen tables nayled vp to keepe the folke in awe.
Where was no man would crouch or creepe to Judge with cap in hand,
They liued safe without a Judge, in euery realme and land.
The lostie Pinetree was not helwen from mountaines where it stood,
In seeking strange and forraine lands, to roue vpon the flood.
Men knew none other Countries yet, than where themselues did keepe:
There was no towne enclosed yet, with walles and diches deepe.
No horne nor trumpet was in vse, no sword nor helmet worne,
The world was such that souldiers helpe might easily be forborne.
The fertile earth as yet was free, vntoucht of spade or plough,
And yet it yeelded of it selfe of euery thing enough.
And men themselues contented well with plaine and simple food,
That on the earth of Natures gift without their trauell stood,
Did liue by Raspis, heppes and hawes, by cornels, plummes and cheries,
By sloes and apples, nuts and peares, and loathsome bramble beeries,
And by the akorns dropt on ground, from Ioues broad tree in field.
The spring-time lasted all the yeere, and Zephyr with his milde
And gentle blast did cherish things that grew of one accord,
The ground vntild, all kind of fruites did plenteously auord,
No muck nor tillage was bestowd on leane and barren land,
To make the corne of better head, and ranker for to stand.
Then streames ran milke, then streames ran wine, & yellow hony flowd
From each greene tree whereon the rayes of fierie Phebus glowd.
But when that into Lubo once Saturnus being thrust,
The rule and charge of all the world was vnder Ioue vniust,
And that the siluer age came in, more somewhat bace then gold,
More precious yet then freckled brasse, immediatly the old
And ancient Spring did Ioue abridge, and made thereof anon,
Foure seasons: Winter, Sommer, Spring, and Autumne of and on.

The

The first of all began the ayre with fervent heat to swelt.
Then Isycles hung roping downe: then for the cold was felt
Men gan to shroud themselues in house, their houses were the thicks,
And bushie quaraches, hollow caues, or hardels made of sticks.
Then first of all were furrowes drawne, and corne was cast in ground.
The simple Ore with sorie sighes to heauie yoke was bound.
Next after this succeded straight, the third and brazen age,
More hard of Nature, somewhat bent to cruell warres and rage.
But yet not wholy past all grace. Of yron is the last,
In no part good and tractable as former ages past.
For when that of this wicked Age once opened was the vaine,
Therein all mischiefe rushed forth, then Fayth and Truth were faine
And honest shame to hide their heads: for whom crept stoutly in,
Craft, Treason, Violence, Enuie, Pride, and wicked Lust to win.
The shipman hoyst his sayles to wind, whose names he did not know:
And shippes that erst in toppes of hilles and mountaines had ygrow,
Did leape and daunce on vncouth waues: and men began to bound,
With dowles and ditches drawne in length the free and feltile ground,
Which was as common as the ayre and light of Sunne before.
Not onely corne and other fruits for substance and for store,
Were now eracted of the Earth: but eft they gan to dig,
And in the bowels of the ground vnsaciably to rig
For riches tought and hidden deepe, in places neere to hell,
The spurres and stirrers vnto vice, and foes to doing well
Then hurtfull yron came abroad, then came forth yellow gold,
More hurtfull then the yron farre, then came forth battell bold,
That fights with both and shakes his sword in cruel bloody hand.
Men liue by rauine and by stealth: the wandring guest doth stand
In danger of his Hoste: the Hoste in danger of his guest:
And fathers of their sonnes in lawe: yea seldome time doth rest
Betweene borne brothers sueh accord and loue as ought to bee
The goodman seekes the goodwiues death, and his againe seekes hee.
The stepdames fell their husbands sonnes with poyson do assayle.
To see their fathers liue so long the children doe bewayle.
All godlinesse lyes vnder foote. And Lady Astrey last
Of heauenly vertues, from this earth in slaughter drowned past.
And to thintent the earth alone thus should not be oppressed,

And heauen aboue in slothfull ease and careleſſe quiet reſt.
¶ When say that Gyants went about the Realme of Heauen to win
To place themselues to raigne as Gods and lawleſſe Lords the rein.
And hill on hill they heaped vp aloft vnto the skie,
Till God almightie from the Heauen did let his thunder flie.
The dint whereof the ayrie tops of high Olympus brake,
And pressed Pelion violently from vnder Ossa strake.
When weelmed in their wicked worke those cursed caitiues lay,
The earth their mother toke their blod yet warme and (as they say)
Did giue it life. And for because some ympes should still remaine
Of that same stock, she gaue it shape and limmes of men againe.
This offspring eke against the Gods did beare a natiue spight,
In slaughter and in doing wrong was all their whole delight.
Their deeds declared them of blod engendred for to be,
The which allone as Saturns sonne from Heauen aloft did see,
He fetcht a sigh, and therewithall reuoluing in his thought
The shamefull act which at a feast Lycaon late had wrought,
As yet vnknowne or blowne abroad: He gan thereat to storme
And stomack like an angry loue. And therefore to reforme
Such haynous acts, he summond straight his Court of Parliament,
Whereto resorted all the Gods that had their summonds sent.
High in the Welkin is a way apparant to the sight.
In starrie nights, which of his passing whitenesse milkie hight:
It is the streete that to the Court and princely Pallace leades
Of mightie Ioue, whose thunderclaps each liuing creature dreades.
On both the sides of this same way do stand in stately port
The sumptuous houses of the Peeres. For all the common sort
Dwell scattering here and there abroad the face of all the skie,
The houses of the chiefe Estates and Princes doe supply.
And sure and if I may be bolde to speake my fancie free,
I take this place of all the Heauen the Pallace for to bee.
Now when the Gods assembled were and each had tane his place,
Ioue standing vp aloft and leaning on his yuorie Mace,
Right dreadfully his bushie lockes did thrise or foure times shake:
Wherewith he made both Sea & Land, and Heauen it selfe to quake,
And afterward in wrathfull words his angry minde thus brake:
I neuer was in greater care nor more perpleritie,

Hots

How to maintaine my soueraigne state and Princely royalty,
When with their hundred hands a piece the Adversated rout,
Did practise for to conquer Heauen and for to cast vs out.
For though it were a cruell foe: yet did that warre depend
Vpon one ground, and in one stocke it had his finall end.
But now as farre as any Sea about the world doth winde,
I must destroy both man and beast and all the mortall kinde.
I sware by Styxes hideous streames that run within the ground,
All other meanes must first be sought: but when there can be found
No helpe to heale a festered sore, it must away be cut,
Least that the parts that yet are sound, in danger should be put.
We haue a number in the world that mans estate surmount,
Of such whom for their priuate Gods the country folkes account,
As Satyres, Fawnes, and sundry Nymphs, with Siluanes eke beside,
That in the woods and hilly grounds continually abide.
Whom into Heauen since that as yet we vouch not safe to take,
And of the honour of this place copartners for to make,
Such lands as to inhabite in, we erst to them assignde,
That they should still enioy the same: It is my will and minde.
But can you thinke that they in rest and safety shall remaine?
When proud Lycaon lay in waits by secret meanes and traine
To haue confounded me, your Lord, who in my hand doe beare
The dreadfull thunder, and of whome euen you doe stand in feare?
The house was moued at his words and earnestly required,
The man that had so traiterously against their Lord conspired.
Euen so when Rebels did arise to stroy the Romaine name
By shedding of our Cesars blood, the horror of the same
Did pierce the hearts of all mankind, and made the world to quake,
Whose feruent zeale in thy behalfe (O August) thou didst take
As thankefully as loue doth heare the louing care of his,
Who beckning to them with his hand, forbidding them to hisse.
And there withall through all the house attentiue silence is.
Assone as that his Maiestie all muttring had alayd,
He brake the silence once againe, and thus vnto them sayd.
Let passe this carefull thought of yours: for he that did offend,
Hath derely bought the wicked act, the which he did entend.
Yet shall you heare what was his fault and vengance for the same.

A foule repo:t and infamie vnto our hearing came,
Of mi schiefe vsed in those times : which wishing all vntrew,
I did descend in shape of Pan th'infamed Earth to view.
It were a p:ocesse ouerlong to tell you of the sinne
That did abound in euery place where as I entred in.
The b:ute was lesser then the truth, and partiall in repo:t.
The d:eadfull dennes of Menalus where sauage beasts reso:t,
And Cyllen had I ouer past, with all the Pinetrees hie
Of cold Lyceus, and from thence I entred by and by
The harbo:lesse and cruell house of late Th'arcbadian King,
Such time as twilight on the earth dim darkenesse gan to b:ing.
I gaue a signe that God was come, and straight the common so:t
Deuoutly p:ayd, whereat Lycaon first did make a spo:t,
And after sayd by open p:oofe, ere long I mind to se:,
If that this wight a mighty God o: mo:tall creature be:,
The truth shall trie it selfe : he ment (the sequele did declare)
To steale vpon me in the night, and kill me vnbeware.
And yet he was not so content: but went and cut the th:ote
Of one that lay in hostage there which was an Epyrote:
And part of him he did to rost, and part he did to stew.
Which when it came vpon the bo:de, fo:thwith I ouerth:ew
The house with iust reuenging fire vpon the owners hed.
Who se:ing that, slipt out of do:es amaz'de fo: feare, and fled
Into the wild and desart wo:s, where being all alone,
As he endeauo:d (but in vaine) to speake and make his mone,
He fell a howling : where withall fo: very rage and mood
He ran me quite out of his wits and waxed furious wood.
Still p:actising his wonted lust of slaughter on the po:e
And silly cattel, thirsting still fo: blood as heretofo:e.
His garments turnd to shaggie haire his armes to rugged pawes:
So is he made a rauening Wolfe: whose shape exp:esly d:awes
To that the which he was before: his skin is ho:y gray,
His loke still grim with glaring eyes, and euery kind of way,
His cruell heart in outward shape doth well it selfe bewray.
Thus was one house destroyed quite, but that one house alone
Deserueth not to be destroyd, in all the earth is none,
But that such vice doth raine therein, as yet he: would beleeue,

That

That all had ſworne and ſold themſelues to miſchiefe, vs to grieue.
And therefore as they all offend : ſo am I fully bent,
That all forthwith (as they deſerue) ſhall haue due puniſhment.
These words of Ioue ſome of the Gods did openly approue,
And with their ſayings more to wrath his angry courage moue.
And ſome did giue aſſent by ſignes Yet did it grieue them all,
That ſuch deſtruction vtterly on all man-kind ſhould fall.
Demaunding what he purpoſed with all the earth to do,
When that he had all mortall men ſo cleane deſtroyd, and who
On holy Altars afterward ſhould offer Frankinſence.
And whether that he were in mind to leaue the earth fro thence
To ſauage beaſts to waſt and ſpoyle, becauſe of mans offence.
The king of Gods bad ceaſe their thoughts and queſtions in that caſe,
And caſt the care thereof on him within a little ſpace,
He promiſd for to frame a new, another kind of men
By wondrous meanes, vnlike the firſt, to fill the world agen.
And now his lightning had he thought on all the earth to throw:
But that he feared leaſt the flames perhaps ſo hie ſhould grow
As for to ſet the heauen a fire, and burne vp all the skie.
He did remember furthermore how that by deſtenie,
A certaine time ſhould one day come, wherein both Sea and Land
And Heauen it ſelfe ſhould feele the force of Vulcans ſcorching brand.
So that the huge and goodly worke of all the world ſo wide
Should goe to wracke, for doubt whereof forthwith he layd aſide
His weapons that the Cyclops made, intending to correct
Mans treſpaſſe by a puniſhment contrary in effect.
And namely with inceſſant ſhowers from Heauen ypoured downe,
He did determine with himſelfe, the mortall kind to drowne.
In Aeolus priſon by and by he fettred Boreas faſt,
With all ſuch winds as chaſe the clouds, or breake them with their blaſt,
And ſet at large the Southerne wind : who ſtraight with watry wings
And dreadfull face as black as pitch, forth out of priſon flings.
His beard hung full of hideous ſtormes, all dankiſh was his head
With water ſtreaming downe his haire that on his ſhoulders ſhead.
His vgly forehead wrinckled was with foggie miſts full thick,
And on his feathers and his breaſt a chilling dew did ſtick.
Aſſoone as he betweene his hands the hanging clouds had cruſht,

With

With ratling noyse adowne from heauen the raine full sadly gusht,
The Rainebow Iunos meßenger bedect in sundry hue,
To maintaine moisture in the clouds great waters thither drue:
The corne was beaten to the ground, the Tilmans hope of gaine,
For which he toyled all the yeare, lay drowned in the raine.
Ioues indignation and his wrath began to grow so hot,
That for to quench the rage thereof, his Heauen sufficed not.
His brother Neptune with his waues was faine to doe him ease:
Who straight assembling all the streames that fall into the Seas,
Said to them standing in his house: Syrs get you home apace,
(You must not loke to haue me vse long preaching in this case.)
Powre out your force (for so is need) your heads each one vnpend,
And from your open springs, your streames with flowing waters send.
He had no sooner said the word but that returning backe,
Each one of them vnlosde his spring, and let his waters slacke.
And to the Sea with flowing streames ywolne aboue their bankes,
One roulling in anothers neche, they rushed forth by rankes.
Himselfe with his thrætyned Mace did lend the earth a blow,
That made it shake and open waies for waters forth to flow.
The flouds at random where they list through all the fields do stray,
Men, Beasts, trees, corne, & with their Gods, were churches waight away.
If any house were built so strong against their force to stond,
Yet did the water hide the top: and turrets in that pond
Were ouerwhelmde: no difference was betwæne the sea and ground,
For all was sea: there was no shore nor landing to be found.
Some climed vp to tops of hills, and some rowd to and fro
In boats, where they not long before to plough and Cart did go.
One ouer corne and tops of townes, whome waues did ouerwhelme,
Doth sayle in Ship, an other sits a fishing in an Elme.
In meadowes græne were Anchors cast (so Fortune did prouide)
And croked ships did shadow vines, the which the floud did hide.
And where but tother day before did feed the hungry Gote,
The vgly Seales and Porkepisces now to and fro did flote.
The Sea-nymphs wondred vnder waues the Townes & groues to see,
And Dolphines playd among the tops and boughes of euery tree.
The grim and grædy Wolfe did swim among the silly Shepe,
The Lyon and the Tyger fierce were borne vpon the deepe.

It boted not the foaming Boare his crooked tuskes to whet,
The running Hart could in the streame by swiftnesse nothing get.
The fleeting fowles long having sought for land to rest vpon,
Into the sea with weary wings were driuen to fall anon.
Th'outragious swelling of the Sea the lesser hillocks drowned,
Unwonted waues on highest tops of mountaines did rebownd.
The greatest part of men were drowned, and such as scapt the flood,
For lacke with fasting ouer long did dye for want of food.
Against the fields of Aonie and Acticke, lyes a land,
That Phocis hight, a fertile ground while that it was a land:
But at that time a part of Sea, and euen a champion Field,
Of sodaine waters which the cloud by forced rage did yeld.
Where as a hill with forked top the which Parnassus hight,
Doth pierce the cloudes and to the starres doth raise his head vpright.
When at this hill (for yet the Sea had whelmed all beside)
Deucalion and his bedfellow, without all other guide,
Arriued in a little Barke, immediatly they went,
And to the Nymphs of Corycus with full deuout intent
Did honour due, and to the Gods to whom that famous hill
Was sacred, and to Themis eke in whose most holy will
Consisted then the Oracles. In all the world so round:
A better or more righteous man could neuer yet be found
Than was Deucalion, nor againe a woman, mayde nor wife,
That feared God so much as she, nor led so good a life.
When Ioue beheld how all the world stood like a plash of raine,
And of so many thousand men and women did remaine
But one of each, howbeit those both iust and both deuout,
He brake the clouds, and did command that Boreas with his staut
And sturdy blasts should chase the flood, that Earth might see the skie,
And Heauen the Earth: the Seas also began immediatly
Their raging furie for to cease. Their ruler laid away
His dreadfull Mace, and with his words their woodnesse did alay.
He called Tryton to him straight his Trumpetter, who stood
In purple robe on shoulder cast, aloft vpon the flood.
And bad him take his sounding trumpe, and out of hand to blow
Retreat, that all the streames might heare and cease from thence to flow.
He toke his Trumpet in his hand, his Trumpet was a shell

Of some great Whelke or other Fish, in Fashion like a Bell
That gathered narrow to the mouth, and as it did descend,
Did ware more wide and withen still downe to the nether end:
When that his Crump amids the Sea was set to Tritons mouth,
He blew so loud that all the streames both East, West, North, & South,
Might easily heare him blow retreat, and all that heard the sound,
Immediatly began to ebbe and draw within their bound,
Then gan the Sea to have a shore, and brookes to find a banke,
And swellings streames of flowing floods within their chanels sanke.
Then hills did rise aboue the waues that had them ouerflow,
And as the waters did decrease, the ground did seeme to grow.
And after long and tedious time, the trees did shew their tops
All bare, saue that vpon the boughs the mud did hang in knops.
The world restored was againe, which though Deucalion spyde
Then to behold: yet for because he saw the earth was voyde
And silent like a wildernesse, with sad and weeping eyes
And ruthfull voyce, he then did speake to Pyrrha in this wise.
O sister, O my louing spouse, O sillie woman left,
As onely remnant of thy sere that water hath bereft.
Whom Nature first by right of birth hath linked to me fast
In that we Brothers children beene, and secondly the chast
And stedfast bond of lawfull bed: and lastly now of all,
The present perils of the time that lately did befall.
On all the Earth from East to West where Phebus shewes his face,
There is no moe but thou and I of all the mortall race.
The Sea hath swallowed all the rest: and scarcely are we sure,
That our two liues from dreadfull death in safety shall endure.
For euen as yet the duskie clouds doe make my heart adrad.
Alas poore wretched silly soule, what heart wouldst thou haue had?
To beare these heauy haps, if chance had let thee scape alone?
Who should haue lyn thy comfort then? who should haue rude thy mone?
Now truste me truely louing wife, had thou as now been drowned,
I would haue followed after thee and in the Sea been found.
Would God I could my fathers Art, of clay to fashion men.
And giue them life that people might frequent the world agen.
Mankind (alas) doth onely now within vs two consist,
As moulds whereby to fashion men For so the Gods doe list.

And

And with these words the bitter teares did trickle downe their cheeke,
Untill at length betwéen themselues they did agree to seeke
To God by prayer for his grace, and to demaund his ayd
By answere of his Oracle, whereat they nothing stayd.
But to Cephisus sadly went, whose streame as at that time
Began to run within his banks though thick with muddy slime
Whose sacred liquor straight they toke and sprinkled with the same
Their heads and clothes: and afterward to Themis chappell came,
The roofe whereof with cinderie mosse was almost ouergrowne.
For since the time the raging floud, the world had ouerflowne,
No creature came within the Church: so that the Altars stood
Without one sparke of holy fire or any stick of wood.
Assone as that this couple came within the chappell doore,
They fell downe flat vpon the ground, and trembling kist the floore,
And said: If Prayer that proceedes from humble hart and mind
May in the presence of the Gods, such grace and fauour find
As to appease their worthy wrath, then vouchsafe thou to tell
(O gentle Themis) how the losse that on our kinde befell,
May now eftsones recouered be, and helpe vs to repaire
The world, which drowned vnder waues doth lie in great dispaire.
The Goddesse moued with their sute, this answere did them make:
Depart you hence: Go hille your heads, and let your garments slake,
And both of you, your Graundames bones behind your shoulders cast.
They stood amazed at these words, till Perrha at the last,
Refusing to obay the heest the which the Goddesse gaue,
Brake silence, and with trembling cheere did meekely pardon craue.
For sure she sayd she was afraid her Graundames ghost to hurt
By taking vp her buried bones to throw them in the durt.
And with the answere hereupon eftsones in hand they go,
The doubtfull words whereof they scan and canuas to and fro.
Which done, Prometheus sonne beganne by counsell wise and sage,
His cousin germanes fearefulnesse thus gently to asswage.
Well, either in these doubtfull words is hid some mysterie,
Whereof the Gods permit vs not the meaning to espie;
Or questionlesse, and if the sence of inward sentence deeme
Like as the tenour of the words apparantly do seeme,
It is no breach of godlinesse, to do as God doth bid.

I take our Graundame for the earth, the stones within her hid
I take for bones, these are the bones the which are meaned here.
Though Titans daughter at this wise coniecture of her fere
Were somewhat mou'd, yet none of both did stedfast credit giue,
So hardly could they in their hearts the heauenly hestes beleeue.
But what and if they made a proose: what harme could come thereby?
They went their waies and veild their heads, and did their coats vntie,
And at their backes did throw the stones by name of Bones foretolde.
The stones (who would beleeue the thing, but that the time of olde
Reports it for a stedfast truth:) of nature tough and hard,
Began to weare both soft and smoth: and shortly afterward
To win therewith a better shape: and as they did increase,
A milder nature in them grew, and rudenesse gan to cease.
For at the first, their shape was such, as in a certaine sort
Resembled man, but of the right and perfect shape came short.
Euen like to marble images new drawne and roughly wrought,
Before the Caruer by his Art to purpose hath them brought.
Such parts of them where any Iuice or moysture did abound,
Or els were earthy, turnde to fleshe: and such as were so sound
And hard as would not bow nor bend, did turne to bones: againe
The part that was a vaine before, doth still his name retaine.
Thus by the mighty power of God ere lenger time was past,
The mankinde was restord by stones, the which a man did cast.
And likewise also by the stones the which a woman threw,
The womankinde repayred was and made againe of new.
Of these are we the croked impes, and stonie race indeed,
Bewraying by our toyling life, from whence we do proceed.
The lusty earth of one accord soone after forth did bring,
According to their sundry shapes, each other liuing thing.
Assone as that the moysture once caught heate against the Sunne,
And that the fat and slimie mud in marish grounds begunne,
To swell through warmth of Phebus beames, and that the fruitfull seed
Of things well cherisht in the fat and liuely soyle indeed,
As in their mothers wombe, began in length of time to grow,
To one or other kind of shape wherein themselues to show:
Euen so when that seuen-mouthed Nile the watrie fields forsoke,
And to his ancient chanell eft his bridled streames betoke.

So

So that the Sun did heate the mud, the which he left behind,
The Husbandmen that tild the ground, among the cloddes did find
Of sundry creatures sundry shapes : of which they spyed some
Euen in the instant of their birth but newly then begun.
And some vnperfect wanting brest or shoulders in such wise,
That in one body often times appeared to their eyes
One halfe thereof aliue to be, and all the rest beside
Both voyd of life and semely shape, starke earth still to abide.
For when that moysture with the heate is tempred equally,
They do conceiue : and of them twaine engender by and by
All kind of things. For though that fire with water aye debateth,
Yet moysture mixt with equall heate all liuing things createth.
And so those discords in their kind, one striuing with the other,
In generation do agree, and make one perfect mother.
And therefore when the myrie earth besprd with slimy mud,
Brought ouer all but late before by violence of the flud,
Caught heate by warmenesse of the Sunne, and calmenesse of the skie,
Things out of number in the world forthwith it did apply.
Whereof in part the like before in former times had bin,
And some so straunge and ougly shapes as neuer erst were sene.
In that she did such Monsters breede was greatly to her woe,
But yet thou ougly Python wert engendred by her thoe.
A terror to the new made folke, which neuer erst had knowne
So foule a Dragon in their life, so monstrously forgrowne,
So great a ground thy poyson paunch did vndernеath thee hide.
The God of shooting who no where before that present tide
Those kind of weapons put in vre, but at the speckled Deare,
Or at the Roes so white of hue, a thousand shaftes well neare,
Did on that hideous serpent spend, of which there was not one,
But forced forth the venimd blod along his sides to gone.
So that his quiuer almost voyd, he nayld him to the ground,
And did him nobly at the last by force of shot confound.
And least that time might of this worke deface the worthy fame,
He did ordaine in mind thereof a great and solemne game,
Which of the serpent that he slue of Pythians bare the name.
Where whoso could the maistrie win in feates of strength or sleight
Of hand or foote or rowling wheele, might claime to haue of right,

An.

An Oken garland fresh and braue. There was not any where
As yet a Bay, by meanes whereof was Phebus faine to weare
The leaues of euery pleasant tree about his Golden heare.
Penean Daphne was the first where Phebus set his loue,
Which not blind chance, but Cupids fierce and cruell wrath did moue.
The Delian God but late before surprisde with passing pride:
For killing of the monstrous worme, the God of loue espide,
With bow in hand already bent and letting arrowes go:
To whome he sayd, and what hast thou thou wanton baby so
With warlike weapons for to toy? It were a better sight,
To see this kind of furniture on our two shoulders bright:
Who when we list, with stedfast hand both man and beast can wound,
Who tother day with arrowes keene haue nayled to the ground,
The serpent Python so forswolne, whose filthy wombe did hide
So many acres of the ground in which he did abide.
Content thy selfe some sorie loues to kindle with thy brand,
For these our prayses to attaine thou must not take in hand.
To him quoth Venus sonne againe, well Phebus I agree
Thy bow to shote at euery beast, and so shall mine at thee.
And loke how farre that vnder God each beast is put by kinde,
So much thy glory lesse then ours in shoting shalt thou finde.
This said, with drift of feathered wings in broken ayre he flue,
And to the forkt and shady top of Mount Parnassus drue.
There from his quiuer full of shafts two arrowes did he take
Of sundry workes: tone causeth Loue, the tother doth it slake.
That causeth Loue, is all of Gold, with point full sharpe and bright,
That chaseth Loue is blunt, whose steele with leaden head is dight.
The God this fired in the Nymph Peneis for the nones:
The tother pierst Apollos heart and ouerraft his bones.
Immediately in smouldring heate of loue the tone did swelt,
Againe the tother in her heart no sparke nor motion felt.
In woods and forrests is her ioy, the sauage beast to chase,
And as the price of all her paine, to take the skinne and case.
Unwedded Phebe doth she haunt and follow as her guide,
Unordred do her tresses waue, scarce in a fillet tide.
Full many a woer sought her loue, she loathing all the rout,
Impatient, and without a man, walkes all the woods about.

And

And as for Hymen, or for loue, and wedlocke often sought
She toke no care, they were the furthest end of all her thought.
Her father many a time and oft would say, my daughter deare
Thou owst me a sonne in lawe to be thy lawfull feare.
Her father many a time and oft would say, my daughter deare,
Of Nephewes thou my debtor art, their Graundsires heart to cheare.
She hating as a haynous crime the bond of bridly bed
Demurely casting downe her eies and blushing somewhat red,
Did folde about her fathers neck with fauning armes: and sed,
Deare father graunt me while I liue my maidenhead for to haue,
As to Diana heretofore her father freely gaue.
Thy father (Daphne) could consent to that thou doest require,
But that thy beauty and thy forme impugne thy chast desire:
So that thy will and his consent are nothing in this case,
By reason of the beautie bright that shineth in thy face.
Apollo loues and longs to haue this Daphne to his Feare,
And as he longs he hopes, but his foredoomes doe fayle him heare.
And as light Flame when corne is reapt, or hedges burne with brands,
That passers by when day drawes neare throw losely fro their hands,
So into flames the God is gone and burneth in his brest
And feedes his vaine and barraine loue in hoping for the best.
Her haire vnkembd about her neck downe flaring did he see
O Lord and where they trimd (quoth he) how seemely would she bee:
He sees her eyes as bright as fire the starres to represent,
He sees her mouth which to haue seene he holds him not content.
Her lilly armes mid part and more aboue the elbow bare,
Her hands her fingers and her wrists, him thought of beautie rare.
And sure he thought such other parts as garments then did hide,
Excelled greatly all the rest the which he had espyed
But swifter then the whirling winde thee flees and will not stay,
To giue the hearing to these words the which he had to say.
I pray thee Nymph Peneis stay, I chase not as a foe:
Stay Nimph: the Lambs so flee the Wolues, the Stags the Lyons so.
With flittring feathers silly Doues so from the Goshauke flie,
And euery creature from his foe. Loue is the cause that I
Doe follow thee: alas alas how would it grieue my heart,
To see thee fall among the briers, and that the blod should start,

Out of thy tender legs, I wretch the causer of thy smart.
The place is rough to which thou runst, take leysure I thée pray,
Abate thy flight, and I my selfe my running pace will stay.
Yet would I wish thee take aduise, and wisely for to view
What one he is that for thy grace in humble wise doth sew.
I am not one that dwels among the hilles and stony rockes,
I am no shepheard with a Curre attending on the flockes:
I am no Carle nor Country Clowne, nor Neat-heard taking charge
Of Cattle grazing heere and there within this Forrest large.
Thou dost not know poore simple soule, God wot, thou dost not know,
From whom thou flest. For if thou knew, thou wouldst not flee me so.
In Delphos is my cheefe abode, my Temples also stand
At Claros, and at Patara within the Lycian land.
And in the Ile of Tenedos the people honour mée.
The King of Gods himselfe is knowne my Father for to bée.
By me is knowne, that Was, that Is, and that that shall ensue,
By me men learne to sundry tunes to frame swéete Ditties true.
In shooting haue I stedfast hand, but surer hand had hée
That made this wound within my heart that héretofore was frée.
Of Phisicke and of Surgerie I found the Arts for need
The power of euery herbe and plant doth of my gift proceed.
Now woe is me that neare an herbe can heale the hurt of loue,
And that the Artes that others helpe, their Lord doth helpelesse proue.
As Phœbus would haue spoken more, away Penæis stale
Which fearefull steppes, and left him in the midst of all his tale.
And as she ran the méeting winds her garments backward blue,
So that her naked skin appeard behind her as thée flue.
Her goodly yellow golden haire that hanged lose and slacke,
With euery puffe of ayre did waue and tosse behind her backe.
Her running made her séeme more faire, the youthfull God therefore
Could not abide to waste his words in daliance any more.
But as his loue aduised him he gan to mend his pace,
And with the better foote before the flecing Nymph to chase.
And euen as when the gredy Grewnde doth course the fillie Hare,
Amids the plaine and Champian field, without all couert bare,
Both twaine of them do straine themselues and lay on footemanship,
Who may best runne with all his force the tother to outstrip,

The

The tone for safetie of his, the tother for his pray,
The Greiwnde aye preſt with open mouth to beare the Hare away,
Thrusts forth his snoute and girdeth out and at her loynes doth snatch,
As though he would at euery stride betwæne his tæth her latch:
Againe in doubt of being caught the Hare aye shrinking slips,
Vpon the sodaine from his Jawes, and from betwæne his lips:
So farde Apollo and the Mayde: hope made Apollo swift,
And feare did make the Mayden flæte deuising how to shift.
Howbeit he that did pursue, of both the swifter went,
As furthred by the feathred wings that Cupid had him lent.
So that he would not let her rest, but preased at her hæle
So nære that through her scattered haire thæ might his breathing fæle.
But when she saw her breath was gone and strength began to fayle,
The colour faded in her chækes, and ginning for to quayle,
She loked to Penæus streame, and sayd now Father dære,
And if you streames haue power of Gods then helpe your daughter hære.
O let the earth deuoure me quick, on which I sæme so faire,
Or els this shape which is my harme by chaunging straight appaire.
This piteous prayer scarsely sed: her sinewes waxed starke,
And therewithall about her breast did grow a tender barke.
Her haire was turned into leaues, her armes in boughs did grow,
Her fæte that were ere while so swift, now rooted were as slow,
Her crowne became the top: and thus of that she earst had bæne,
Remained nothing in the world, but beautie fresh and græne.
Which when that Phæbus did behold (affection did so moue)
The træ to which his loue was turnd, he could no lesse but loue.
And as he softly layd his hand vpon the tender plant,
Within the barke new ouergrowne he felt her heart yet pant.
And in his armes embracing fast her boughs and branches lythe,
He proferde kisses to the træ, the træ did from him writhe.
Well (quoth Apollo) though my Fære and Spouse thou can not bær,
Assuredly from this time forth yet shalt thou be my træ.
Thou shalt adorne my golden lokes, and eke my pleasant Harpe,
Thou shalt adorne my Quiuer full of shaftes and arrowes sharpe.
Thou shalt adorne the valiant knights and royall Emperours:
When for the noble feates of armes like mightie conquerours,
Triumphantly with stately pompe vp to the Capitoll,

They shall ascend with solemne traine that doe their deedes extoll.
Before Augustus Pallas doore full duely shalt thou ward,
The Oke amid the Pallace yard aye faithfully to gard,
And as my head is neuer pould nor neuermore without
A semely bush of youthfull haire that spreadeth round about:
Euen so this honour giue I thee continually to haue
Thy braunches clad from time to time with leaues both fresh and braue.
Now when that Pean of this talke had fully made an end,
The lawrell to his iust request did seeme to condiscend,
By bowing of her ntw made boughs and tender branches downe,
And wagging of her semely top, as if it were her crowne.
There is a lawnd in Thessaly enclosd on euery side
With woddy hilles, that Tempe hight, through mid whereof doth
Penæus gushing full of froth from foote of Pindus hie, (glide
Which with his hedlong falling downe doth cast vp violentlie
A misty steame like flakes of smoke, besprinkling all about
The toppes of trees on either side, and makes a roaring out
That may be heard a great way off. This is the fired seate,
This is the house and dwelling place and chamber of the great
And mightie Riuer: Here he sits in Court of Peble stone,
And ministers iustice to the waues and to the Nymphs each one,
That in the brookes and waters dwell. Now hither did resort,
(Not knowing if they might reioyce and vnto mirth exhort
Or comfort him) his Country Brookes, Sperchius well beseene,
With seggie head and shadie bancks of Poplars fresh and greene.
Enipeus restlesse, swift and quick, olde father Apidane,
Amphrisus with his gentle streame, and Aeas clad with cane:
With diuers others Riuers moe, which hauing run their race,
Into the Sea their weary waues do lead with restlesse pace.
From hence the carefull Inachus absents himselfe alone,
Who in a corner of his caue with dolefull teares and mone,
Augments the waters of his streame, bewayling pitcously
His daughter so lately lost. He knew not certainely
And if she were aliue, or dead. But for he had her sought,
And could not find her any where, assuredly he thought
She did not liue aboue the mould, ne drew the vitall breath:
Misgiuing worser in his mind, if ought be worse then death.

It fortunde on a certaine day that Ioue espyde this Mayd,
Come roming from her fathers streame alone: to whom he said:
O Damsell worthy Ioue himselfe like one day for to make
Some happy person whom thou list vnto thy bed to take.
I pray thee let vs shrowde our selues in shadow here togither,
Of this or that (he pointed both) it makes no matter whither,
Tintill the hotest of the day and Noone be ouerpast.
And if for feare of sauage beasts perchance thou be agast
To wander in the woods alone, thou shalt not need to feare,
A God shall be thy guide to saue thee harmeleſſe euery where,
And not a God of meaner sort, but euen the same that hath
The heauenly Scepter in his hand, who in my dreadfull wrath,
Do dart downe thunder wanderingly: and therefore make no hast
To run away. She ran apace and had already past
The Fen of Lerna and the field of Lincey set with trees:
When Ioue intending now in vaine no lenger time to leese,
Vpon the Countrey all about did bring a foggy mist,
And caught the Mayden whom perforce he vsed as he list.
Queene Iuno looking downe that while vpon the open field,
When in so faire a day such mysts and darkenes shee beheld,
Did maruell much, for well she knew those mysts ascended not
From any Riuer, marish ground, or other dankish plot.
She lookt about her for her Ioue as one that was acquainted
With such escapes and with the deed had often him attainted.
Whom when she found not in the heauen, vnleſſe I geſſe amiſſe,
Some wrong against me (quoth she) now my husband working is,
And with that word she left the Heauen, and downe to earth she came,
Commanding all the mysts away. But Ioue foresees the same,
And to a Cow as white as milke his Leman he conuaies.
She was a goodly Heyfer sure: and Iuno did her praise,
Although (God wot) she thought it not, and curiously she sought,
Where she was bred: whose Cow she was, who had her thither brought:
As though she had not knowen the truth. Her husband by and by
(Because she should not search to neere) deuiſde a cleanly lye,
And told her that the Cow was bred euen now out of the ground.
Then Iuno who her husbands shift at fingers ends had found,
Desirde to haue the Cow of gift. What should he do as thee

Great cruelnesse it were to yéld his Louer to her so.
And not to giue would bréed mistrust. As fast as shame prouoked,
So fast againe a tother side his Loue his minde reuoked.
So much that loue was at the point to put all shame to flight.
But that he feared if he should denie a gift so light,
As was a Cowe to her that was his sister and his wife,
Might make her thinke it was no Cow, and bréed perchance some strife.
Now when that Iuno had by gift her husbands Leman got,
Yet altogether out of feare, and careleslie was she not.
She had him in a iealousie and thoughtfull was she still.
For doubt he should inuent some meanes to steale her from her: till
To Argus olde Arestos sonne she put her for to kéepe,
This Argus had an hundreth eyes: of which by turne did séepe
Alwaies a couple, and the rest did duely watch and ward,
And of the charge they toke in hand had euer good regard,
What way soeuer Argus stode, with face, with backe, or side,
To lo warde before his eyes did lo still abide.
All day he let her graze abroad: the Sunne once vnder ground,
He shut her vp and by the necke with withen With her bound.
With croppes of trées and bitter wérdes now was she dayly fed,
And in the stead of costly couch and good soft featherbed,
She sate a nights vpon the ground, and on such ground whereas
Was not sometime so much as grasse: and often times she was
Compelde to drinke of muddy pits: and when she did deuise,
To Argus for to lift her hands in mécke and humble wise,
She saw she had no hands at all: and when she did assay
To make complaint she lowed out which did her sore affray,
That oft she started at the noyse, and would haue run away.
Vnto her father Inachs bankes she also did resort,
Where many a time and oft before she had bene wont to sport.
Now when she loked in the streame and saw her horned hed,
She was agast and from her selfe would all in hast haue fled.
The Nymphs her sisters knew her not, nor yet her owne dere father,
Yet followed she both him and them, and suffred them the rather
To touch and stroke her where they list, as one that pleased still
To set her selfe to wonder at and gaze vpon their fill.
The good olde Inach pulze vp grasse and to her straight it beares.

She

She as she kist and lickt his hands did shed forth drerie teares.
And had she had her speach at will to vtter forth her thought,
She would haue told her name and chaunce, and him of helpe besought.
But for because she could not speake, she printed in the sand,
Two Letters with her fote, whereby was giuen to vnderstand
The sorrowfull changing of her shape. Which scene, straight cryed out
Her father Inach wo is me, and clasped her about
Her white and seemely Heifars neck and christall hornes both twaine,
He shricked out full piteously, Now wo is me againe.
Alas, art thou my daughter dere, whom through the world I sought
And could not finde: and now by chaunce art to my presence brought:
My sorrow certesse lesser farre a thousand folde had bene
If neuer had I seene thee more, than thus to haue thee seene.
Thou standst as dombe and to my words no answere canst thou giue,
But from the bottome of thy heart full sore sighes dost driue,
As tokens of thy inward griefe and dolefully dost mone
Into my talke, the onely thing left in thy power to doe.
But I mistrusting nothing lesse, than this so great mischance.
By some great mariage earnestly did seeke thee to aduance,
In hope some issue to haue seene betweene my sonne and thee.
But now thou must a husband haue among the Heards I see,
And eke thine issue must be such as other cattels bee.
Oh that I were a mortall wight as other creatures are,
For then might death in length of time quite rid me of this care,
But now because I am a God, and Fate doth death deny,
There is no helpe but that my griefe must last eternally.
As Inach made this piteous mone, quicke sighted Argus drawe
His daughter into further fields to which he could not haue
Accesse, and he himselfe alwse did get him to a hill,
From whence he sitting at his ease viewd euery way at will.
Now could no lenger Ioue abide his Louer so forlorne,
And therevpon he cald his sonne that Maia had him borne,
Commaunding Argus should be kild. He made no long abod,
But tide his feathers to his feete, and toke his Charmed rod.
(With which he bringeth things a sleepe and fetcheth soules from Hell)
And put his Hat vpon his head: and when that all was well
He leaped from his fathers towres, and downe to earth he flue

And there both Hat and wings also he lightly from him threw,
Retaining nothing but his staffe, the which he closely held
Betweene his elbow and his side, and through the common field
Went plodding like some good plaine soule that had some flocke to feede.
And as he went he piped still vpon an Oten Reede
Queene Iuno Heard-man farre in loue with this strange melodie,
Bespake him thus: good fellow mine I pray thee hartily
Come sit downe by me on this hill, for better fode I know
Thou shalt not finde in all these fields, and (as the thing doth show)
It is a coole and shadie plot, for shepheards very fit
Downe by his elbow by and by did Atlas nephew sit.
And for to passe the time withall for seeming ouerlong,
He held him talke of this and that, and now and than among,
He playd vpon his merrie Pipe to cause his watching eyes
To fall a sleepe. Poore Argus did the best he could deuise
To ouercome the pleasant naps: and though that some did sleepe,
Yet of his eyes the greater part he made their watch to keepe.
And after other talke he askt (for lately was it found)
Who was the founder of that Pipe that did so sweetely sound.
Then sayd the God: there dwelt sometime a Nymph of noble fame
Among the hills of Arcadie that Syrinx had to name
Of all the Nymphs of Nonacris and Fairie farre and neere,
In beautie and in personage this Ladie had no peere.
Full often had she giuen the slip both to the Satyrs quick
And other Gods that dwell in Woods, and in the Forrests thick,
Or in the fruitfull fields abroad. It was her whole desire
To follow chaste Dianas guise in Maydenhead and attire.
Whome she did counterfeit so nigh, that such as did her see,
Might at a blush haue taken her Diana for to bee,
But that the Nymph did in her hand a Bowe of Cornell holde,
Whereas Diana euermore did beare a Bowe of Golde.
And yet she did deceiue folke so. Vpon a certaine day
God Pan with Garland on his head of Pinetree saw her stray
From mount Lyceus all alone, and thus to her did say.
Vnto a Gods requeste, O Nymph, vouchsafe thou to agree
That doth desire thy wedded spouse and husband for to bee.
There was yet more behind to tell: as how that Syrinx fled,

Through

Through waylesse woods and gaue no eare to that that Pan had sed,
Untill she to the gentle streame of sandy Ladon came,
Where for because it was so deepe, she coule not passe the same,
She piteously to change her shape the watry Nymphs besought:
And now when Pan betwœn his armes, to catch the Nymph had thought,
In stead of her he caught the reeds new growne vpon the brooke,
And as he sighed, with his breath the reeds he softly shooke,
Which made a stil and nourning noyse, with strangenesse of the which
And swiftnesse of the feeble sound the God delighted mich,
Sayd certesse Syrinx for thy sake it is my full intent,
To make my comfort of these Reeds wherein thou doest lament:
And how that there of sundry Reeds with wax together knit,
He made the Pipe which of her name the Greekes call Syrinx yet.
But as Cyllemus would haue told this tale, he cast his sight
On Argus, and behold his eyes had bid him all good night.
There was not one that did not sleepe, and fast he gan to nod,
Immediately he ceast his talke and with his charmed rod,
So stroked all his heauie eyes that earnestly they slept.
Then with his woodknife by and by he lightly to him stept,
And lent him such a perlous blow, whereas the shoulders grue
Unto the necke, that straight his head quite from the bodie flue.
Then tombling downe the headlong hill his bloody course he sent,
That all the way by which he rold was stayned and besprent.
There liste thou Argus vnder foote, with all thy hundreth lights.
And all the light is cleane extinct that was within those sights.
One endlesse night thy hundred eyes hath now bereft for aye.
Yet would not Iuno suffer so her Heard-mans eyes decay:
But in her painted Peacoks taile and feathers did them set,
Where they remaine like precious stones and glaring eyes as yet.
She tooke his death in great dispight and as her rage did moue,
Determin'd for to wrecke her wrath vpon her husbands Loue.
Forthwith she cast before her eyes right strange and vgly sightes,
Compelling her to thinke she saw some feends or wicked sprights.
And in her heart such secret pricks and percing stings she gaue her,
As though the world from place to place with restlesse sorrow draue her.
Thou Nylus wert assignd to stay her paines and trauels past,
To which as soone as Io came with much adoe at last,

With

With weary knockles on thy brim she kneeled sadly downe,
And stretching forth her faire long necke and christall horned crowne,
Such kind of countenance as she had she lifted to the skie,
And there with sighing sobbes and teares and lowing dolefully
Did seeme to make her mone to Ioue, desiring him to make
Some end of those her troublous stormes endured for his sake.
He toke his wife about the necke and sweetly kissing prayd,
That lo repenance yet at length might by her graunt be stayd.
Thou shalt not need to feare (quoth he) that euer she shall grieue thee
From this day forth. And in this case the better to beleeue mee,
The Stygian waters of my words vnpartiall witnesse beene.
Assone as Ione was appeasde, immediatly was seene
That Io toke her native shape in which she first was borne,
And eke became the selfesame thing the which she was before.
For by and by she cast away her rough and hairie hide.
Instead whereof a soft smooth skinne with tender fleth did bide.
Her hornes sanke down, her eies & mouth were brought in lesser rome,
Her hands, her shoulders and her armes in place againe did come.
Her clouen Clees to fingers fiue againe reduced were,
On which the nailes like polisht Gems did shine full bright and cleare.
In fine, no likenesse of a Cowe saue whitenesse did remaine
So pure and perfect as no snow was able it to staine,
She vaunst her selfe vpon her feet which then were brought to two.
And though she gladly would haue spoke, yet durst she not so do:
Without good heed for feare she should haue lowed like a Cow.
And therefore softly with her selfe she gan to practise how
Distinctly to pronounce her words that intermitted were.
Now as a Goddesse is she had in honour euery where,
Among the folke that dwell by Nyle, yclad in linnen weed.
Of her in time came Epaphus begotten of the seed
Of mighty Ioue. This noble ympe now ioyntly with his mother,
Through all the Cities of that land haue Temples tone with tother.
There was his match in heart and yeares the lusty Phaëton,
A stalworth stripling strong and stout the golden Phœbus sonne.
Whom making proude and stately vaunts of his so noble race,
And vnto him in that respect in nothing giuing place,
The sonne of Io could not beare: but said vnto him thus.

No

No maruaile though thou be so proud and full of words ywis.
For euery fond and trifling tale the which thy mother makes,
Thy giddy wit and hare-braine head forthwith for Gospell takes.
Well, vaunt thy selfe of Phœbus still, for when the truth is seene,
Thou shalt perceiue that fathers name a forged thing to beene.
At this report did Phaëton wexe as red as any fire:
Howbeit for the present time did shame represse his ire.
Vnto his mother Clymen straight he goeth to detect
The spitefull words of Epaphus against him did obiect.
Yea mother (quoth he) and which ought your greatest greefe to bee,
I who at other times of talke was wont to be so free
And stout, had neere a word to say, I was athande to take
So foule a foyle: the more because I could no answere make.
But if I be of heauenly race extracted as ye say,
Then shew some token of that high and noble birth I pray,
And vouch me for to be of heauen. With that he gently cast
His armes about his mothers necke, and clasping her full fast,
Besought her as she lou'd his life, and as she lou'd the life
Of Merops, and had kept her selfe an vndefiled wife,
And as she wished welthily hir sisters to bestow,
She would some token giue whereby his rightfull Syre to know.
It is a doubtfull matter whether Clymen moued more
With this her Phaëtons earnest sute exacting it so sore,
Or with the slaunder of the byte layd to her charge before,
Did hold vp both her hands to heauen, and loking on the Sunne,
By right deare child I safely sware (quoth she to Phaëton)
That of this starre the which so bright doth glister in thine eye:
Of this saue Sunne that cheeres the world with light indifferently
Wert thou begot: and if I faine then with my heart I pray,
That neuer may I see him more vnto my dying day.
But if thou haue so great desire thy father for to know,
Thou shalt not need in that behalfe much labour to bestow.
The place from whence he doth arise adioyneth to our land.
And if thou thinke thy heart will serue then go and vnderstand
The truth of him. When Phaëton heard his mother saying so,
He gan to leape and skip for ioy. He fed his fancie tho,
Vpon the heauen and heauenly things: and so with willing minde,

From

From Æthiop first his natiue home, and afterward through Inde
Set vnderneath the morning starre he went so long, till as
He found me where his fathers house and daily rising was.

Finis Primi Libri.

THE SECOND BOOKE OF Ouids Metamorphosis.

THe princely Pallace of the Sunne
stood gorgious to behold,
On stately Pillars builded high
of yellow burnisht gold,
Beset with sparkling Carbuncles
that like to fire did shine.
The rofe was framed curiously
of Yuorie pure and fine.
The two-dore-leaues of Siluer cleare
a radiant light did cast:
But yet the cunning workemanship of things therein farre past
The stuffe whereof the dores were made. For there a perfect plat,
Had Vulcane drawne of all the world: Both of the sourges that
Embrace the earth with winding waues, and of the stedfast ground,
And of the Heauen it selfe also that both encloseth round.
And first and formost in the Sea the Gods thereof did stand
Loud sounding Tryton with his shrill and writhen Trumpe in hand:
Vnstable Proteus changing aye his figure and his hue,
From shape to shape a thousand sights as list him to renue:
Aegeon leaning boysterously on backes of mighty Whales
And Doris with her daughters all: of which some cut the wales
With splayed armes, some sate on rockes and dride their golden haire,

And

And ſome did ride vpon the backes of Fiſhes here and theare.
Not one in all points fully like another could ye ſee,
For very farre vnlike, but ſuch as ſiſters ought to bee,
The earth had townes, men, beaſts, & woods, with ſundry trees and rods
And running riuers with their Nymphs and other Country Gods.
Directly ouer all theſe ſame the plat of Heauen was pight,
Vpon the two doreleaues the ſignes of all the Zodiak bright,
Indifferently ſix on the left, and ſix vpon the right.
When Clymens ſonne had clymed vp at length with weary pace,
And ſet his foot within his fathers doubted dwelling place,
Immediatly he preaſed forth to put himſelfe in ſight,
And ſtood alofe. For neere at hand he could not bide the light.
In purple Robe and royall throne of Emerauds freſh and greene
Did Phœbus ſit, and on each hand ſtood wayting well beſeene,
Dayes, Monethes, yeres, ages, ſeaſons, times, and eke the equall houres.
There ſtood the ſpring time with a crowne offreſh and fragrant flowres.
There waited Summer naked ſtarke all ſaue a wheaten Hat:
And Autumne smerde with treading grapes late at the preſſing Fat.
And laſtly quaking for the cold, ſtood Winter all forlorne.
With rugged head as white as Doue, and garments all to torne.
For laden with the Icycles that dangled vp and downe
Vpon his gray and hoary beard and ſnowie frozen crowne.
The Sunne thus ſitting in the midſt did caſt his perring eye,
(With which full lightly when he liſt he all things doth eſpie)
Vpon his childe that ſtood alofe agaſt and trembling ſore
At ſight of ſuch vnwonted things, and thus beſpake him thore.
O noble ympe O Phaëton which art not ſuch (I ſee)
Of whom thy father ſhould haue cauſe aſhamed for to bee:
Why haſt thou trauel d to my Court? what is thy will with me?
Then anſwered he: Of all the world, O onely perfect light,
O Father Phœbus, (if I may vſurpe that name of right,
And that my mother for to ſaue her ſelfe from worldly ſhame,
Hyde not her fault with falſe pretence and colour of thy name)
Some ſigne apparant graunt whereby I may be knowne thy Sonne,
And let me hang no more in doubt. He had no ſooner done,
But that his father putting off the bright and fierie beames
That glittered round about his head with cleare and golden ſtreames,

Commanded

Commanded him to draw him nere, and him embracing ſayd:
To take me for thy rightfull Syre thou need not be affrayd.
Thy mother Clymen of a truth from falſhood ſtandeth free.
And for to put thee out of doubt, aſke what thou wilt of mee,
And I will giue thee thy deſire, the Lake whereby of old
The Gods do ſweare (the which mine eyes did neuer yet behold)
Beare witneſſe with thee of my grant: he ſcarce this tale had told,
But that the ſolish Phaëton ſtraight for a day did craue
The guiding of his winged Steeds, and Chariot for to haue.
Then did his Father by and by for-thinke him of his oath.
And ſhaking twenty times his head, as one that was full wroth,
Beſpake him thus: thy words haue made me rathly to conſent
To that which ſhortly both of vs (I feare me) ſhall repent.
Oh that I might retract my graunt, my Sonne I doe protеſt
I would denie thee nothing elſe ſaue this thy fond requeſt.
I may diſſwade, there lyes herein more perill than thou weene:
The things the which thou doſt deſire of great importance beene:
More than thy weakenes well can wield, a charge (as well appeares)
Of greater waight, then may agree with theſe thy tender yeares.
Thy ſtate is mortall, weake and fraile, the thing thou doeſt deſire
Is ſuch, whereto no mortall man is able to aſpire.
Yea, ſolish boy thou doeſt deſire (and all for want of wit)
A greater charge then any God could euer haue as yet.
For were there any of them all ſo ouerſeene and blind,
To take vpon him this my charge, full quickly ſhould he find
That none but I could ſit vpon the fiery Arietee.
No not euen he that rules this waſte and endleſſe ſpace we ſee.
Not he that darts with dreadfull hand the thunder from the skie,
Shall driue this Chayre. And yet what thing in all the world perdie
Is able to compare with Ioue? Now firſt the morning way
Lyes ſteepe vpright, ſo that the Steeds in eeleſt of the day
And being freſh, haue much adoe to climbe againſt the Hil.
Amids the Heauen the gaſtly height augmenteth terror ſtill.
My heart doth ware as cold as yce full many a time and oft,
For feare to ſee the Sea and Land from that ſame place aloft.
The Euening way doth fall plumpe downe requiring ſtrength to guide
That Tethis, who doth harbour me within her ſourges wide

Doth

Both stand in feare least from the Heauen I headlong downe should slide.
Besides all this the heauen aye swimmes and wheles about full swift,
And with his rolling drines the starres their proper course to shift.
Yet doe I keepe my native course against this brunt so stout,
Not giuing place as others doe: but boldly bearing out
The force and swiftnes of that Heauen that whirleth so about.
Admit thou had my winged Steeds and Chariot in thine hand:
What could'st thou doe? do'st thinke thy selfe wellable to withstand
The swiftnes of the whirled Poles? but that their brunt and sway
(Yea doe the best and worst thou can) shall beare thee quite away?
Perchance thou dost imagine there some townes of Gods to find,
With Groues and Temples richt with gifts as is among Mankind.
Thou art deceiued vtterly: thou shalt not find it so.
By blind bywaies and vgly shapes of monsters must thou goe.
And though thou knew the way so well as that thou could not stray,
Betweene the dreadfull Buls sharpe hornes yet must thou make thy way.
Against the cruell Bow the which the Æmonian archer drawes:
Against the ramping Lyon armde with greedy teeth and pawes:
Against the Scorpion stretching farre his fell and venymd clawes:
And eke the Crab that casteth forth his crooked clees awrye
Not in such sort as th'other doth, and yet as dreadfully.
Againe thou neither hast the power nor yet the skill I know
My lusty coursers for to guide that from their nosetrils throw
And from their mouthes the fierie breath that breedeth in their brest.
For scarcely will they suffer me who knowes their nature best.
When that their cruell courages begin to catch a heate,
That hardly should I deale with them, but that I know the feate.
But least my gift should to thy griefe and vtter perill tend,
My Sonne beware and (while thou mayst) thy fond request amend.
Because thou wouldst be knowne to be my child thou seem'st to craue
A certaine signe: what surer signe I pray thee canst thou haue?
Than this my feare so fatherly the which I haue of thee?
Which proueth me most certainly thy father for to be?
Behold, and marke my countenance? Oh would to God thy sight
Could pierce within my woefull breast, to see the heaue plight,
And heapes of cares within my heart. Loke through the world so round,
Of all the wealth and goods therein: if ought there may be found

In

In heauen or Earth, or in the Sea, aske what thou likest best,
And sure it shall not be denide. This onely one request
That thou hast made I hartely beseech thee to relent,
Which for to tearme the thing aright is euen a punishment,
And not an honour as thou thinkst: my Phaëton thou dost craue
In stead of honour euen a scourge and punishment for to haue.
Thou fondling thou, what dost thou meane with fauning armes about
My neck thus flatteringly to hang? thou nedest not to doubt.
I haue already sworne by Styx, aske what thou wilt of me
And thou shalt haue. Yet let thy nert with somwhat wiser be.
Thus ended his aduertisement: and yet the wilfull Lad
Withstood his councell urging still the promise that he had,
Desiring for to haue the Chaire as if he had bœn mad.
His father hauing made delay as long as he could shift,
Did lead him where his Chariot stood, which was of Vulcans gift,
The Axiltrœ was massie gold, the Bucke was massie gold,
The vtmost fellies of the wheles, and where the trœ was told.
The Spokes were all of siluer bright, the Crysolites and Gemmes
That stood vpon the Collars, Trace, and Bounces in their Hemmes
Did cast a shœre and glimmering light as Phœbus shone thereon.
Now while the lusty Phaëton stood gazing hœre vpon,
And wondred at the workemanship of euery thing: behold
The earely morning in the East began me to vnfold
Her purple Gates, and shewd her house bedect with Roses red.
The twinckling starres withdrew which by the morning starre are led:
Who as the Captaine of that Host that hath no pœre nor match,
Doth leaue his standing last of all within that heauenly watch.
Now when his father saw the world thus glister red and trim,
And that his waning sisters hornes began to waren dim,
He bad the fetherfooted horses go harnes in his horse.
The Goddesses with might and maine themselues thereto enforce.
His fiery-foming Steeds full fed with iuice of Ambrosie
They take from Maunger trimly dight: and to their heads do tye
Strong rayned bits: and to the Chariot doe them well appoint.
Then Phœbus did with heauenly salue his Phaëtons head annoint,
That scorching fire could nothing hurt: which done, vpon his haire
He put the fresh and golden rayes himselfe was wont to weare.

And

And then as one whose heart misgaue the sorrowes drawing fast,
With sorie sighes he thus bespake his wretchlesse sonne at last.
(And if thou canst) at least yet this thy fathers lore obay:
Sonne spare the whip, and rayne them hard, they run so swift away
As that thou shalt haue much adoe their flieing course to stay
Directly through the Zones all fiue beware thou doe not ride,
A brode by way cut out a skew that bendeth on the side.
Containd within the bonds of thre the midmost Zones doth lie:
Which from the grisly Northren beare, and Southren Pole doth flie.
Kepe on this way: my Charyot trakes thou plainely shalt espie
And to thintent that Heauen and Earth may well the heate endure,
Drive neither ouer high nor yet to low. For be thou sure,
And if thou mount aboue thy bounds, the starres thou burnest cleane.
Againe, beneath thou burnst the Earth: most safety is the meane.
And least perchance thou ouermuch the right hand way should take,
And so misfortune should thee drive vpon the writhen Snake,
Or else by taking ouermuch vpon the lefter hand,
Vnto the Aulter thou be driuen that doth against it stand:
Indifferently betweene them both I wish thee for to ride.
The rest I put to Fortunes will, who be thy friendly guide,
And better for thee then thy selfe as in this case prouide.
Whiles that I prattle here with thee behold the dankish night
Beyond all Spaine her vtmost bound is passed out of sight.
We may no longer tariance make: my wonted light is cald,
The morning with her countenance cleare the darknesse hath appald.
Take reyne in hand: or if thy minde by councell altered be,
Refuse to meddle with my Wayne: and while thou yet art free,
And dost at ease within my house in safegard well remaine,
Of this thine vnaduised wish not feeling yet the paine,
Let me alone with giuing still the world his wonted light,
And thou thereof as heretofore enioy the harmelesse sight.
Thus much in vaine: for Phaëton both young in yeares and wit,
Into the Charyot lightly leapt, and bauncing him in it,
Was not a little proude that he the bridle gotten had.
He thankt his father whom it grieude to see his child so mad.
While Phœbus and his wretchlesse sonne were entertalking this,
Aeous, Aethon, Phlegon, and the fierie Pyrois,

The restlesse horses of the Sunne began to ney so hie
With flaming breath, that all the Heauen might heare them perfectly.
And with their hooues they mainly beate vpon the lattisde grate.
The which when Tethis (knowing nought of this her cousins fate)
Had put aside, and giuen the Stéeds the frée and open Scope
Of all the compasse of the skie within the heauenly Cope:
They girded sorth, and cutting through the Clouds that let their race,
With splaying wings they ouerflew the Easterne wind a pace.
The burthen was so light as that the Gennets felt it not,
The wonted weight was from the Wayne, the which they well did wot.
For like as ships amids the Seas that scant of ballace haue,
Do réele and totter with the winde, and yéeld to euery waue:
Euen so the Wayne for want of waight it erst was wont to beare,
Did hoyse aloft and seayle and réele, as though it emptie were.
Which when the Cart-ware did perceiue, they left the beaten way
And taking bridle in the teeth began to run astray.
The Rider was so sore agast, he knew no vse of Rayne,
Nor yet his way: and though he had, yet had it béene in vaine,
Because he wanted power to rule the Horses and the Wayne.
Then first did sweat cold Charles his Wain through force of Phœbus (rayes
And in the Sea forbidden him to diue in vaine assayes.
The serpent at the frozen Poole both cold and slow by kinde,
Through heat wert wroth, and stird about a cooler place to finde,
And thou Bootes though thou be but slow of footemanship,
Yet wert thou faine (as fame reports) about thy Wayne to skip.
Now when vnhappy Phaëton from top of all the skie
Beheld the Earth that vnderneath a great way off did lie:
He waxed pale for sodaine feare, his ioynts and sinewes quooke,
The greatnesse of the glistring light his eyesight from him tooke.
Now wisht he that he neuer had his fathers Horses see
It yrkt him that he thus had sought to learne his pedegrée.
It grieud him that he had preuaild in gaining his request.
To haue béen counted Merops sonne he thought it now the best.
Thus thinking was he head-long driuen, as when a ship is borne
By blustring winds, her sayle-clothes rent, her sterne in péeces torne,
And tacling burst, the which the Pilote trusting all to prayre,
Abandons wholy to the Sea, and fortune of the ayre.

What

What ſhould he do? much of the Heauen he paſſed had behinde
And more he ſaw before: both which he meaſurde in his minde.
Eft loking forward to the Weſt which to approach as then
Might not betide, and to the Eaſt eft loking backe agen.
He wiſt not what was beſt to doe his wits were rauiſht ſo.
For neither could he hold the Raynes, nor yet durſt let them goe.
And of his Horſes names was none that he remembred tho.
Strange vncouth Monſters did he ſee diſperſed here and there,
And dreadfull ſhapes of vgly beaſts that in the Welkin were.
There is a certaine place in which the hideous Scorpion throwes
His armes in compaſſe far abroad, much like a couple of bowes,
With writhen tayle and claſping clees, whoſe poyſon limmes do ſtretch
On euery ſide, that of two ſignes they full the roome do retch,
Whom when the Lad beheld all moyſt with black and lothly ſwet,
With ſharpe and needle-poynted ſting as though he ſtemde to threat:
He was ſo ſore aſtraught for feare, he let the bridles ſlacke,
Which when the Horſes felt lie loſe vpon their ſweating back,
At rouers ſtraight throughout the ayre by wayes vnknowne they ran,
Whereas they neuer came before ſince that the world began.
For loke what way their laweleſſe rage by chaunce and fortune drue,
Without controlement or reſtraint that way they freely flue
Among the ſtarres that fired are within the firmament
They ſnatch the Charyot here and there One while they courſing went
Vp to the top of all the Skie: anon againe full round
They troll me downe to lower wayes and nérer to the ground.
So that the Mone was in a Maze to ſee her brothers Waine
Run vnder hers: the ſinged clouds began to ſmoke amaine.
Each ground the higher that it was and nearer to the Skie,
The ſooner was it ſet on fire: and made therewith ſo drie,
That euery where it gan to chinke. The Meades and Paſtures gréene
Did ſeare away: and with the leaues the trees were burned cléene.
The parched corne did yeld therewith to worke his owne decay.
Tush, theſe are trifles. Mightie Townes did periſh that ſame day,
Whoſe countries with their folke were burnt; and forreſts full of wood
Were turne to aſhes, with the rocks and mountaines where they ſtood.
Then Athe, Cilician, Taure and Tmole and Oeta flamed hie,
And Ide erſt full of flowing ſpringes was then made vtter drie.

The learned Virgins dayly haunt, the Sacred Helicon
And Thracian Hemus (not as yet ſurnamd Oeagrion.)
Did ſmoke both twaine: and Aetna hote of nature aye before
Encreaſt by force of Phœbus flame now tagedten times more.
The forkt Parnaſus, Eryx, Cynth, and Othrys then did ſwelt,
And all the ſnow of Rhodope did at that preſent melt.
The like outrage Mount Dindimus, and Mime and Micale felt.
Cytheron borne to ſacred vſe with Oſſe, and Pindus hie
And Olymp greater than them both did burne exceſſiuely.
The paſſing colde that Scithie had defended not the ſame
But that the barren Caucaſus was partner of this flame.
And ſo were eke the aircie Alpes and Appennyne beſide,
For all the Clouds continually their ſnowie tops doe hide.
Then whereſoeuer Phaëton did chaunce to caſt his view,
The word was all on flaming fire. The breath the which he drew.
Came ſmoking from his ſcalding mouth as from a ſeething pot.
His Charyot vnder him began to ware red hot.
He could no lenger dure the ſparkes and cynder flying out,
Againe the calme and ſmouldring ſmoke did wrap him round about.
The pitchie darkeneſſe of the which ſo wholy had him bent
As that he wiſt not where he was nor yet which way he went.
The winged horſes forcibly did drawe him where they wolde.
The Aethiopians at that time (as men for truth vpholde)
(The blood by force of that ſame heate drawne to the outer part
And there a duſt) from that time forth became ſo blacke and ſwart.
The moyſture was ſo dryed vp in Libie land that time
That altogether drie and ſcorcht continueth yet that Clime.
The Nymphs with haire about their eares bewaild their ſprings & lakes.
Beotia for her Dyrces loſſe great lamentation makes.
For Amimone Argos wept, and Corinth for the ſpring
Pyrene, at whoſe Sacred ſtreame the Muſes vſde to ſing.
The Riuers further from the place were not in better caſe,
For Tanais in his deepeſt ſtreame did boyle and ſteme apace.
Olde Penew and Caycus of the Country Teuthranie,
And ſwift Iſmenos in their bankes by like miſfortune frie.
Then burnd the Pſophian Erymanth: and (which ſhould burne againe)
The Troian Xanthus and Lycormas with his yellow vaine.

Meander

Meander playing in his bankes aye winding to and fro.
Migdonian Melas with his waues as blacke as any slo.
Eurotas running by the seat of Tenare boyled tho.
Then sod Euphrates cutting through the middes of Babilon,
Then sod Orontes, and the Scithian swift Thermodoon.
Then Ganges, Colchian Phasis, and the noble Istre,
Alpheus, and Sperchius bankes with flaming fire did glistre.
The gold that Tagus streame did beare, did in the chanell melt.
Amid Caystter of this fire the raging heat was felt.
Among the Quires of singing Swans that with their pleasant lay
Along the bankes of Lydian bowes from place to place did stray.
And Nyle for feare did runne away into the furthest Clyme
Of all the world and hid his head, which to this present time
Is yet vnsound: his mouths all seauen cleane voyd of water bene,
Like seuen great valleys where (saue dust) could nothing else be sene.
By like misfortune Hebrus pride and Strymon both of Thrace.
The Westerne Riuers Rhine and Rhone and Po were in like case:
And Tyber, vnto whome the Gods a faithfull promise gaue
Of all the world the Monarchie and soueraigne state to haue.
The ground did cranie euery where and light did pierce to hell,
And made afraid the King and Mucne that in that realme doe dwell.
The Sea did shrinke and where as waues did late before remaine,
Became a Champion field of dust and euen a sandy plaine.
The hills erst hid farre vnder waues like Ilands did appeare,
So that the scattred Cyclads for the time augmented were.
The Fishes drew them to the depes: the Dolphines durst not play
Aboue the water as before, the Seales and Porkpys lay
With bellies vpward on the waues starke dead: and same doth go
That Nereus with his wife and daughters all was faine as tho
To dine within the scalding waues. Thrise Neptune did aduance
His armes aboue the scalding Sea with sturdy countenaunce:
And thrise for hotenesse of the ayre, was faine himselfe to hide.
But yet the earth the Nurse of things enclosde on euery side
(Betweene the waters of the Sea and Springs that now had hidden
Themselues within their mothers wombe) for all the paine abidden,
Up to the necke put forth her head, and casting vp her hand,
Betweene her forehead and the Sunne as panting shee did stand

With dreadfull quaking all that was, ſhe fearefully did ſhake,
And ſhrinking ſomewhat lower downe, with ſacred voyce thus ſpake.
O King of Gods and if this be thy will and my deſart,
Why doſt thou ſtay with deadly dint thy thunder downe to dart?
And if that nedes I periſh muſt through force of firie flame,
Let thy celeſtiall fire O God, I pray thee do the ſame.
A comfort ſhall it be to thee author of my death.
I ſcarce haue power to ſpeak theſe words (the ſmoke had ſtopt her breath)
Behold my ſinged haire: behold my dim and bleared eye,
See how about my ſcorched face the ſcalding embers flie.
Is this the guerdon wherewithall ye quite my fruitfulneſſe?
Is this the honour that ye gaue me for my plenteouſneſſe,
And dutie done with true intent? for ſuffring of the plough
To draw deepe wounds vpon my backe and rakes to rend me through?
For that I ouer all the yeere continually am wrought?
For giuing foder to the beaſts and cattell all for nought?
For yeelding corne and other food wherewith to keepe mankinde?
And that to honour you withall ſweet frankinſence I finde?
But put the caſe that my deſart deſtruction duely craue,
What hath thy brother? What the Seas deſerued for to haue?
Why do the Seas his lotted part thus ebbe and fall ſo low,
Withdrawing from the skie to which it ought moſt neare to grow?
But if thou neither doſt regard thy brother, neither mee,
At leaſt haue mercie on the heauen loke round about and ſee
How both the Poles begin to ſmoke which if the fire appall
To vtter ruine (be thou ſure) thy Pallace nedes muſt fall.
Behold how Atlas gins to faint, his ſhoulders though full ſtrong,
Unneth are able to vphold the ſparkling Extree long.
If Sea and Land do go to wracke, and Heauen it ſelfe do burne,
To olde confuſed Chaos then of force we muſt returne.
Put to thy helping hand therefore to ſaue the little left,
If ought remaine, before that all be quite and cleane bereft.
When ended was this piteous plaint, the Earth did hold her peace
She could no lenger dure the heate, but was compelde to ceaſe,
Into her boſome by and by ſhe ſhrunke her ſinged head
Nere nerer to the Stygnan Caues, and Ghoſts of perſons dead.
The Sire of Heauen proteſting all the Gods and him alſo

That

That lent the Charyot to his child, that all of force must go
To hauocke if he helped not, when to the highest part
And top of all the Heauen, from whom his custome was to dart
His thunder and his lightning downe. But neither did remaine
A cloude where with to shade the earth, nor yet a showre of raine.
Then with a dreadfull thunderclap vp to his eare he bent
His fist, and at the Wagoner a flash of lightning sent,
Which strake his body from the life and threw it ouer whéele.
And so with fire he quenched fire. The Steeds did also réele
Vpon their knées, and starting vp sprang violently, one héere,
And there another, that they brast in pieces all their géere.
They threw the Collars from their necks, and breaking quite a sunder
The Trace and Harnesse flang away: here lay the bridles: yonder
The Ertes plucked from the Naues: and in another place
The shiuered Spokes of broken whéeles: and so at euery pace
The pieces of the Chariot borne lay strowed here and there
But Phaëton (fire yet blazing still among his yellow haire)
Shot headlong downe and glid along the Region of the Ayre
Like to a starre in winter nights (the weather clére and fayre)
Which though it do not fall indéed, yet falleth to our sight.
Whom almost in another world and from his countrey quite
The Riuer Padus did receiue, and quencht his burning head.
The watry Nymphs of Italie did take his carkasse dead
And buried it yet smoking still, with loues thrée forked flame,
And wrote this Epitaph in the stone that lay vpon the same.
Here lies the lustie Phaëton, which toke in hand to guide
His fathers Chariot, from the which although he chaunst to slide:
Yet that he gaue a proud attempt it cannot be denide.
With ruthfull chære and heauie heart his father made great mone.
And would not shew himselfe abroad, but mournde at home alone.
And if it be to be beléeued, as bruted is by fame,
A day did passe without the Sunne. The brightnesse of the flame
Gaue light: and so vnto some kinde of vse that mischiefe came.
But Clymen hauing spoke, as much as mothers vsually
Are wonted in such wretched case, discomfortably,
And halfe beside her selfe for woo, with torne and scratched brest,
Searcht through the vniuersall world, from East to furthest West,

Firſt ſeeking for her ſonnes dead coarſe, and after for his bones.
She found them by a forren ſtreame, entumbled vnder ſtones.
There fell the groueling on his graue, and reading there his name,
Shed teares thereon, and layd her breaſt all bare vpon the ſame.
The daughters alſo of the Sunne no leſſe than did their mother,
Bewailde in vaine with flouds of teares, the fortune of their brother:
And beating piteouſly their breaſts, inceſſantly did call
The buried Phaëton day and night who heard them not at all,
About whoſe Tombe they proſtrate lay. Foure times the Mone had filde
The Circle of her ioyned hornes, and yet the Siſters hilde
Their cuſtome of lamenting ſtill: (for now continuall vſe
Had made it cuſtome.) Of the which the eldeſt Phaëtuſe
About to kneele vpon the ground, complaind her fæt were nom.
To whome as faire Lampetie was riſen for to com,
Her feete were held with ſodaine rotes. The third about to teare
Her ruffled lockes, filde both her hands with leaues in ſtead of heare.
One wept to ſee her legges made wood: another did repine
To ſee her armes become long boughes. And ſhortly to define
While thus they wondred at themſelues, a tender barke began
To grow about their thighes and loynes, which ſhortly ouerran
Their bellies, breaſts and ſhoulders eke, and hands ſucceſſiuely,
That nothing (ſaue their mouthes) remainde, aye calling piteouſly
Vpon the wofull mothers helpe What could the mother do?
But run now here now there, as force of nature drue her to:
And deale her kiſſes while ſhe might? ſhe was not ſo content:
But tare their tender branches downe: and from the fliuers went
Red drops of blod as from a wound The daughter that was rent
Cride ſpare vs mother, ſpare I pray, for in the ſhape of trée
The bodies and the fleſh of vs your daughters wounded bée.
And now fare well. That word once ſayd, the barke grew ouer all.
Now from theſe trés flow gummy teares that Amber men do call.
Which hardened with the heate of Sunne as from the boughs they fal.
The trickling Riuer doth receiue, and ſends as things of price
To decke the daintie Dames of Rome and make them fine and nice.
Now preſent at this monſtrous hap was Sygnus Steuels ſon,
Who being by the mothers ſide a kinne to Phaëton
Was in condition more a kinne. He leauing vp his charge.

(For

(For in the land of Ligurie his Kingdome stretched large)
Went mourning all along the bankes and pleasant streame of Po
Among the trees encreased by the sisters late ago.
Annon his voyce began more small and shrill than for a man.
Gray feathers muffled in his face: his neck in length began
Farre from his shoulders for to stretch: and furthermore there goes
A fine red string a crosse the ioynts in knitting of his toes:
With feathers closed are his sides: and on his mouth there grew
A broad blunt bill: and finally was Cygnus made a new
And uncouth fowle that hight a Swan, who neither to the winde,
The ayre, nor Ioue betakes himselfe, as one that bare in minde
The wrongfull fire sent late against his cousin Phaëton.
In Lakes and Riuers is his ioy: the fire he aye doth shon.
And chooseth him the contrary continually to won.
For lorne and altogether void of that same bodie shene
Was Phaëtons father in that while which erst had in him bene,
Like as he loketh in Th'ecclipse. He hates the yrkesome light,
He hates himselfe, he hates the day, and sets his whole delight
In making sorrow for his sonne, and in his griefe doth storme
And chafe, denying to the world his dutie to performe.
My lot (quoth he) hath had enough of this unquiet state
From first beginning of the world. It yrkes me (though too late)
Of restlesse toyles and thankelesse paines. Let who so will for me
Go driue the Chariot in the which the light should caried be.
If none dare take the charge in hand, and all the Gods perfit
As insufficient, he himselfe go driue it if he list.
That at the least by venturing our bridles for to guide
His lightning, making childlesse Sires he once may lay aside.
By that time that he had assayde the unappalled force
That doth remaine and rest within my fiery footed Horse,
I trowe he shall by tryed proofe be able for to tell
How that he did not merit death that could not rule them well.
The Gods stood all about the Sunne thus storming in his rage
Beseeching him in humble wise his sorrow to assuage.
And that he would not on the world continuall darkenesse bring,
Ioue eke excuse him of the fire the which he chaunst to sling.
And with intreatance mingled threats as did become a King,

Then

Then Phœbus gathered vp his Steeds that yet for feare did run
Light fleighted fiends, and in his moode without reſpect begun
To beate his whip-ſtock on their pates and laſh them on the ſides.
It was no need to bid him chaſe : for euer as he rides
He ſtill vpbraids them with his ſonne, and layes them on the hides.
And Ioue Almighty went about the walls of heauen to trie,
If ought were periſht with the fire : which when he did eſpie
Continuing in their former ſtate, all ſtrong, and ſafe and ſound,
He went to view the workes of men, and things vpon the ground.
Yet for his land of Arcadie he tooke moſt care and charge.
The ſprings and ſtreames that durſt not run, he ſet againe at large.
He clad the earth with graſſe, the trees with leaues both freſh and greene,
Commanding woods to ſpring againe that erſt had burned beene.
Now as he often went and came it was his chance to light
Vpon a Nymph of Nonacris whoſe forme and beauty bright
Did ſet his heart on flaming fire. She vſed not to ſpin
Nor yet to curle her friſled haire with bodkin or with pin.
A garment with a buckled belt faſt girded did ſhe weare,
And in a white and ſlender Call, light truſſed was her haire,
Sometime a Dart, ſometime a Bow ſhe vſed for to beare.
She was a knight of Phœbes troope There came not at the mount
Of Menalus of whom Diana made ſo great account.
But fauour neuer laſteth long. The Sunne had gone that day
A good way paſt the point of Noone : when weary of her way
She drue to ſhaddow in a wood that neuer had beene cut.
Here off her ſhoulder by and by her Quiuer did ſhe put.
And hung her bow vnbent aſide, and coucht her on the ground,
Her quiuer vnderneath her head. Whom when that Ioue had found
Alone and weary ſure (he ſaid) my wife ſhall neuer know
Of this eſcape, and if ſhe do, I know the worſt I trow.
She can but chide, ſhall feare of chiding make me to forſlow?
He counterfeiteth Phœbe ſtraight in countenance and array.
And ſayes, O Virgin of my troope, where didſt thou hunt to day?
The Damſell ſtarted from the ground, and ſaid Haile Goddeſſe deare,
Of greater worth than Ioue (I thinke) though Ioue himſelfe did heare.
Ioue heard her well and ſmilde thereat, it made his heart reioyce
To heare the Nymph preferre him thus before himſelfe in choyce.

Hee

He fell to kissing: which was such as out of square might séeme,
And in such sort as that a mayde could nothing lesse beséeme.
And as she would haue told what woods she ranged had for game,
He tooke her fast betwéene his armes, and not without his shame,
Bewraying plainly what he was, and wherefore that he came,
The wench against him stroue as much as any woman could,
I would that Iuno had it séene: for then I know thou would
Not take the déed so heynously: with all her might she stroue.
But what poore wench, or who aliue could vanquish mighty Ioue?
Ioue hauing sped, flue straight to heauen. She hateth in her heart
The guiltlesse fields and wood where Ioue had playd that naughty part,
Away she goes in such a griefe as that she had welnie,
Forgot her Quiuer with her shafts and Bow that hanged by,
Dictynna garded with her traine and prou'd of killing Déere,
In ranging ouer Menalus espying cal'd her néere.
The Damsell hearing Phœbe call did run away amaine,
She feared least in Phœbes shape that Ioue had come againe:
But when she saw the troope of Nymphs that garded her about,
She thought there was no more deceit, and came among the rout.
Oh Lord how hard a matter ist for guilty hearts to shift?
And keepe their countenance from the ground her eies scarce durst she lift,
She prankes not by her mistresse side, she preases not to bée
The formost of the company, as when she erst was frée.
She standeth mute: and by changing of her colour ay.
The treading of her shoe awry she plainly doth bewray,
Diana might haue found the fault but that she was a May.
A thousand tokens did appeare apparant to the eye,
By which the Nymphs themselues (they say) her fault did well espie.
Nine times the Moone full to the world had shew'd her horned face,
When fainting through her brothers flames and hunting in the chace,
She found a coole and shady lawnde through midst whereof she spide
A shallow brooke with trickling streame on grauell bottom glide.
And liking well the pleasant place, vpon the vpper brim
She dipt her foote, and finding there the water coole and trim,
Away (she said) with standers by: and let vs bath vs héere.
Then Parthans cast downe her head with sad and bashfull chéere.
The rest did strip them to their skinnes, she onely sought delay,

Untill

Untill that two old or would she not, her clothes were pluckt away,
Then with her naked body straight her crime was brought to light,
Which yll asham'd as with her hands she would haue hid from sight.
Fie beast (quoth Cynthia) get thee hence, thou shalt not here defile
This sacred Spring: and from her traine she did her quite exile.
The Matrone of the thundring Ioue had inckling of the fact,
Delaying till conuenient time their punishment to exact.
There is no cause of further stay. To spight her heart withall,
Her husbands Leman bare a boy that Archas men did call,
On whom she casting lowring looke with fell and cruell mind
Sayd: Was there, arrant strumpet thou, none other thrift to find,
But that thou needs must be with barne? that all the world must see
My husbands open shame and thine in doing wrong to me?
But neither vnto heauen nor hell this trespasse shalt thou beare.
I will bereaue thee of thy shape through pride whereof thou were
So hardy to intice my Fere. Immediatly with that
She caught her by the foretop fast, and fiercely threw her flat
Against the ground. The wretched wench her armes vp meekely cast,
Her armes began with grisly haire to wex all rugged fast.
Her hands gan warpe, and into pawes ilfauouredly to grow,
And for to serue in stead of fet. The lips that late ago
Did like the mighty Ioue so well, with side and flaring flaps
Became a wyde deformed mouth: and further least perhaps
Her prayers and her humble words might cause her to relent:
She did bereaue her of her speech. In stead whereof there went
An vrefull, hoarce and dreadfull voice out from a threatning throte:
But yet the selfe same mind that was before she turnd her cote,
Was in her still in shape of Beare: the griefe whereof she showes
By thrusting forth continuall sighes, and vp she gastly throwes
Such kind of hands as then remainde, vnto the starry Skie.
And for because she could not speake, she thought Ioue inwardly
To be vnthankfull. Oh how oft she daring not abide
Alone among the desart woods, full many a time and tyde
Would stalke before her house in grounds that were her owne erewhile?
How oft oh did she in the hilles the barking hounds beguile?
And in the lawnds where she her selfe had chased erst her game,
Now flie her selfe, to saue her life, when hunters sought the same?

Full

Full oft at sight of other beasts she bid her head for feare,
Forgetting what she was her selfe, for though she were a Beare,
Yet when she spied other Beares she quoke for very paine:
And feared Woules although her Sire among them did remaine.
Behold Lychaons daughters sonne that Archas had to name,
About the age of fifteene yeares, into the Forrest came
Of Erymanth: not knowing out of this his mothers case.
Thereafter pitching of his toyles: as he the Stagges did chase,
Upon his mother sodainly it was his chance to light,
Who for desire to see her sonne did stay her selfe from flight:
And wistly on him cast her loke as one that did him know,
But he not knowing what she was began his heles to show.
And when he sawe her still persist in staring on his face,
He was afraid, and from her sight withdrew himselfe apace,
But when could not so be rid, he toke an armed pike,
In full intent her through the heart with deadly wound to strike.
But God Almighty held his hand, and lifting both away
Did disappoint the wicked Act. For straight he did conuay
Them through the ayre with whirling winds to top of all the skie,
And there did make them neighbour starres about the Pole on hie.
When Iuno shining in the Heauen her husbands minion found,
She swelde for spight: and downe she come to watry Tethis round,
And vnto old Oceanus, whom euen the Gods aloft
Did reuerence for their iust deserts full many a time and oft.
To whom demanding her the cause: and aske ye (quoth she) why
That I which am the Queene of Gods come hither from the skie?
God cause there is I warrant you. Another holds my rome.
For neuer trust me while I liue, if when the night is coome,
And ouercasteth all the world with shady darknesse whole,
Ye see not in the height of heauen hard by the Northren Pole
Whereas the vtmost Circle runs about the Arctike.
In shortest circuit gloriously enstalled for to be
In shape of starres the stinging wounds that make me yll apaid.
Now is there (trow ye) any cause why folke should be afraid
To do to Iuno what they list? or dread her wrathfull mood?
Which onely by my working harme do turne my foes to good?
O what a mighty act is done? how passing is my power?

I haue bereſt her womans ſhape, and at this preſent houre
She is become a Goddeſſe. Lo, this is the ſcourge ſo ſowre
Wherewith I ſtrike mine enemies. Lo here is all the ſpight
That I can do: this is the end of all my wondrous might.
No force. I would he ſhould (for me) her natiue ſhape reſtore,
And take away her brutiſh ſhape: Like as he hath before
Done by his other Paramour that fine and proper piece
Of Argos whom he made a Cow, I meane Phoronews Niece.
Why makes he not a full diuorce from me? and in my ſtead,
Straight take his ſweet-heart to his wife, and roll her in my bed?
He cannot do a better deed (I thinke) then for to take
Lycaon to his father in law. But if that you do make
Accompt of me your foſter-child, then graunt that for my ſake,
The Oxen and the wicked Waine of ſtars in number ſeuen,
For whoſedome ſake but late ago receiued into Heauen,
May neuer diue within your waues. Ne let that ſtrumpet vile
By bathing of her filthy limmes your waters pure defile.
The Gods did grant her her requeſt: and ſtraight to heuen ſhe flue,
In handſome Chariot through the ayre: which painted Peacocks drue
As well be ſet with blazing eyes late tane from Argus hed,
As thou thou prating Rauen white by nature being bred,
Hadſt on thy feethers ſuſtly late a coaly colour ſpred.
For this ſame bird in ancient time had feethers faire and white
As euer was the driuen ſnow, or ſiluer cleare and bright.
He might haue well comparde himſelfe in beautie with the Doues
That haue no blemiſh, or the Swan that running water loues:
Or with the Gæſe that afterward ſhould with their gagling out,
Preſerue the Roman Capitoll beſet with foes about.
His tongue was cauſe of all his harme, his tatling tongue did make
His colour which before was white, become ſo foule and blake.
Coronis of Lariſſa was the faireſt mayd of face
In all the Land of Theſſalie. She ſtood in Phœbus grace
As long as that ſhe kept her chaſt, or at the leaſt as long
As that ſhe ſcaped vneſpyde in doing Phœbus wrong.
But at the laſt Apollos bird her priuie packing ſpide.
Whom no entreatance could perſwade but that he ſwiftly hide
Him to his Maſter, to bewray the doings of his loue.

Now as he flue, the prating Crow her wings a pace did moue:
And once taking, fell in talke and was inquisitiue
For what intent and to what place he did so swiftly driue.
And when she heard the cause thereof, she said: now trust me sure,
This message on the which thou goste no goodnesse will procure.
And therefore herken what I say: disdaine thou not at all,
To take some warning by thy friend in things that may befall.
Consider what I erst haue bæn, and what thou seest me now:
And what hath bæne the ground hereof. I bodly dare anow,
That thou shalt find my faithfulnesse imputed for a crime.
For Pallas in a Wicker chest had hid vpon a time
A child, calde Erichonius, whom neuer woman bare,
And toke it vnto Maidens thrée, that Cecrops daughters were.
Not telling them what was within but gaue them charge to kéepe
The Casket shut, and for no cause within the same to pœpe.
I standing close among the leaues vpon an Elme on hie,
Did marke their doings and their words, and there I did espie
How Pandrosos and Herse kept their promise faithfully.
Aglauros calls them cowards both, and makes no more a dw,
But takes the Casket in her hand and doth the knots vndw,
And there they saw a child whose parts beneath were like a Snake.
Straight to the Goddesse of this déed a iust report I make.
For which she gaue me this reward, that neuer might I more
Accompt her for my Lady and my Mistresse as before.
And in my rome she put the fowle that flyes not but by night,
A warning vnto other birds my lucke should be of right
To hold their tongs for being shent. But you will say perchance,
I came vnsent for of my selfe, she did me not aduance.
I dare well say though Pallas now my heauy Mistresse stand,
Yet if perhaps ye should demaund the question at her hand,
As sore displeased as she is, she would not this deny:
But that she chose me first her selfe to beare her company.
For (well I know) my father was a Prince of noble fame,
Of Phocis King by long discent, Coronew was his name:
I was his darling and his ioy, and many a wealthy Pœre
(I would not haue you thinke disdaine) did séeke me for their Fére.
My forme and beautie did me hurt. For as I leysurely

Went

Went ietting vp and downe the ſhore vpon the gravell dry,
As yet I cuſtomably vs: the God that rules the Seas
Eſpying me, fell ſtraight in loue. And when he ſaw none eaſe
In ſute, but loſſe of words and time, he offered violence,
And after me he runs apace. I ſkudde as faſt fro thence,
From ſand to ſhore, fro ſhore to ſand, ſtill playing Fore to hole,
Untill I was ſo tyde that he had almoſt got the gole.
Then cald I out on God and man. But (as it did appeare)
There was no man ſo nere at hand that could my crying heare.
A Virgin Goddeſſe pitied me becauſe I was a mayde:
And at the bitter plunge and pinch did ſend me preſent ayde.
I caſt mine armes to heauen, mine armes wext light with fethers blacke
I went about to caſt in haſte my garments from my backe,
And all was fethers. In my ſkinne the rooted fethers ſtacke.
I was about with violent hands to ſtrike my naked breſt,
But neither had I hand nor breſt that naked more did reſt.
I ran, but of my feet as erſt remained not the print.
Me thought I glided on the ground. Anon with ſodaine dint,
I roſe and houered in the aire. And from that inſtant time
Did waite on Pallas faithfully without offence or crime.
But what auailes all this to me, and if that in my place
The wicked wretch Nyctymynee (who late for lacke of grace
Was turned to an odious bird) to honour called bee?
I pray thee didſt thou neuer heare how falſe Nyctymnee
(A thing alloner Leſbos knowne) defilde her fathers couch?
The beaſt is now become a bird: whoſe lewdneſſe doth ſo touch
And pricke her guilty conſcience, that ſhe dares not come in ſight,
Nor ſhew her ſelfe abroad a daies: but flyeth in the night
For ſhame leaſt folke ſhould ſee her fault: and euery other bird
Doth in the ayre, and Iuie toddes, with wondring at her gird.
A miſchiefe take thy tatling tongue the Rauen anſwered tho,
Thy vaine forſpeaking moues me not. And ſo he forth did go,
And tels his Lord Apollo how he ſaw Coronis lie
With Iſthys a Gentleman that dwelt in Theſſale.
When Phœbus heard his louers fault he fiercely gan to frowne,
And caſt his garland from his head, and threw his Vyall downe.
His coulour changde, his face lokt pale, and as the rage of yre

That

That boyled in his belking breast had set his heart on fire,
He caught me vp his wonted toles, and bent his golden Bow,
And by and by with deadly stripe of vnauoyded blow
Strake through the breast the which his owne had toucht so oft afore.
She wounded, gaue a pitious shrike, and (drawing from the sore
The deadly Dart, the which the blod pursuing after fast
Vpon her white and tender limbes a scarlet colour cast)
Said, Phœbus well, thou might haue wreakt this trespasse on my bed,
And yet forborne me till the time I had bin brought a bed:
Now in one body by thy meanes a couple shall be dead.
Thus much she said: and with the blood her life did fade away.
The body being voyd of soule became as cold as clay.
Than all to late, alas to late gan Phœbus to repent,
That of his louer he had tane so cruell punishment,
He blames himself for giuing eare so vnaduisedly.
He blames himself eeu that he toke it so outragiously.
He hates and bannes his faithfull bird because he did enforme
Him of his louers naughtinesse that made him so to storme.
He hates his Bow, he hates his shaft that rashly from it went:
And eke he hates his hastie hands by whome the Bow was bent.
He takes her vp betweene his armes endeauouring all to late
By plaster made of precious hearbes to stay her helpelesse fate.
But when he saw there was no shift, but that the nedes must burne,
And at the solemne sacred fire was prest to serue the turne:
Then from the bottome of his heart full sory sighes he set,
(For heauenly Powers with watry teares their chekes may neuer wet)
In case as when a Cow beholds the cruell Butcher stand
With launcing are embrewde with blod and lifting vp his hand
Aloft to snatch her sucking Calfe that hangeth by the hals
And of the are the deadly dint vpon his forehead fals.
Howbeit after sweet perfumes bestowde vpon her corse
And much embracing, hauing so bewayld her wrong diuorse,
He followed to the place assign'd her body for to burne.
There could he not abide to see his seed to ashes turne.
But toke the Baby from her wombe and from the fiery flame,
And vnto double Chyrons den conuayed straight the same.
The Rauen hoping for his truth to be rewarded well,

He maketh blacke, forbidding him with whiter birds to dwell.
The Centaure Chyron in the while was glad of Phœbus boy,
And as the burthen brought some care, the honor brought him ioy,
Upon a time with golden locks about her shoulders spred,
A daughter of the Centaures (whom a certaine Nymph had bred
About the Brooke Caycus bankes) that hight Ocyroe,
Came thither. This same fayre young Nymph could not contented be
To learne the craft of Surgerie as perfect as her Sire,
But that to learne the secret doomes of Fate she must aspire.
And therefore when the furious rage of frenzie had her caught,
And that the spright of Prophecie enflamed had her thought,
She lookt upon the child, and sayd: Sweet babe the Gods thee make
A man. For all the world shall fare the better for thy sake.
All sores and sickenesse shalt thou cure: thy power shall eke be sych
To make the dead aliue againe. For doing of the which
Against the pleasure of the Gods thy Graundsire shall thee strike
So with his fire, that neuer more thou shalt performe the like.
And of a God a bloodlesse corse, and of a course (full strange)
Thou shalt become a God againe, and twise thy nature change.
And thou my father liefe and deare, who now by Destenie,
Art borne to line for euermore and neuer for to die,
Shalt suffer such outragious paine throughout thy members all,
By wounding of a venimd dart that on thy foote shall fall,
That oft thou shalt desire to die, and in the lattar end
The fatall Dames shall breake thy threads, and thy desire thee send.
There was yet more behind to tell, when suddenly she set
A sore deepe sigh, and downe her cheekes the teares did trickle wet.
Mine owne misfortune (quoth she) now hath ouertake me sure.
I cannot vtter any more, for words were out of vre
My cunning was not worth so much as that it should procure
The wrath of God. I feele by proofe farre better had it beene:
If that the chaunce of things to come I neuer had foreseene.
For now my native shape withdrawes. Me thinks I haue delight
To feede on grasse and fling in fields: I feele my selfe so light.
I am transformed to a Mare like other of my kinne.
But wherefore should this brutish shape allouer wholy winne?
Considering that although both horse and man my father bee,

Yet

Yet is his better part a man as plainely is to ſee.
The latter end of this complaint was fumbled in ſuch wiſe,
As what ſhe meant the ſtanders by could ſcarſely well deuiſe.
Anon ſhe neither ſeemd to ſpeake nor fully for to hey,
But like to one that counterfeits in ſport the Mare to play.
Within a while ſhe neyedplaine, and downe her armes were pight,
Vpon the ground all clad with haire, and bare her body tight.
Her fingers ioyned all in one at end whereof did grow
In ſtead of nayles a round tough hoofe of welked horne below,
Her head and nerke ſhot forth in length, her kittle traine became
A fayre long tayle. Her ſtaring haire was made a hanging mane.
And as her native ſhape and voyce moſt monſtrouſly did paſſe,
So by the vnconth name of Mare ſhe after termed was.
The Centaure Chyron wept hereat: and piteouſly diſmayde
Did call on thée (although in vaine) thou Delphian God for ayde.
For neither lay it in thy hand to breake Ioues mightie heſt,
And though it had, yet in thy ſtate as then thou did not reſt.
In Elis did thou then abide and in Meſſene land.
It was the time when vnder ſhape of ſhepheard with a loand
Of Oliue and a pipe of réedes thou kept Admetus ſhéepe.
Now in this time that (ſaue of loue) thou toke none other kéepe,
And mad'ſt thée merry with thy pipe, the gliſtring Maias ſonne
By chaunce abrode the fieldes of Pyle ſpide certaine cattle runne
Without a heard, the which he ſtole and cloſely did them hide
Among the woods. This prétty ſlight no earthly creature ſpide,
Saue one old churle that Battus hight. This Battus had the charge
Of wealthy Neleus fading grounds, and all his paſtures large,
And kept a race of goodly Mares. Of him he was afraid.
And leaſt by him his priuie theft ſhould chance to be bewrayd,
He toke a bribe to ſtop his mouth and thus vnto him ſayd.
My friend I pray thée if perchance that any man enquire
This cattell, ſay thou ſaw them not. And take thou for thy hire
This faire yong Bullocke. Mother toke the Bullocke at his hand,
And ſhewing him a certaine ſtone that lay vpon the land
Sayd, go thy way: Aſſone this ſtone thy doings ſhall bewray,
As I ſhall do. So Mercurie did ſéeme to go his way.
Anon he comes me backe againe, and altred both in ſpéech

And outward shape, Sayd: country-man Ich heartily bezech
And if thou zawest any Kite come roysling through this ground,
Or driuen away, tell what he was and where they may be vound.
And I chill gethee vor thy paine an Heefar and her match.
The Carle perceiuing double gaine, and greedy for to catch,
Sayd: vnder yonsame hill they were, and vnder yonsame hill
Cham zure they are, and with his hand he pointed there vntill.
At that Mercurius laughing sayd: false knaue: and dost bewray
Me to my selfe? dost thou bewray me to my selfe I say?
And with that word straight to a stone he turn'd his double heart,
In which the slander yet remaines without the stones desart,
The bearer of the charmed Rod the suttle Mercurie.
This done arose with wauing wings and from that place did flie.
And as he houered in the ayre he vieud the fields byloiu
Of Attycke and the Towne it selfe with all the trees that grow
In Lycey where the learned Clarks did wholsome precepts show.
By chance the very selfe same day the Virgins of the Towne
Mfold and ancient custome bare in baskets on their crowne
Beset with garlands fresh and gay and strowde with flowers swete
To Pallas towre, such sacrifice as was of custome mete.
The winged God beholding them retourning in a troupe,
Continued not directly forth but gan me downe to stoupe.
And fetcht a windlasse round about. And as the hungry Kite
Beholding vnto sacrifice a Bullocke ready dight,
Doth sore about his wished pray desirous for to snatch
But that he dareth not for such as stand about and watch:
So Mercurie with nimble wings doth kepe a lower gate
About Minerua's lofty towers in round and whaling rate.
As farre as doth the morning starre in cleare and streaming light
Excell all other starres in heauen: as farre also as bright
Dame Phœbe dimmes the morning starre, so farre did Herses face
Staine all the Ladyes of her troupe: she was the very grace
And beautie of that solemne pompe, and all that traine so fayre.
Ioues sonne was rauisht with the sight, and hanging in the ayre
Began to swelt within himselfe, in case as when the poulder
Hath driuen the Pellet from the Gunne, the Pellet gins to smoulder:
And in his flying ware more hote. In smoking breast he throwds

His

His flames not brought from heauen aboue but caught beneath the clouds.
He leaues his iourney towards heauen and takes another race
Not minding any longer time to hide his present case.
So great a trust and confidence his beauty to him gaue
Which though it seemed of it selfe sufficient force to haue,
Yet was he curious for to make himselfe more fine and braue.
He kembde his head and strokt his beard and pried on euery side
To see that in his furniture no wrinckle might be spide.
And for because his cloake was fringde and garded broad with gold,
He cast it on his shoulder vp most seemly to behold.
He takes in hand his charmed rod that bringeth things asleepe
And wakes them when he lists againe. And lastly taketh keepe
That on his faire welformed feete his golden shoes sit cleane,
And that all other things thereto well correspondent beene.
In Cecrops Court were Chambers three set farre from all resort
With yuorie beds all furnished in farre most royall sort.
Of which Aglauros had the left and Pandrose had the right,
And Herse had the middlemost. She that Aglauros hight
First markt the comming of the God, and asking him his name,
Demaunded him for what intent and cause he thither came.
Pleiones Nephew Maias sonne did make her answere thus.
I am my Fathers messenger his pleasure to discusse
To mortall folke and hellish fiends as list him to commaund
My father is the mighty Ioue. So that thou dost demaund
I will not faine a false excuse. I aske no more but graunt
To keepe thy sisters counsell close, and for to be the Aunt
Of such the issue as on her my chance shall be to get.
Thy sister Herse is the cause that hath me hither set.
I pray thee beare thou with my loue that is so firmely set.
Aglauros cast on Mercurie her scornefull eyes aside,
With which against Mineruas will her secrets late she spide,
Demanding him in recompence a mighty masse of gold:
And would not let him enter in vntill that it were told.
The warlike Goddesse cast on her a sterne and cruell loke,
And fetching such a cutting sigh that forcibly it shoke
Both breast and breast-plate, wherewithall it came vnto her thought
How that Aglauros late agoe against her will had wrought,

In loking on the Lemman child contrary to her oth,
The which she toke her in the chest: for which she wared wroth.
Againe she saw her cancred heart maliciously repine
Against her sister and the God. And furthermore in fine
How that the gold whith Mercurie had giuen her for her mæde,
Would make her both in wealth and pride all others to excæde.
She goes me straight to Enuies house, a foule and ickesome caue,
Repleat with blacke and lothlie filth, and stinking like a graue.
It standeth in a hollow dale where neither light of Sunne
Nor blast of any winde or ayre may for the dæpenesse come.
A dreyrie sad and dolefull den aye full of sloughfull colde
As which aye dimd with smolozing smoke doth neuer fire beholde.
When Pallas that same manly Mayde approched nære this plot,
She stayd without, for to the house in enter might she not.
And with her Jauelin point did giue a push against the dore.
The dore flue open by and by and fell me in the flore.
There saw she enuie sit within fast gnawing on the flesh
Of Snakes and Todes the filthy fode that kæpes her vices fresh.
It lothde her to beholde the sight. Anon the Elfe arose
And left the gnawed Adders flesh, and slouthfully she goes
With lumpish leasure like a Snayle, and when she sawe the face
Of Pallas and her fayre attyre adornde with heauenly grace,
She gaue a sigh, a sore sigh from bottome of her hart.
Her lippes were pale, her chækes were wan, and all her face was swart:
Her body leane as any Rake. She loked eke asklew.
Her tæth were furde with filth and drosse, her gums were waryish blew.
The working of her festered gall had made her stomacke græne.
And all be venimbde was her tongue No slæpe her eyes had sæne.
Continuall carke and cankred care did kæpe her waking still:
Of laughter (saue at others harmes) the hel-hound can no skill.
It is against her will that men haue any good successe.
And if they haue, she frets and fumes within her minde no lesse
Than if her selfe had taken harme. In sæking to annoy:
And worke distresse to other folke her selfe she doth destroy.
Thus is she torment to her selfe. Though Pallas did her hate,
Yet spake she briefly these few words to her without her gate,
Infect thou with thy venim one of Cecrops daughters thræ,

It

It is Aglauros whom I meane, for so it needs must be.
This sayd: she pight her speare in ground, and toke her rise thereon.
And winding from that wicked wight did take her flight anon.
The Caitise cast her eye aside, and seing Pallas gon,
Began to mumble with her selfe the Diuels Paternoster.
And fretting at her good successe, began to blow and bluster.
She takes a crooked staffe in hand bewreathde with knobbed pricks,
And couered with a coly cloude, where euer that she stickes
Her filthy feete, she tramples downe and teares both grasse and corne:
That all the fresh and fragrant fields seeme vtterly forlorne.
And with her staffe she trippeth off the highest poppie heads.
Such poyson also euery where vngraciously she sheads,
That euery Cottage where she comes, and euery Towne and Cittie
Do take infection at her breath At length (the more is pittie)
She found the fairy Athenian Towne that flowed freshly then
In feast-full peace, and ioyfull wealth, and learned wits of men.
And forbecause she nothing saw that might prouoke to weepe,
It was a corsie to her heart her hatefull teares to keepe.
Now when she came within the court, she went without delay,
Directly to the lodgings where King Cecrops daughters lay,
There did she as Minerua bad, she layd her scruuie fist
Besmerde with venim and with filth vpon Aglauros brist,
The which she fild with hoked thornes: and breathed on her face
Did shead the poyson in her bones: which spred it selfe apace,
As blacke as euer Virgin-pitch through Lungs through Lights and all.
And to th'intent that cause of griefe abundantly should fall,
She placed ay before her eyes her sisters happy chaunce
In being wedded to the God: and made the God to glaunce
Continually in heauenly shape before her wounded thought.
And all these things she painted out: which in conclusion wrought
Such corsies in Aglauros breast, that sighthing day and night
She gnawd and fretted in her selfe for very cancred spight.
And like a wretch she wasts her selfe with restlesse care and pine
Like as the yse whereon the Sunne with glimmering light doth shine.
Her sister Herses good successe doth moue her heart to yerne.
In case as when that fire is put to greenefield wood or fearne,
Which giueth neither light nor heate, but smoulders quite away:

Sometime ſhe minded to her Sire her ſiſter to bewray.
Who (well ſhe knew) would yll abide ſo lewde a part to play.
And oft ſhe thought with wilfull hand to burſt her fatall thrælde,
Becauſe ſhe would not ſee the thing that made her heart to blæde.
At laſt ſhe ſat her in the dœre and leaned to a poſt,
To let the God from entring in. To whome now hauing loſt
Much talke and gentle wœrds in vaine, ſhe ſayd: Sir leaue I prey
Fœr hence I will not (be you ſure) on leſſe you go away.
I take thee at thy wœrd (quoth he) and therewithall he puſht
His rod againſt the barred dœre, and wide it open ruſht.
She making proffer fœr to riſe, did feele, ſo great a waight
Through all her limmes, that fœr her life ſhe could not ſtretch her ſtraight
She ſtroue to ſet her ſelfe vpright: but ſtriuing bœted not.
Her hamſtrings and her knees were ſtiffe, a chilling colde had got
In at her nayles, through all her limmes, and eke her raynes began
Fœr want of blœd and liuely heate, to ware both pale and wan.
And as the fretting Fiſtula fœrgrowne and paſt all cure
Runs in the fleſh from place to place and makes the ſound and pure
As bad œr wœrſer then the reſt: euen ſo the cold of death
Strake to her heart, and cloſd her vaines and laſtly ſtopt her breath.
She made no profer fœr to ſpeake, and though ſhe had done ſo
It had bœn vaine Fœr way was none fœr language fœrth to go.
Her throte conieald into ſtone: her mouth became hard ſtone,
And like on image ſate ſhe ſtill, her blœd was clœrely gone.
The which the venim of her heart ſo fowlly did infect,
That euer after all the ſtone with freckled ſpots was ſpect,
When Mercuri had puniſht thus Aglauros ſpitefull tœung
And canckred heart, immediately from Pallas towne he flung.
And flying vp with ſlitting wings did pierce to heauen aboue.
His father cald him ſtraight aſide (but ſhewing not his loue)
Sayd: Sonne, my truſty meſſenger and wœrker of my will,
Make no delay but out of hand flie downe in haſte vntil
The land that on the left ſide lokes vpon thy mothers light.
Yon ſame where ſtandeth on the coaſt the towne that Sydon hight.
The King hath there a heard of Neate that on the Mountaines fœde,
Go take and driue them to the Sea with all conuenient ſpœde.
He had no ſooner ſayd the wœrd, but that the heard begun

Driuen

Driuen from the Mountaine to the shore appointed for to run.
Whereas the daughter of the King was wonted to resort
With other Ladies of the Court there for to play and sport.
Betwæne the state of Maiestie and Loue is set such oddes,
As that they cannot dwell in one. The Sire and King of Goddes
Whose hand is armde with triple-fire, who onely with his frowne
Makes Sea and Land and Heauen to quake, doth lay his Scepter downe
With all the graue and stately port belonging thereunto.
And putting on the shape of Bull (as other cattell do)
Goes lowing gently vp and downe among them in the field
The fayrest beast to loke vpon that euer man beheld.
For why? his colour was as white as any winters snow
Before that either trampling foote or Southerne winde it thow.
His neck was brawnde with rolles of flesh, and from his chest before,
A dangling dew-lap hung me downe good halfe a foote and more.
His hornes were small, but yet so fine as that he would haue thought
They had bæn made by cunning hand, or out of ware bæn wrought.
More cleare they were an hundreth folde then is the Cristall stone
In all his forehead fearefull frowne or wrinkle there was none.
No fierce, no grim, nor griesly loke as other cattell haue.
But altogether so demure as friendship sæme to craue.
Agenors daughter maruelde much so tame a beast to sæ,
But yet to touch him at the first to bold shæ durst not bæ.
Anon she reaches to his mouth her hand with herbes and flowres:
The louing beast was glad thereof and neither frowns nor lowres.
But till the hoped ioy might come with glad and fawning cheare
He licks her hands, and scarce ah scarce the residue he forbeare.
Some time he friskes and skippes about and showes her sport at hand:
Anon he layes his snowie side against the golden sand.
So feare by little driuen away he offred eft his brest
To stroke and coy, and eft his hornes with flowers to be drest,
At last Europa knowing not (for so the Mayde was calde)
On whom she venturde for to ride, was nære-awhit appalde
To set her selfe vpon his backe. Then by and by the God
From maine drie land to maine moyst Sea gan leasurely to plod,
At first he did but dip his feete within the out-mest waue,
And backe againe: then further in another plunge he gaue.

And

And ſo ſtill farther till at laſt he had his wiſhed pray,
Amid the deepe where was no meane to ſcape with life away.
The Lady quaking all for feare with rufull countenance caſt,
Ay toward ſhore from whence ſhe came, held with her right-hand faſt
One of his hornes: and with the left did ſtay vpon his backe.
The wether flaſht and whiſked vp her garments being ſlacke.

Finis Secundi Libri.

THE THIRD BOOKE OF Ouids Metamorphoſis.

THe God now having layd aſide
his borrowed ſhape of Bull,
Had in his likeneſſe ſhew'd himſelfe:
And with his pretty trull
Came landing in the Ile of Crete.
When in that while her Syre
Not knowing where ſhe was become,
ſent after to enquire
Her brother Cadmus, charging him
his Siſter home to bring,
Or neuer for to come againe:
wherein he did a thing,
For which he might both iuſtly kind and cruell called bee
When Cadmus ouer all the world had ſought, (for who is hee
That can detect the theſts of loue?) and no where could her ſee.
Then as an Out-law (to auoyd his fathers wrongfull yre)
He went to Phœbus Oracle, moſt humbly to deſire

His heauenly counsell, where he would assigne him place to dwell.
An heifar all alone in field (quoth Phœbus) marke her well,
Which neuer bare the pinching yoke, nor drew the plough as yit,
Shall meet thee, follow after her, and where thou sest her sit,
There build a Towne, and let thereof Beotia be the name.
Downe from Parnassus stately top scarce fully Cadmus came,
When roying softly in the vale before the Heard alone
He saw a Heifar on whose necke of seruage print was none.
He followed after leysurely as her that was his guide,
And thanked Phœbus in his heart that did so well prouide.
Now had he past Cephisus Ford, and eke the pleasants grounds,
About the Citie Panope contain'd within those bounds.
The Heifar stayd and lifting vp her forehead to the Skie
Full seemly for to loke vpon with hornes like branches hye
Did with her lowing fill the ayre: and casting backe her eye
Vpon the rest that came alofe as softly as she could
Knel'd downe and layd her hairy side against the grassie mould.
Then Cadmus gaue Apollo thankes, and falling flat bylow
Did kisse the ground and haile the fields which yet he did not know.
He was about to sacrifice to Ioue the heauenly King.
And bad his seruants go and fetch him water of the Spring.
An old forgrowne vnfelled wood stod nere at hand thereby,
And in the mids a queachie plot with Sedge and Oysters hie.
Where curbde about with pæble stone in likenesse of a bow
There was a spring with siluer streames that forth thereof did flow.
Here lurked in his lowring den God Mars his grisly Snake
With golden scales and fiery eyes beswolne with poyson blake.
Three spirting tongues, three rowes of teeth within his head did sticke.
No sooner had the Tirian folke set foote within this thicke
And queachy plot, and dipped downe their bucket in the Well,
But that to buscle in his den began this Serpent fell,
And peering with a marble head right horribly to hisse.
The Tirians let their pitchers slip for sodaine feare of this.
And waxing pale as any clay, like folkes amazde and slaight,
Stod trembling like an Aspen leafe. The speckled serpent straight
Comes trailing out in wauing linkes, and knottie rolles of scales,
And bending into bunchie boughts his body forth he hales.

And

And lifting vp aboue the wast himselfe vnto the skie,
He ouer-loketh all the wood, as huge and big welnie
As is the Snake that in the heauen about the Norden Pole
Deuides the Beares. He makes no stay but deales his dreadfull dole,
Among the Tirians. Whether they did take them to their toles,
Or to their heles, or that their feare did make them stand like soles,
And helpe themselues by none of both, he snapt vp some aliue,
And swept in others with his taile, and some he did depriue
Of life with rankenesse of his breath, and other some againe
He stings and poysons vnto death, till all at last were slaine.
Now when the Sunne was at his heigth and shadowes wared short,
And Cadmus saw his company make tariance in that sort,
He marueld what should be their let, and went to seeke them out.
His harnesse was a Lyons skinne that wrapped him about.
His weapons were a long strong speare with head of yron tride,
And eke a light and piercing Dart. And thereunto beside
(Worth all the weapons in the world) a stout and valiant heart.
When Cadmus came within the wood and saw about that part
His men lie slaine vpon the ground, and eke their cruell foe
Of body huge stand ouer them, and licking with his blo
And blasting tongue their sory wounds: well trusty friends (quoth he)
I either of your pitious deaths will straight reuenged be,
Or else will die my selfe therefore. With that he raughting fast,
A mighty Milstone at the Snake with all his might it cast.
The stone with such exceeding force and violence forth was driuen,
As of a fort the Bulwarks strong and walles it would haue riuen.
And yet it did the Snake no harme: his scales as hard and tough
As if they had been plates of Mayle did fence him well ynough,
So that the stone rebounded backe against his freckled slough.
But yet his hardnesse saude him not against the piercing dart.
For hitting right betweene the scales that yelded in that part
Whereas the ioynts do knit the backe, it thirled through the skin,
And pierced to his filthy mawe and greedy guts within.
He fierce with wrath wrings backe his head, and loking on the stripe
The Jaueling steale that sticked out betweene his teeth doth gripe.
The which with wrestling to and fro at length he forth did wind,
Saue that he left the head thereof among his bones behind.

When

When of his courage through the wound more kindled was the ire,
His throt-boll swold with puffed veynes, his eyes gan sparkle fire.
There stood about his smeared chaps a lothly foming froth.
His scaled breast ploughs vp the ground, the stinking breath that goth
Out from his blacke and hellish mouth infects the herbes full fowle.
Sometime he winds himselfe in knots as round as any bowle.
Sometime he stretcheth out in length as straight as any beame.
Anon againe with violent brunt he rusheth like a streame
Encreast by rage of latefalne raine, and with his mightie sway
Beares downe the wood before his breast that standeth in his way.
Agenors sonne retyring backe doth with his Lyons spoyle
Defend him from his fierce assaults, and makes him to recoyle
Aye holding at the weapons point. The Serpent waxing wood
Doth crash the steele betweene his teeth, and bites it till the blod
Dropt mixt with poyson from his mouth, did die the grene grasse blacke
But yet the wound was very light because he writhed backe.
And pulld his head still from the stroke: and made the stripe to die
By giuing way, vntill that Cadmus following irefully
The stroke with all his power and might, did through the throate him riue,
And nayle him to an Oke behind the which he eke did clyue:
The Serpents waight did make the tree to bend. It grieud the tree
His body of the Serpents taile thus scourged for to bee.
While Cadmus wondred at the hugenesse of the vanquisht foe,
Vpon the sudden came a voyce: from whence he could not knowe.
But sure he was he heard the voyce: Which sayd: Agenors sonne
What gazest thus vpon this Snake? the time will one day come
That thou thy selfe shalt be a Snake. He pale and wan for feare,
Had lost his speech: and ruffled vp stiffe staring stode his heare.
Behold (mans helper at his neede) Dame Pallas gliding through
The vacant ayre was straight at hand, and bad him take a plough
And cast the Serpents teeth in ground, as of the which should spring
Another people out of hand. He did in euery thing
As Pallas bad, he toke a plough, and earde a furrow lowe
And sowed the Serpents teeth, whereof the foresayd folke should growe.
Anon (a wondrous thing to tell) the clods began to moue,
And from the furrowe first of all the Pikes appearde aboue,

Next

Next rose vp Helmes with fethered crests, and then the Poldrens bright,
Successiuely the Curets whole, and all the armour right.
Thus grew vp men like corne in field in ranks of battell ray
With shields and weapons in their hands to fight the field that day.
Euen so when Stages are attyrde against some solemne game,
With clothes of Arras gorgiously, in drawing vp the same
The faces of the Images do first of all them show,
And then by peece-meale all the rest in order seemies to grow.
Untill at last they standout full vpon their feet bylow.
Affrighted at these new-found toes, gan Cadmus for to take
Him to his weapons by and by resistance for to make.
Stay, stay thy selfe (cryde one of them that late before were bred
Out of the ground) and meddle not with ciuill warres. This sed,
One of the brothers of that brood with launcing sword he slue.
Another sent a dart at him the which him ouerthrew.
The third did straight as much for him and made him yeld the breath,
(The which he had receiude but now) by stroke of forced death.
Likewise outraged all the rest, vntill that ons by one
By mutuall stroke of ciuill warre dispatched euerychone
This brood of brothers all behewen and weltred in their blood,
Lay sprawling on their mothers wombe, the ground where erst they stood,
Saue onely fiue that did remaine. Of whom Echion led
By Pallas counsell threw away the helmet from his hed,
And with his brothers gan to treat attonement for to make.
The which at length (by Pallas helpe) so good successe did take,
That faithfull friendship was confirmd and hand in hand was plight.
These afterward did well assist the noble Tyrian knight,
In building of the famous towne that Phœbus had behight.
Now Thebes stood in good estate, now Cadmus might thou say
That when thy father banisht thee it was a luckie day.
To ioyne aliance both with Mars and Venus was thy chance,
Whose daughter thou hadst tane to wife, who did thee much aduance,
Not onely through her high renowne, but through an noble race
Of sonnes and daughters that she bare: whose children in like case
It was thy fortune for to see all men and women growne.
But aye the end of euery thing must marked be and knowne.
For none the name of blessednesse deserueth for to haue

Vnlesse

Unlesse the tenor of his life last blessed to his graue.
Among so many prosperous haps that flowde with good successe,
Thine eldest Nephew was a cause of care and sore distresse.
Whose head was arm'd w̄ palmed hornes, whose own hounds in ꝑ wood
Did pull their master to the ground and fill them with his blood.
But if you sift the matter well, ye shall not find desart
But cruell fortune to haue borne the cause of this his smart.
For who could do with ouer-sight: great slaughter had borne made
Of sundry sorts of sauage beasts one morning: and the shade
Of things was werred very short. It was the time of day
That mid betweene the East and West the Sunne doth seeme to stay.
When as the Thebane stripling thus bespake his company,
Still ranging in the wayleſſe woods some further game to spie.
Our weapons and our toyles are moyst and stain'd with blood of Deere:
This day hath done ynough as by our quarry may appeere.
Assone as with her scarlet wheeles nert morning bringeth light,
We will about our worke againe. But now Hiperion bright
Is in the mids of heauen, and scares the fields with fiery rayes.
Take vp your toyles, and cease your worke, and let vs go our waies.
They did euen so and ceast their worke. There was a valley thicke
With Pine-aple and Cypresse trees that armed be with pricke.
Gargaphie hight this shady plot, it was a sacred place
To chaste Diana and the Nymphs that wayted on her grace.
Within the furthest end thereof there was a pleasant Bower
So vaulted with the leauie trees the Sun had there no power:
Not made by hand nor mans deuise: and yet no man aliue,
A trimmer piece of worke then that could for his life contriue.
With Flint and Pommy was it walde by nature halfe about,
And on the right side of the same full freshly flowed out
A liuely spring with Christall streame: whereof the vpper brim
Was grene with grasse and matted herbs that smelled very trim.
When Phœbee felt her selfe were faint, of following of her game,
It was her custome for to come and bath her in the same.
That day she hauing timely left her hunting in the chase,
Was entred with her troupe of Nymphs within this pleasant place.
She toke her Quiuer and her Bow the which she had vnbent,
And eke her Jauelin to a Nymph that serued that intent.

Another

Another Nymph to take her clothes among her traine she chose,
Two losde her buskins from her legs and pulled off her hose.
The Thebane Lady Crocalee more cunning then the rest,
Did trusse her tresses handsomely which hung behind vndrest.
And yet her owne hung wauing still. Then Nyphee next and clene
With Hiale glistring like the grasse in beautie fresh and sheene,
And Rhanis clearer of her skinne than are the rainy drops,
And little bibling Phyalee and Pseke that pretty Mops,
Powrde water into vessels large to wash their Lady with.
Now while she kepes this wont, behold, by wandring in the frith
He wist not whither (hauing stayd his pastime till the morrow)
Comes Cadmus Nephew to this thicke: and entring in with sorrow
(Such was his cursed cruell fate) Saw Phœbee where she washt.
The Damsels at the sight of man quite out of countenance dasht,
(Because they euerychone were bare and naked to the quicke)
Did beat their hands against their breasts, and cast out such a shricke
That all the wood did ring thereof: and clinging to their Dame,
Did all they could to hyde both her and eke themselues fro shame.
But Phœbee was of personage so comely and so tall,
That by the middle of her necke she ouer-perd them all.
Such colour as appeares in Heauen by Phœbus broken rayes
Directly shining on the clouds, or such as is alwaies
The colour of the morning clouds before thr Sonne doth shew,
Such sanguine colour in the face of Phœbee gan to glow
There standing naked in his sight. Who though she had her gard
Of Nymphs about her: yet she turnde her body from him-ward.
And casting backe an angry loke like as she would haue sent
An arrow at him had she had her Bow there ready bent.
So raught she water in her hand and for to wreake the spight
Besprincled all the head and face of this vnluckie Knight,
And thus forespake the heauylot that should vpon him light.
Now make thy vaunt among thy Mates, thou saw'st Diana bare.
Tell if thou can: I giue thee leaue: tell hardly: do not spare.
This done she makes no further threats, but by and by doth spread
A paire of liuely old Harts hornes vpon his sprinckled head.
She sharpes his eares, she makes his necke both slender, long, and lanke
She turnes his fingers into feet, his armes to spindle shanke.

She wraps him in a hairie hide beset with speckled spots,
And planteth in him fearfulnesse and so away he trots.
Full greatly wondring to himselfe what made him in that case
To be so wight and swift of foot. But when he saw his face
And horned temples in the brooke, he would haue cryde alas,
But as for then no kind of speech out of his lips could passe.
He sight and braide: for that was then the speech that did remaine,
And downe the eyes that were not his, his bitter teares did raine.
No part remained (saue his mind) of that he erst had bene.
What should he do? turne home againe to Cadmus and the Quene?
Or hide himselfe among the woods? Of this he was afraid,
And of the tother ill ashamde. While doubting thus he stayd:
His Hounds espyde him where he was, and Blackfoot first of all,
And Stalker speciall good of sent began aloud to call.
This latter was a hound of Crete, the other was of Spart.
Then all the kenell fell in round, and euery one for his part
Did follow freshly in the chase more swifter then the wind,
Spy, Cateall, Scalecliffe, three good hounds comne all of Arcas kind
Strong Kilbucke, currish Sauage, Spring, and Hunter fresh of smell,
And Lightfoot, who to lead a chase did beare away the bell.
Fierce Woodman hurt not long ago in hunting of a Bore,
And Sharpheard wont to follow Shape and Neate to field afore.
And Laund a fell and eger Bitch that had a Wolfe to Syre:
Another brach cal'd Greedigut with two her Puppies by her.
And Ladon gaunt as any Grewnd a hound in Sycion bred,
Blab, Flatwood, Patch whose flecked skin with sundry spots was spred:
Wight Bowman, Royster, Beautie faire and white as winters snow,
And Tawny full of duskie haires that ouer all did grow,
With lustie Ruffler passing all the reste there in strength,
And Tempest best of footmanship in holding out at length.
And Cole and Swift, and little Wolfe, as wight as any other,
Accompanide with a Ciprian hound that was his native brother,
And Snach amid whose forehead stood a starre as white as snow,
The residue being all as blacke and slicke as any Crow.
And shaggy Rugge with other twaine that had a Syre of Crete,
And Dam of Sparta: Tone of them cal'd Jolle-boy, a great
And large flewd hound: the tother Chorle who euer gnarring went,

And Ringwood with a shrill loud mouth the which he freely spent.
With diuers mo whose names to tell it were but losse of time.
These fellowes ouer hill and dale in hope of prey do clime
Through thicke and thin and craggie cliffes where was no way to go,
He flyes through grounds where oftentimes he chased had ere tho.
Euen from his owne folke is he faine (alas) to flie away.
He strayned oftentimes to speake, and was about to say:
I am Acteon: know your Lord and Master, Sirs, I pray.
But vse of woords and speech did want to vtter forth his minde.
Their cry did ring through all the woodredoubled with the winde.
First Slo did pinch him by the haunch, and next came Hil-dere in,
And Hil-bred fastened on his shoulder, bote him through the skin.
These came forth later then the rest but coasting thwart a hill,
They did gaine-cope him as he came and held their master still
Untill that all the rest came in, and fastned on him to.
No part of him was free from wound. He could none other doe
But sigh, and in the shape of Hart with voyce as Harts are wont,
(For voyce of man was none now left to helpe him at the brunt)
By braying shew his secret griefe among the Mountaines hie.
And kneeling sadly on his knees with drierie teares in eye,
As one by humbling of himselfe that mercie seemde to craue,
With pittious loke in stead of hands his head about to waue.
Not knowing that he was their Lord, the Huntsmen cheere their hounds
With wonted noyse and for Acteon lokt about the grounds.
They hallow who could lowdest cry still calling him by name,
As though he were not there, and much his absence they do blame
In that he came not to the fall, but slacke to see the game.
As often as they named him he sadly shooke his head,
And faine he would haue beene away thence in some other stead.
But there he was. And well he could haue found in heart to see
His dogges fell deedes, so that to seele in place he had not bee.
They hem him in on euery side and in the shape of Stagge,
With greedy teeth and griping pawes their Lord in pieces dragge.
So fierce was cruell Phoebes wrath, it could not be alayd,
Till of his fault by bitter death the Ransome he had payd.
Much muttring was vpon the fact, some thought there was extended
A great deale more extremitie then needed. Some commended

Dianas

Dianas doing: saying that it was but worthely
For safegard of her womanhood. Each partie did applie
Good reasons to defend their case. Alone the wife of Ione,
Of liking or misliking it not all so greatly stroue,
As secretly reioyst in heart that such a plague was light
On Cadmus Linage: turning all the malice and the spight
Conceiued erst against the wench that Ioue had set fro Tyre,
Upon the kindred of the wench, and for to fierce her ire,
Another thing cleane ouerthwart there commeth in the nicke:
The Lady Semell great with childe by Ioue as then was quicke.
Hereat she gan to freat and fume, and for to ease her heart
Which else would burst, she fell in hand with scolding out her part.
And what a goodyere haue I won by scolding erst (she sed)
It is that arrant queane her selfe against whose wicked hed
I must allay to giue assault: and if (as men we call)
I be that Iuno who in heauen beare greatest swing of all,
If in my hand I worthy be to hold the Royall Mace,
And if I be the Quéene of heauen and soueraigne of this place,
Or wife and sister vnto Ioue, (his sister well I know:
But as for wife that name is vaine, I serue but for a show,
To couer other priuie scapes) I will confound that Whore.
Now (with a mischiefe) is she bagd and beareth out before,
Her open shame to all the world: and shortly hopes to be
The mother of a sonne by Ioue, the which hath hapt to me.
Not passing once in all my time, so sore she doth presume
Upon her beautie. But I trow her hope shall soone consume.
For neuer let me counted be for Saturns daughter more,
If by her owne deare darling Ioue on whom she trusts so sore
I send her not to Stryxes stréame. This ended, vp she rose.
And couered in golden cloude to Semelles house she goes.
And ere she sent away the cloud, she takes an olde wiues shape
With hoarie haire and riueled skinne, with slow and croked gate.
As though she had the Palsie had her feble limmes did shake,
And eke she foltred in the mouth as often as she spake.
She séemde olde Beldame Beroë of Epidaure to be,
This Lady Semelles Nurse as right as though it had béene she.
So when that after mickle talke of purpose ministred

Ioues name was vpned: by and by she gaue a sigh and sed,
I wish with all my heart that Ioue because to thee of this.
But daughter deare I dread the worst, I feare it be amisse.
For my dariets vnder name of Gods to serue their lust,
Haue into vndefiled beds themselues full often thrust.
And though it bene the mightie Ioue, yet doth not that suffize,
Onlesse he also make the same apparant to our eyes.
And if it be euen very he, I say it doth behoue,
He proue it by some open signe and token of his loue.
And therefore pray him for to graunt, that loke in what degree,
What order, fashion, sort and state he vse to companie
With mightie Iuno, in the same in euery point and cace,
To all intents and purposes he thee likewise embrace,
And that he also bring with him his bright thee forked Mace:
With such instructions Iuno had enformed Cadmus Neece:
And she poore sillie simple soule immediately on this
Requested Ioue to graunt a bone the which she did not name.
Aske what thou wilt (swet heart (quoth he) thou shalt not misse the same,
And for to make thee sure herof, the grisely Stygian Lake,
Which is the feare and God of Gods beare witnesse for thy sake.
She ioying in her owne mischaunce not hauing any powre
To rule her selfe, but making spede to hast her fatall howre,
In which she through her louers helpe should worke her owne decay.
Said: Such as Iuno findeth you when you and she do play
The games of Venus, such I pray thee shew thy selfe to me
In euery case. The God would faine haue stopt her mouth But she
Had made such haste that out it was. Which made him sigh full sore,
For neither she could then vnwish the thing she wisht before,
Nor he reuolke his solemne othe. Wherefore with sorie heart
And heauie countenance by and by to heauen he doth depart.
And makes to follow after him with loke full grim and stoure
The flakie clouds all grieslie blacke, as when they threat a shoure.
To which he added mirt with winde a fierce and flashing flame,
With dry and dreadfull thunder-claps and lightning to the same
Of Deadly vnauoyded dint. And yet as much as may
He goes about his vehement force and fiercenesse to allay.
He doth not arme him with the fire with which he did remoue

The

The Giant with the hundred hands Typhœus from aboue:
It was to cruell and to ſore to vſe againſt his Loue.
The Cyclops made another kind of lightning farre more light,
Wherein they put much leſſe of fire, leſſe fierceneſſe, leſſer might.
It light in heauen the ſecond place. Ioue armes himſelfe with this,
And enters into Cadmus houſe where Semelles chamber is.
She being mortall was too weake and feeble to withſtand
Such troublous tumults of the heauens: and therefore out of hand
Was burned in her Louers armes. But yet he toke away
His infant from the mothers wombe vnperfect as it lay,
And (if a man might credite it) did in his thigh it ſow,
Where biding out the mothers time it did to ripeneſſe grow.
And when the time of birth was come his Aunt the Lady Ine
Did nurſe him for a while by ſtealth, and kept him trim and fine.
The Nymphs of Nyſa afterward did in their bowres him hide,
And brought him vp with milke till time he might abroad be ſpyde.
Now while theſe things were done on earth, and that by fatall doome
The twiſe borne Bacchus had a time to mans eſtate to come,
They ſay that Ioue diſpoſde to mirth as he and Iuno ſate
A drinking Nectar after meat in ſport and pleaſant rate,
Did fall a ieaſting with his wife, and ſaid: a greater pleaſure
In Venus games ye women haue then men beyond all meaſure.
She anſwerd no. To try the truth, they both of them agree
The wiſe Tyreſias in this caſe indifferent Iudge to bee:
Who both the mans and womans ioyes by tryall vnderſtood.
For finding once two mightie Snakes engendring in a wood,
He ſtrake them ouer-thwart the backes, by meanes whereof behold
(As ſtrange a thing to be of truth as euer yet was told)
He being made a woman ſtraight, ſeuen winters liued ſo,
The eighth he finding them againe did ſay vnto them tho:
And if to ſtrike ye haue ſuch power as for to turne their ſhape
That are the giuers of the ſtripe, before you hence eſcape,
One ſtripe now will I lend you more He ſtrake them as before,
And ſtraight returnd his former ſhape wherein he firſt was borne.
Tyreſias therefore being tane to iudge this ieaſting ſtrife,
Gaue ſentence on the ſide of Ioue. The which the Queene his wife
Did take a great deale more to heart than needed, and in ſpight

To breake her teene vpon her Iudge, bereft him of his sight.
But Ioue (for to the Gods it is vnlawfull to vndo
The things which other of the Gods by any meanes haue do)
Did giue him sight in things to come for losse of sight of eye,
And so his grieuous punishment with honour did supplye.
By meanes whereof within a while in Cittie, Field, and Towne
Through all the coast of Aony was bruted his renowne.
And folke to haue their fortunes read that dayly did resort,
Were answerde so that none of them could giue him misreport.
The first that of his sooth-fast words had proofe in all the realme,
Was freckled Lyreop, whom sometime surprised in his streame,
The flood Cephisus did enforce. This Lady bare a sonne,
Whose beautie at his very birth might iustly loue haue wonne.
Narcissus did she call his name. Of whom the Prophet sage
Demaunded if the child should liue to many yeeres of age,
Made answere, yea full long, so that himselfe he do not know.
The Sooth-sayers words seemd long, but vaine vntill the end did show
His saying to be true indeede by strangenesse of the rage,
And strangenesse of the kinde of death that did abridge his age.
For when yeeres three times fiue and one he fully liued had,
So that he seemd to stand betweene the state of man and lad,
The hearts of diuers trim yong men his beautie gan to moue,
And many a Lady fresh and faire was taken in his loue.
But in that grace of natures gift such passing pride did raine,
That to be toucht of man or maide he wholy disdaine,
A babling Nymph that Echo hight, who hearing others talke,
By no meanes can restraine her tongue, but that it needs must walke,
Nor of her selfe hath power to gin to speake to any wight,
Espide him driuing into toyles the fearefull stagges of sight.
This Echo was a body then, and not an onely voyce,
Yet of her speech she had that time no more then now the choice:
That is to say of many words the latter to repeate,
The cause thereof was Iunos wrath. For when that with the feate
She might haue often taken Ioue in daliance with his Dames,
And that by stealth and vnbewares in midst of all his games.
This elfe would with her tatling talke detaine her by the way,
Vntill that Ioue had wrought his will and they were fled away.

The

The which when Iuno did perceiue, she sayd with wrathfull mood,
This tongue that hath deluded me shall do thee little good:
For of thy speech but simple vse hereafter shalt thou haue.
The deede it selfe did straight confirme the threatnings that she gaue.
Yet Echo of the former talke doth double oft the end,
And backe againe with iust report the wordes erst spoken send.
Now when she saw Narcissus stray about the Forrest wide,
She waxed warme, and step for step fast after him she hide.
The more she followed after him, and nerer that she came,
The hotter euer did she were as nerer to her flame.
Like as the liuely brimstone doth, which dipt about a match,
And put but softly to the fire, the flame doth lightly catch.
O Lord how often would she faine (if nature would haue let)
Intreated him with gentle wordes some fauour for to get.
But nature would not suffer her nor graie her leaue to gin.
Yet (so farre forth as she by graunt at natures hand could win)
Aye ready with attentiue eare she hearkens for some sound,
Whereto she might reply her wordes from which she is not bound.
By chance the stripling being straide from all his companie,
Sayd: is there any body nie? straight Eccho answerde: I
Amazde he caste his eyes aside and loketh round about,
And come (that all the Forrest rung) aloud he calleth out.
And come (saith she:) he loketh backe and seeing no man follow,
Why flistte, he cryeth once againe: and she the same doth hallow,
He still persists and wondring much what kind of thing it was
From which that answering voyce by turne so duely seemd to passe.
Said: let vs ioyne. She (by her will desirous to haue sayd.
In faith with none more willingly at any time or stead)
Said: let vs met. And standing somewhat in her owne conceit,
Upon these wordes she left the Wood, and forth she yelded streit.
To coll the louely necke for which she longed had so much,
He runs his way and will not be embraced of none such.
And sayth: I first will die ere thou shalt take of me thy pleasure.
She answerde nothing els thereto, but, take of me thy pleasure.
Now when she saw her selfe thus mockt, she gate her to the Wods,
And hid her head for very shame among the leaues and buddes.
And euer since she lines alone in Dens and hollow caues.

Yet stacke her loue still to her heart, through which she dayly raues
The more for sorrow of repulse. Through restlesse carke and care
Her body pines to skin and bone, and wereth wonderous bare.
The blod doth vanish into ayre from out of all her veines,
And nought is left but voyce and bones: the voyce yet still remaines:
Her bones they say were turnd to stones. From thence she lurking still
In woods, will neuer shew her head in field, nor yet on hill.
Yet is she heard of euery man: it is her onely sound,
And nothing els that doth remaine aliue aboue the ground.
Thus had he mockt this wretched Nymph and many mo beside,
That in the Waters, Woods, and groues, or Mountaines did abide
Thus had he mocked many men. Of which one miscontent
To see himselfe deluded so, his hands to heauen vp bent,
And sayd: I pray to God he may once feele fierce Cupids fire
As I do now, and yet not ioy the thing he doth desire,
The Goddesse Rannuse (who doth wreeke on wicked people take)
Assented to his iust request for ruth and pities sake.

There was a spring withouten mudde as siluer cleare and still,
Which neither shepeherds nor the Goates that fed vpon the hill,
Nor other cattell troubled had, nor sauage beast had stird,
Nor braunch, nor sticke, nor leafe of tree, nor any fowle nor bird.
The moysture fed and kept aye fresh the grasse that grew about,
And with their leaues the trees did kepe the heate of Phœbus out.
The stripling weary with the heate and hunting in the chace,
And much delighted with the spring and coolenesse of the place,
Did lay him downe vpon the brim: and as he stooped low
To staunch his thirst, another thirst of worse effect did grow.
For as he dranke he chaunst to spie the Image of his face,
The which he did immediately with feruent loue embrace.
He feedes a hope without cause why. For like a foolish noddie
He thinks the shaddow that he sees, to be a liuely boddy.
Astraughted like an Image made of Marble stone he lies,
There gazing on his shadow still with fixed staring eyes.
Stretcht all along vpon the ground it doth him good to see
His ardent eyes which like two starres full bright and shining bee.
And eke his fingers, fingers such as Bacchus might beseeme,
And haire that one might worthyly Apollos haire it deeme,

His

His beardlesse chyn and yuorie necke, and eke the perfect grace
Of white and red indifferently bepainted in his face.
All these he wondred to behold, for which (as I do gather)
Himselfe was to be wondred at, or to be pitied rather.
He is enamored of himselfe for want of taking harde.
And where he likes another thing he likes himselfe indeede.
He is the partie whom he woes, and suter that doth woe,
He is the flame that sets on fire, and thing that burneth toe.
O Lord how often did he kisse that false deceitfull thing?
How often did he thrust his armes midway into the spring?
To haue imbrast the necke he saw and could not catch himselfe?
He knowes not what it was he saw. And yet the foolish elfe
Doth burne in ardent loue thereof. The very selfe same thing
That doth bewitch and blind his eyes, encreasing still his sting.
Thou fondling thou, why dost thou raught the fickle Image so?
The thing thou seekest is not there. And if aside thou go?
The thing thou loueſt, straight is gone. It is none other matter
That thou dost see then of thy selfe the shadow in the water.
The thing is nothing of it selfe: with thee it doth abide,
With thee it would depart if thou withdrew thy selfe aside.
No care of meate could draw him thence, nor yet desire of rest:
But lying flat against the ground, and leaning on his brest,
With gradye eyes he gazeth still vpon the falced face,
And through his sight is wrought his bane. Yet for a little space
He turnes and sets himselfe vpright, and holding vp his hands
With piteous voyce vnto the wood that round about him stands,
Cryes out and sayes: alas ye woods, and there was euer any,
That lou'd so cruelly as I? you know: for vnto many
A place of harbour haue you beene, and fort of refuge strong.
Can you remember any one in all your time so long,
That hath so pinde away as I? I see and am full faine,
Howbeit that I like and see I cannot yet attaine:
So great a blindnesse in my heart through doting loue doth raine.
And for to spight me more withall it is no iourney farre,
No drenching sea, no mountaine hie, no wall, no locke, no barre,
It is but euen a little drop that keepes vs two asunder.
It would be had. For loke how oft I kisse the water vnder,

So oft againe with vpward mouth he riseth towards mée,
A man would thinke to touch at least I should yet able bee.
It is a trifle in respect that lets vs of our loue.
What wight soeuer that thou art come hither vp aboue,
O péerelesse péece, why dost thou me thy louer thus delude?
Or whither fliest thou off thy friend thus earnestly pursude?
I wis I neither am so foule nor yet so growne in yeeres,
That in this wise thou shouldst me shun. To haue me to their Féeres,
The Nymphs themselues haue sude ere this. And yet (as should appeare)
Thou doost pretend some kind of hope of friendship by thy chéere.
For when I stretch mine armes to thée, thou stretchest thine likewise.
And if I smile thou smilest too: And when that from mine eyes
The teares do drop, I well perceiue the water stands in thine.
Like gesture also doost thou make to euery becke of mine.
And as by mooing of thy swéet and louely lips I wéene,
Thou speakest words although mine eares conceiue not what they béene
It is my selfe I well perceiue, it is mine image sure,
That in this sort deluding me, this fury doth procure.
I am enamored of my selfe: I do both set on fire,
And am the same that swelteth too through impotent desire.
What shall I do? be wooed or woo? whom shall I woo therefore?
The thing I séeke is in my selfe, my plenty makes me poore.
I would to God, I for a while might from my body part.
This wish is strange to heare a louer wrapped all in smart,
To wish away the thing the which he loueth as his heart.
My sorrow takes away my strength, I haue not long to liue:
But in the flower of youth must die. To die it doth not grieue.
For that by death shall come the end of all my griefe and paine.
I would this yongling whom I loue might longer life obtaine,
For in one soule shall now decay we stedfast louers twaine.
This said: in rage he turnes againe vnto the foresaid shade,
And rores the water with the teares & sloubring that he made,
That through his troubling of the Well his image gan to fade.
Which when he saw to vanish so, Oh, whither doost thou flie?
Abide I pray thée hartily, aloud he gan to crie.
Forsake me not so cruelly that loueth thée so déere,
But giue me leaue a little while my dazled eies to chéere

With

With sight of that which for touch is vtterly denide,
Thereby to feede my wretched rage and furie for a tide.
As in this wise he made his mone he stripped off his cote,
And with his fist outragiously his naked stomake smote.
A ruddy colour where he smote rose on his stomake sheere,
Like apples which do partly white and striped red appeare,
Or as the clusters ere the grapes to ripenesse fully come,
An orient purple here and there begins to grow on some.
Which things as soone as in the spring he did behold againe,
He could no longer beare it out. But fainting straight for paine,
As lithe and supple Wax doth melt against the burning flame,
Or morning dew against the Sunne that glareth on the same:
Euen so by peace-meale being spent and wasted through desire
Did he consume and melt away with Cupids secret fire.
His liuely white and red, his cheerefulnesse and strength,
And all the things that liked him did wanze away at length.
So that in fine remained not the body which of late
The wretched Eccho loued so. Who when she saw his state,
Although in hart she angrie were, and mindfull of his pride,
Yet ruing his vnhappie case as often as he cride
Alas: she cride alas likewise with shrill redoubled sound.
And when he beat his brest, or strake his feet against the ground,
She made like noise of clapping to. These are the words that last
Out of his lips (beholding still his wonted image) past.
Alas swet boy belou'd in vaine, farewell. And by and by
With sighing sound the selfe same words the Eccho did reply.
With that he layd his weary head against the grassie place,
And death did close his gazing eyes that wondred at the grace
And beauty which did late adorne their masters heauenly face.
And afterwards when into hell receaued was his spright,
He goes me to the well of Styx: and there both day and night
Stands toting on his shadow still as sondly as before.
The water-Nymphs his sisters wept and wailed for him sore.
And on his body strowd their haire clipt off and shorne therfore.
The Wod-Nymphs also did lament. And Eccho did rebound
To euery sorrowfull noyse of theirs with like lamenting sound.
The fire was made to burne his corse, and waxen Tapers light,

A herce to lay the body on with solemne pompe was dight.
But as for body none remaind: In stead thereof they found
A yellow flower with milke white leaues new sprong vpon the ground.
This matter all Achaia through did spread the Prophets fame.
That euery where of iust desart renowmed was his name.
But Penthey old Echions sonne (who proudly did disdaine
Both God and man) did laugh to scorne the Prophets words as vaine,
Vpbrayding him most spitefully with losing of his light,
And with the fact for which he lost fruition of this light.
The good old father (for these words his patiente much did moue)
Said: O how happie shouldst thou be and blessed from aboue,
If thou wert blind as well as I, so that thou might not see
The Sacred Rites of Bacchus band: for sure the time will bee,
And that full shortly (as I gesse) that hither shall resort
Another Bacchus Semelles sonne, whom if thou not support
With pompe and honour like a God, thy crackasse shall be tattred,
And in a thousand places eke about the Woods be scattred.
And for to read thee what they are that shall performe the deed,
It is thy mother and thine Aunts that thus shall make thee bleed.
I know it shall so come to passe, for why thou shalt disdaine
To honour Bacchus as a God, and then thou shalt with paine
Feele how that blinded as I am I saw for thee to much.
As old Tiresias did pronounce these words and other such,
Echions sonne did trouble him. His words prooue true indeed,
For as the Prophet did forespeake, so fell it out with speed.
Anon this newfound Bacchus comes: the woods and fields rebound,
With noyse of shouts and howling out, and such confused sound.
The folke run flocking out by heapes, men, Mayds and wiues together,
The noble men and rascall sort ran gadding also thither.
The Orgies of this vnknown God full fondly to performe,
The which when Penthey did perceaue he gan to rage and storme.
And sayd vnto them. O ye ympes of Mars his Snake by kind
What ayleth you: what fiend of hell doth thus enrage your mind:
Hath tinking sound of pottes and paunes: hath noyse of crooked horne:
Haue fond illusions such a force: that them whom heretofore
No arming sword: no bloody trumpe: no men in battell ray
Could cause to shrinke: now shepish shrickes of simple women fray:

And

And drunken woodnesse wrought by wine: & routs of filthy freakes:
And sound of toying timpanes dauntes: and quite their courage breaks:
Shall I at you yᵉ ancient men which from the towne of Tyre:
To bring your household Gods by Sea, in safetie did aspyre:
And setled them within this place the which ye now do yᵉld
In bondage quite without all force and fighting in the field:
Or wonder at you yonger sort approaching vnto mée
More nére in courage and in yéres: whom méete it were to sée
With speare and not with thirse in hand: with glittring helme on head,
And not with leaues: Now call to minde of whom ye all are bred,
And take the stomacke of that Snake which being one alone,
Right stoutly in his owne defence confounded many a one.
He for his Harbrough and his spring his life did nobly spend.
Doe you no more but take a heart your Countrie to defend.
He put to death Right valiant Knights. Your battell is with such
As are but Peicocks in effect: and yet ye do so much.
In conquering them, that by the déede the olde renowne ye saue,
Which from your fathers by discent this present time ye haue.
If fatall destenies do forbid that Thebæ long shall stand,
Would God that men with Cannon shot might raze it out of hand.
Would God the noyse of fire and sword did in our hearing sound.
For then in this our wretchednesse there could no fault be found
Then might we iustly wayle our case, that all the world might sée
We should not néede of sheading teares ashamed for to bée.
But now our Towne is taken by a naked beardelesse boy,
Who doth not in the feates of armes, nor horse, nor armour ioy,
But for to moyst his haire with Mirrhe, and put on garlands gay,
And in soft Purple silke and golde his body to aray.
But put to you your helping hand and straight without delay
I will compell him point by point his lewdnesse to bewray,
Both in vsurping Ioues high name in making him his sonne
And forging of these Ceremonies lately now begonne.
Hath King Acrisius heart inough this fondling for to hate:
That makes himselfe to be a God: and for to shut the gate
Of Argus at his comming there: and shall this rouer make
King Penthey and the noble Towne of Thebæ thus to quake:
Go quickely sirs (these words he spake vnto his seruants) go

And

And bring the Captaine hither bound with speed, why stay ye so?
His Graundsire Cadmus, Athamas and others of his kinne
Reproued him by gentle meanes but nothing could they winne:
The more entreatance that they made the fiercer was he still:
The more his friends did go about to breake him of his will.
The more they did prouoke his wrath and set his rage on fire:
They made him worse in that they sought to bridle his desire.
So haue I seene a Broke ere this, where nothing let the streame
Runne smoth with little noyse or none, but whereas any beame
Or cragged stones did let his course, and make him for to stay:
It went more fiercly from the stoppe with fomy froth away.
Behold all bloudy came his men, and straight he them demanded
Where Bacchus was, and why they had not done as he commanded?
Sir (answered they) we saw him not, but this same fellow heere,
A chiefe companion in his traine and worker in his geere.
We toke by force: and therewithall presented to their Lord
A certaine man of Tirrhene land, his hands fast bound with cord,
Whome they frequenting Bacchus Rites had found but late before.
A grim and cruell loke which yee did make to seeme more sore,
Did Penthey cast vpon the man. And though he scarcely stayd
From putting him to torments straight. O wretched man (he said)
Who by thy worthy death shall be a sample vnto other,
Declare to me the names of thee, thy father, and thy mother:
And in what Country thou wert borne, and what hath caused thee,
Of these strange Rites and sacrifice a follower for to bee.
He voyd of feare made answere thus. Acetis is my name:
Of Parents but of low degree in Lidy land I came.
No ground for painfull Dre to till, no sheepe to beare me woll
My father left me: no nor Horse, nor Asse, nor Cow, nor Boll.
God wote he was but poore himselfe: with line and bayted hooke
The frisking fishes in the poles vpon his Rèd he toke
His hands did serue in stead of lands, his substance was his craft.
Now haue I made you true account of all that he me laft,
As well of riches as of trades, in which I was his heire
And successour. For when that death bereft him vse of ayre,
Saue water he me nothing left. It is the thing alone
Which for my lawfull heritage I claime, and other none.

Heare

Sone after I (because I was vnwilling to abide
In that poore state) did learne a Ship by cunning hand to guide,
And so to know the rainy signe that hight th'Olenien Gote
Which with her milke did nourish Ioue. And also I did note
The Pleiads and the Hiads moyst, and eke the scely Plough
With all the dwellings of the winds that make the Seas so rough.
And eke such Hauens that are meet to harbour vessels in:
With euery starre and heauenly signe that guides to ship-men bin.
Now as by chance I late ago did toward Delos saile,
I came on coast of Scios Ile, and seing day to faile,
Take harbour there, and went a land. Assone as that the night
Was spent and morning gan to pere with ruddy glaring light,
I rose and bad my company fresh water fetch aboord.
And pointing them the way that led directly to the Foord,
I went me to a little hill and viewed round about
To see what weather we were like to haue ere setting out.
Which done I cald my Watermen and all my mates togither,
And wil'd them all to go aboord my selfe first going thither.
Lo here we are (Opheltes said) (he was the Maisters Mate)
And (as he thought) a bootie found in desart field alate,
He dragd a boy vpon his arme that for his beauty shone
A mayden rather then a boy appeared for to bone.
This child, as ouercharged with Wine and dreint with drousie slepe
Did reele, as though he scarcely could himselfe from falling kepe.
I markt his countenance, ward and pace. no inckling could I see
By which I might coniecture him a mortall wight to bee.
I thought, and to my fellowes sayd: what God I cannot tell
But in this body that we see some Godhead sure doth dwell.
What God soeuer that thou art, thy fauour to vs shaw,
And in our labours vs assist, and pardon these also.
Pray for thy selfe and not for vs (quoth Dyctis by and by)
A nimbler fellow for to climbe vpon the Mast on hie
And by the Cable downe to slide there was not in our keele.
Swart Melanth Patrone of the ship did like his saying weele.
So also did Alcimedon: and so did Lybis ta
And blacke Epopeus eke whose charge it did belong vnto
To see the Rowers at their times their duties duely do.

Anon

And so did all the rest of them: so soze mens eyes are blinded
Where couetousnesse of filthy gaine is moze then reason minded.
Well sirs (quoth I) but by your leaue you shall not haue it so,
I will not suffer sacrilege within this ship to go.
Foz I haue here the most to do. And with that woꝛd I stept
Upon the Hatches, all the rest from entrance to haue kept.
The rankest Ruffian of the Rout that Lycab had to name,
(Who foz a murder being late dꝛiuen out of Tuscane, came
To me foz succoꝛ) wexed wood, and with his sturdie fist
Did giue me such a churlish blow because I did resist,
That ouer-boꝛd he had me sent, but that with much ado
I caught the tackling in my hand and held me fast thereto:
The wicked Varlets had a spoꝛt to see me handled so.
Then Bacchus (foz it Bacchus was) as though he had but tho
Been waked with their noyse from sleepe and that his dꝛousie bꝛaine
Discharged of the wine (began to gather sence againe)
Said: What a do? what noyse is this? how came I heare I pꝛay?
Sirs: tell me whether you do meane to carry me away.
Feare not my boy (the Patrone said) no moze but tell me where
Thou doost desire to go a land, and we will set thee there.
To Naxus-ward (quoth Bacchus tho) set Ship vpon the some,
There would I haue you harbꝛough take, foz Naxus is my home.
Like periurde caytifts, by the sea, and all the Gods thereof,
They falsly sware it should be so, and therewithall in scoffe
They bad me hoise vp saile and goe. Vpon the righter hand
I cast about to fetch the wind, foz so did Naxus stand.
What mean'st art mad? Opheltes cride, and therewithall begun
A seare of losing of their pꝛay thꝛough euery man to run.
The greater part with head and hand a signe did to me make,
And some do whisper in mine eare the left hand way to take.
I was amazde, and said: take charge hencefoꝛth who will foz me:
Foz of your craft and wickednesse I will no further be.
Then fell they to reuiling me, and all the rout gan grudge:
Of which Ethalion said in scoꝛne: Belike in you sir snudge
Consists the safegard of vs all: and with that woꝛd he takes
My roome, and leauing Naxus quite, to other Countries makes.
The God then dallying with these mates, as though he had at last

Begun

Begun to smell their subtile craft, out of the fore-decke cast
His eyes vpon the Sea: and then as though he seemde to weepe,
Said: Sirs, to bring me on this coast ye do not promise keepe.
I see that this is not the land the which I did request.
For what occasion in this sort deserue I to be drest?
What commendations can you win, or praise thereby receiue?
If men a lad, if many one ye compasse to deceiue?
I wept and sobbed all this while, the wicked villaines laught,
And rowed forth with might and maine, as though they had been straught
Now euen by him (for sure than he in all the world so wide
There is no God more neere at hand at euery time and tide)
I sweare vnto you that the things the which I shall declare,
Like as they seeme incredible, euen so most true they are.
The ship stood still amid the sea, as in a dustie docke.
They wondring at this miracle, and making but a mocke.
Persist in beating with their ores, and on with all their sayles:
To make their Galley to remoue, no arte nor labour sayles.
But ivie troubled so their ores that forth they could not row:
And both with berries and with leaues their sayles did ouergrow.
And he himselfe with clustred grapes about his temples round,
Did shake a Iauelin in his hand that round about was bound
With leaues of Vines: and at his feet there seemed for to couch
Of Tygers, Lynx, and Panthers shapes most ougly for to touch.
I cannot tell you whether feare or wodnesse was the cause,
But euery person leapeth vp and from his labour drawes.
And there one Medon first of all began to waxen blacke,
And hauing lost his former shape did take a courbed backe.
What monster shall we haue of thee? (quoth Lycab) and with that
This Lycabs chappes did weren wide, his nose-thrils wered flat,
His skin wert tough, and scales thereon began anon to grow.
And Lybis as he went about the ores away to throw,
Perceiued how his hands did shrinke and were become so short,
That now for finnes and not for hands he might them well report.
Another as he would haue clasped his arme about the cord,
Had neare an arme: and so bemaim'd in body, ouer-bord
He leapeth downe among the waues and forked is his tayle
As are the hornes of Phœbes face when halfe her light doth fayle.

They leape about and sprinkle vp much water on the ship,
One while they swim aboue, and downe againe anon they slip.
They fetch their friskes as in a daunce and wantonly they writhe,
Now here now there among the waues their bodyes baine and lithe.
And with their wide and hollow nose the water in they snuffe.
And by their noses out againe as fast they do it puffe.
Of twentie persons (for our ship so many men did beare)
I onely did remaine nigh straught and trembling still for feare.
The God could scarce recomfort me, and yet he sayd go to,
Feare not, but sayle to Dia-ward. His will I gladly do.
And so assone as I came there with right deuout intent,
His Chaplaine I became. And thus his Orgies I frequent.
Thou makste a processe very long (quoth Penthey) to th'intent
That (choler being colde by time) mine anger might relent.
But Sirs, (he spake it to his men) go take him by and by,
With cruell torments out of hand go cause him for to die.
Immediately they led away Acetes out of sight,
And put him into prison strong from which there was no slight.
But while the cruell instruments of death as sword and fire
Were in preparing wherewithall t'accomplish Pentheys ire,
It is reported that the doores did of their owne accord
Burst open and his chaines fall off. And yet this cruell Lord
Persisteth fiercer than before, nor bidding others go:
But goes himselfe vnto the hill Cytheron, which as tho
To Bacchus being consecrate did ring of chaunted songs.
And other loude confused sounds of Bacchus drunken throngs.
And euen as when the bloody trompe doth to the battel sound.
The lustie horse straight neying out beskirres him on the ground,
And taketh courage thereupon t'assaile his enemie proud:
Euen so when Penthey heard a farre the noyse and howling loud
That Bacchus franticke folke did make, it set his heart on fire,
And kindled fiercer than before the sparkes of setled ire.
There is a goodly plaine about the middle of the hill,
Enuirond in with woods, where men may viewe eche way at will.
Here loking on these holy Rites with lewde prophaned eyes.
King Pentheys mother first of all her forelayd sonne espies,
And like a Bedlem first of all she doth vpon him runne,

And

And with her Iauelin furiouſly ſhe firſt doth wound her ſonne.
Come hither ſiſters come ſhe cryes, here is that mightie Boze,
Here is the Boze that ſtroyes our fieldes, him will I ſtrike therefoze.
With that they fall vpon him all as though they had beene mad,
And cluſtring all vpon a heape faſt after him they gad.
He quakes and ſhakes: his wozds are now become moze meeke and cold:
He now condemnes his owne default and ſayes he was to bold.
And wounded as he was he cries, helpe Aunt Autonoæ,
Now foz Acteons bleſſed ſoule ſome mercie ſhew to mee.
She will not who Acteon was, but rent without delay
His right hand off: and Ino tare his tother hand away.
To liſt vnto his mother tho, the wzetch had neare an arme:
But ſhewing her his maimed cozſe and wounds yet bleeding warme,
O mother ſee (he ſayes): with that Agauē howledout:
And writhed with her necke awzy, and ſhoke her heare about.
And holding from his body tozne his head in bloody hands,
She cryes: O fellowes in this deede our noble conqueſt ſtands.
No ſoner could the winde haue blowen the rotten leaues fro trees,
When winters froſt hath bitten them: then did the hands of theſe
Moſt wicked women Pentheys limbs from one another teare.
The Thebans being now by this example bzought in feare,
Frequent this new-found Sacrifice, and with ſweete frankinſence,
God Bacchus altars load with gifts in euery place do cenſe.

Finis tertij Libri.

THE FOVRTH BOOKE OF Ouids Metamorphosis.

YEt would not stout Alcithoë
Duke Mineus daughter bow
The Orgies of this new-found God
in conscience to allow:
But still she stifly doth denie
that Bacchus is the Sonne
Of Ioue: and in this heresie her sisters with her run.
The Priest hath bidden holy-day, and that as well the mayd
As mistresse (for the time aside all other businesse layd)
In Buck-skinne cotes, with tresses lose, and garlands on their heare,
Should in their hands the leauie speares (surnamed Thyrsis) beare.
Foretelling them that if they did the Gods commandement breake,
He would with sore and grieuous plagues his wrath vpon them wreake.
The women straight both yong and old do thereunto obey,
Their yarne, their baskets, and their flare vnspunne aside they lay.
And burne to Bacchus Frankincense. Whom solemnly they call
By all the names and titles high that may to him befall.
As Bromeus and Lyeus eke begotten of the flame.
Twise borne, the sole and onely child that of two mothers came,
Vnshorne Thyoney, Niseus, Leneus, and the setter
Of Vines, whose pleasant liquor makes all tables fare the better.
Nyctileus, and th'Elelean Sire, Iacchus, Euan eke,
With diuers other glorious names that through the land of Greeke
To thee O Liber wonted are to attributed be.
Thy youthfull yeares can neuer waste: there dwelleth ay in thee
A child-hood tender, fresh and faire: in heauen we do thee see.
Surmounting euery other thing in beautie and in grace:
And when thou standst without thy hornes thou hast a maydens face.
To thee obeyeth all the East as farre as Ganges goes,
Which doth the scorched land of Inde with tawnie folke inclose.

Lycur-

Lycurgus with his twi-bill sharpe, and Penthey who for pride
Thy Godhead and thy mighty power rebellionsly denyde,
Thou right redoubted didst confound: thou into sea didst send
The Tyrrhene shipmen: thou with bits the sturdy necks doth bend
Of spotted Lynxes: throngs of Frowes and Satyres on thee tend,
And that old Hag that with a staffe his staggring limmes doth stay
Scarce able on his Asse to sit, for reeling euery way.
Thou commest not in any place but that is heard the noyse
Of gaglings womens tatling tongues, and shouting out of boyes.
With sound of timbrels, tabors, pipes, and brazen pannes and pots,
Confusedly among the rout that in thine Orgies trots.
The Thebane women for thy grace and fauour humbly sue,
And (as the priest did bid) frequent thy Rites with reuerence due.
Alonely Mineus daughters bent of wilfulnesse, with working
Quite out of time to breake the feast, are in their houses lurking:
And there do fall to spunning yarne, or weauing in the frame,
And kepe their maidens to their worke. Of which one pleasant dame
As she with nimble hand did draw her slender thred and fine,
Said: while that others idlely do serue the God of wine,
Let vs that serue a better saint Minerua, find some talke
To ease our labour while our hands about our profit walke.
And for to make the time seeme short, let each of vs recite,
(As euery bodies turne shall come) some tale that may delight.
Her saying likt the rest so well, that all consent therein,
And therevpon they pray that first the eldest would begin.
She had such store and choyce of tales she wist not which to tell,
She doubted if she might declare the fortune that befell
To Dircetes of Babylon whom now with scaly hide
In [illegible]ape the Philistine beleeueth to abide
[illegible]
Or rather how her daughter taking wings
In wape of Doue on tops of towres in age now sadly sings.
Or how a certaine water-Nymph by witchcraft and by charmes
Conuerted into fishes dumbe, of pongmen many swarmes,
Untill that of the selfe same sauce her selfe did taste at last.
Or how the tree that vsde to beare fruite white in ages past,
Doth now beare fruit in manner blacke by sprinkling vp of blood.
This tale (because it was not stale nor common) seemed good
To her to tell: and therevpon she in this wise begun,

Her busie hand still drawing out the flaxen thread she spun,
Within the towne of whose huge walles so monstrous high and thick,
The same is giuen Semyramis for making them of bricke)
Dwelt hard together two young folke in house ioynd so nere,
That vnder all one rofe well nigh both twaine conuayed were.
The name of him was Pyramus, and Thisbe call'd was she,
So faire a man in all the East was none alme as he.
Nor nere a woman, mayde, nor wife in beautie like to her.
This neigh-brod bred acquaintance first, this neigh-brod first did ster
The secret sparkes: this neigh-brod first an entrance in did show
For loue, to come to that to which it afterward did grow.
And if that right had taken place they had beene man and wife,
But still their Parents went about to let which (for their life)
They could not let. For both their hearts with equall flame did burne,
No man was priuie to their thoughts. And for to serue their turne,
In stead of talke they vsed signes: the closelier they suppressed
The fire of loue, the fiercer stilkit raged in their breast.
The wall that parted house from house had riuen therein a crauie,
Which chaunce at making of the wall: this fault not markt of anie
Of many hundred yeares before (what doth not loue espie?)
These louers first of all found out, and made away whereby
To talke together secretly, and through the same did go
Their louing wispings very light and safely to and fro.
Now as at one side Pyramus, and Thisbe on the tother
Stood often drawing one of them the pleasant breath from other:
O thou enuious wall (they sayd) why letst thou louers thus?
What matter were it if that thou permitted both of vs
In armes each other to embrace? or if thou thinke that this
Were ouer-much, yet mightest thou at least make roome to kisse.
And yet thou shalt not find vs churles: we thinke our selues in det
For the same piece of curtesie, in vouching safe to let
Our sayings to our friendly eares thus freely come and go.
Thus hauing where they stood in vaine complained of their woe:
When night drew nere they bad adue, and each gaue kisses sweete
Vnto the parget on their side the which did neuer meete.
Next morning with her cheerefull light had driuen the starres aside,
And Phœbus with his burning beames the dewie grasse had dride,
These louers at their wonted place by fore-appointment met,

When

Where after much complaint and mone they couenanted to get
Away from such as watched them, and in the euening late
To steale out of their fathers house and eke the cittie gate.
And to th'intent that in the fields they strayd not vp and downe,
They did agree at Ninus Tombe to meet without the towne,
And tary vnderneath a tree that by the same did grow:
Which was a faire high Mulberie with fruite as white as snow,
Hard by a cole and trickling spring. This bargaine pleas'd them both.
And so day-light (which to their thought away but slowly goth)
Did in the Ocian fall to rest, and night from thence did rise.
Assone as darkenesse once was come, straight Thisbe did deuise
A shift to winde her out of doores, that none that were within
Perceiued her: and muffling her with clothes about her chin,
That no man might discerne her face, to Ninus Tombe she came
Vnto the tree: and set her downe there vnderneath the same.
Loue made her bolde. But see the chance, there comes besmerde with blood
About the chappes, a Lyoneſſe all foming from the wood,
From slaughter lately made of Kine to staunch her bloody thirst
With water of the foresayd spring. Whom Thisbe spying first
A farre by moone-light, thereupon with fearefull steps gan flie.
And in a darke and vyresome caue did hide her selfe thereby.
And as she fled away for haste she let her mantle fall,
The which for feare she left behind not loking backe at all.
Now when the cruell Lyoneſſe her thirst had staunched well,
In going to the wood she found the slender weede that fell
From Thisbe, which with bloody teeth in peeces she did teare:
The night was somewhat further spent ere Pyramus came there.
Who seeing in the suttle sand the print of Lyons paw,
Wart pale for feare. But when also the bloody cloake he saw
All rent and torne: one night (he sayd) shall louers two confound,
Of which long life deserued she of all that liue on ground.
My soule deserues of this mischaunce the perill for to beare.
I wretch haue beene the death of thee. Which to this place of feare
Did cause thee in the night to come, and came not there before.
My wicked limbs and wretched guts with cruell teeth therefore
Deuoure ye, O ye Lyons all that in this rocke do dwell.
But cowards vse to wish for death. The slender weede that fell
From Thisbe vp he takes, and straight both beare it to the tree,

Which was appointed erſt the place of meeting for to bee.
And when he had bewept and kiſt the garment which he knew,
Receiue thou my blood too (quoth he) and there withall he drew
His ſword the which among his guts he thrust, and by and bie
Did draw it from the bleeding wound beginning for to die,
And caſt himſelfe vpon his backe, the blood did ſpinne on hie
As when a conduite pipe is crackt, the water bursting out
Doth ſhote it ſelfe a great way off, and pierſe the Ayre about.
The leaues that were vpon the tree beſprinkled with his blood
Were died blacke. The roote also beſtained as it ſtood,
A deepe darke purple colour ſtraight vpon the Berries caught.
Anon ſcarce ridded of her feare with which ſhe was agaſt,
For doubt of diſapointing him comes Thisbe forth in haſt,
And for her louer lookes about, reioycing for to tell
How hardly ſhe had ſcapt that night the danger that befell.
And as ſhe knew right well the place and faſhion of the tree
(As which ſhe ſaw ſo late before:) euen ſo when ſhe did ſee
The Colour of the Berries turnd, ſhe was vncertaine whither
It were the tree at which they both agreed to meete together.
While in this doubt full ſtound ſhe ſtood, ſhe caſt her eye aſide
And there beweltred in his blood her louer ſhe eſpide
Lie ſprawling with his dying limbs: at which ſhe ſtarted backe,
And looked pale as any Box, a ſhudd'ring through her ſtracke,
Euen like the ſea which ſuddenly with whiſſling noyſe doth moue,
When with a little blaſt of wind it is but toucht aboue.
But when approching nearer him ſhe knew it was her loue,
She beate her breſt, ſhe ſhriked out, ſhe tare her golden heares,
And taking him betweene her armes did waſh his wounds with teares.
She meant her weeping with his blood, and kiſſing all his face
(Which now became as cold as yse) ſhe eryde in wofull caſe
Alas what chaunce my Pyramus hath parted thee and mee?
Make anſwere O my Pyramus: it is thy Thisb, euen ſhee
Whom thou doſt loue moſt hartily that ſpeaketh vnto thee,
Giue eare and raiſe thy beauie head. He hearing Thisbes name,
Lift vp his dying eyes, and hauing ſeene her, cloſde the ſame.
But when ſhe knew her Mantle there, and ſaw his Scaberd lie
Without the ſword: Vnhappy man thy loue hath made thee die:
Thy loue (ſhe ſayd) hath made thee ſlea thy ſelfe. This hand of mine

Is strong inough to do the like. My loue no lesse than thine
Shall giue me force to worke my wound. I will pursue thee dead,
And wretched woman as I am, it shall of me be sed
That like as of thy death I was the onely cause and blame,
So am I thy companion eke and partner in the same.
For death which onely could alas asunder part vs twaine,
Shall neuer so disseuer vs but we will meete againe.
And you the Parents of vs both most wretched folke aliue,
Let this request that I shall make in both our names be liue
Intreat you to permit, that we whome chaste and stedfast loue,
And whom euen death hath ioynd in one, may as it doth behoue
In one graue be together layd. And thou vnhappy tree
Which shroudest now the corse of one, and shalt anon through mee
Shroude two, of this same slaughter hold the sticker sinnes for ay
Blacke be the colour of thy fruite and mourning like alway,
Such as the murder of vs twaine may euermore bewray.
This sayd, she toke the sword yet warme with slaughter of her loue
And setting it beneath her brest did to her heart it shoue.
Her prayer with the Gods and with their Parents toke effect,
For when the fruite is throughly ripe, the Berrie is bespect
With colour tending to a blacke. And that which after fire
Remained, rested in one Tombe as Thisbe did desire.

This tale thus told, a little space of pawsing was betwixt,
And then began Leucothoë thus, her sisters being whist.
This Sonne that with his streaming light all worldly thing doth cheare,
Was tane in loue. Of Phœbus loues now list and you shall heare.
It is reported that this God did first of all espie,
(For euery thing in heauen and earth is open to his eye)
How Venus with the warlike Mars aduoutry did commit.
It grieued him to see the fact and so discouered it.
He shewed her husband Iunos sonne th'aduoutrie and the place
In which this pryuie scape was done. Who was in such a case
That heart and hand and all did fayle in working for a space.
Anon he featly fordgd a net of Wire so fine and slight,
That neither knot nor nooze therein apparant was to sight.
This piece of worke was much more fine then any hand-warpe woose,
Or that whereby the Spider hangs in sliding from the woose.
And furthermore the suttlenesse and slight thereof was such

It

It followed euery little pull and cloſoe with euery touch.
And ſo he ſet it handſomely about the haunted couch.
Now when that Venus and her mate were met in bed togither,
Her husband by his new-found ſnare beſore conuayed thither
Did ſnarle them both together fast in midſ of all their play,
And setting ope the Iuorie doores, cal'd all the Gods straight way
To ſée them: they with shame ynough fast lockt togither lay.
A certaine God amongſt the reſt diſpoſed for to ſport,
Did wish that he himſelfe also were shamed in that ſort.
The reſdue laught, and ſo in heauen there was no talke a while,
But of this Pageant how the Smith the louers did beguile.
Dame Venus highly ſtomacking this great diſpleaſure, thought
To be reuenged on the part by whom the ſpight was wrought.
And like as he her ſecret loues and méetings had bewrayed,
So ſhe with wound of raging loue his guerdon to him payd.
What now auailes (Hyperions ſonne) thy forme and beauty bright?
What now auaile thy glitt'ring eyes with cleare and piercing light.
For thou that with thy gleames art wont all countries for to burne,
Art burnt thy ſelfe with other gleames that ſerue not for thy turne.
And thou that oughtſt thy chærefull loke on all things for to ſhow,
Alonely on Leucothoë dooſt now the ſame beſtow.
Thou faſtneſt on that mayd alone the eyes that thou dooſt giue
To all the world. Sometime more rathe thou riſeſt in the Eaſt,
Sometime againe thou makſt it late beſore thou fall to reſt.
And for deſire to loke on her, thou often dooſt prolong
Our winter nights: and in thy light thou faileſt eke among.
The fancie of thy faulty mind infects thy féeble light,
And ſo thou makſt mens hearts afraid by daunting of thy light.
Thou lokſt not pale becauſe the globe of Phœbe is betwéene
The earth and thée: but loue doth cauſe this colour to be ſéene.
Thou loueſt this Leucothoë ſo farre aboue all other,
That neither now for Climiné, for Rhodos, nor the mother
Of Circé, nor for Clytië (who at this preſent tyde
(Reiected for thy company) did for thy loue abide
Moſt grieuous torments in her heart) thou ſcarceſt for to care,
Thou mindeſt her ſo much that all the reſt forgotten are.
Her mother was Eutinomé of all the frangrant clime
Of Arabie eſtéemde the flower of beauty in her time.

But

But when her daughter came to age, the daughter past the mother
As farre in beauty as before the mother past all other.
Her father was King Orchamus and ruled the publique weale
Of Persey, counted by discent the seuenth from ancient Bele.
Farre vnderneath the Westerne clime of Hesperus doth runne
The pastures of the fiery Steeds that draw the golden Sunne.
There are they fed with Ambrosie instead of grasse all night,
Which doth refresh their weary limmes and kéepeth them in plight
To beare their daily labour out: now while the Steeds there take
Their heauenly food, and night by turne his timely course doth make.
The God disguised in the shape of Queene Eurynome
Doth prease within the chamber doore of faire Leucothoë
His louer, whom amid twelue mayds he found by candlelight
Yet spinning on her little rocke, and went me to her right.
And kissing her as mothers vse to kisse their daughters déere,
Said: Mayds, withdraw your selues a while, and sit not listning héere.
I haue a secret thing to talke. The mayds auoyd ech one.
The God then being with his loue in chamber all alone,
Said: I am he that metes the yéere, that all things do behold,
By whom the earth doth all things sée, the Eye of all the world.
Trust me, I am in loue with thee. The Lady was so nypt
With sodaine feare, that from her hands both rocke and spindle slipt.
Her feare became her wondrous well. He made no more delaies,
But turned to his proper shape, and tooke his glistring raies.
The Damsell being sore agast at this so strange a sight,
And ouercome with sodaine feare to sée the God so bright,
Did make no out-cry nor no noyse but held her patience still,
And suffred him by forced power his pleasure to fulfill.
Hereat did Clytie sore repine. For she beyond all measure
Was then enamoured of the Sunne: and stung with his displeasure.
That he another Lemman had, for very spight and yre
She playes the blab and doth defame Leucothoë to her sire.
He cruell and vnmercifull would no excuse accept.
But holding vp her hands to heauen when tenderly she wept,
And sayd: it was the Sunne that did the déed against her will:
Yet like a sauage beast full bent his daughter for to spill,
He put her déepe in delued ground, and on her body layd
A huge great heape of heauie sand. The Sunne full ill appayd

Did

Did with his beames diſperſe the ſand and made an open way
To bring thy buried face to light: but ſuch a waight there lay
Vpon thee, that thou couldſt not raiſe thine head aloft againe,
And ſo a corſe both voyd of blood and life thou didſt remaine.
There neuer chaunſt ſince Phaëtons fire a thing that grieude ſo ſore
The ruler of the winged Steeds as this did. And therefore
He did attempt if by the force and vertue of his ray
He might againe to liuely heat her frozen limmes conuay.
But foraſmuch as deſtenie ſo great attempts denies,
He ſprinkles both the corſe it ſelfe, and place wherein it lies
With fragrant Nectar. And therewith bewailing much his chance,
Said: Yet aboue the ſtarrie skie thou ſhalt thy ſelfe aduance.
Anon the body in this heauenly liquor ſteeped well
Did melt: and moyſted all the earth with ſweet and pleaſant ſmell.
And by and by firſt taking rote among the cloddes within,
By little and by little did with growing top begin
A pretty ſpirke of Frankinſcence aboue the Tombe to win.
Although that Clytie might excuſe her ſorrow by her loue
And ſeeme that ſo to play the blab her ſorrow did her moue,
Yet would the author of the light reſort to her no more,
But did withhold the pleaſant ſports of Venus vſde before.
The Nymph not able of her ſelfe the frantick fume to ſtay,
With reſtleſſe care and penſiueneſſe did pine her ſelfe away.
Bareheaded on the bare cold ground with ſtaring haire vnkempt
She ſate abroad both night and day: and clearely did exempt
Her ſelfe by ſpace of three thrice three daies from ſuſtnance and repaſt
Saue onely dew, and ſaue her teares with which ſhe brake her faſt.
And in that while ſhe neuer roſe, but ſtared on the Sunne,
And euer turnde her face to his as he his courſe did runne.
Her limmes ſtacke faſt within the ground, and all her vpper part,
Did to a pale aſh colour'd hearbe cleane void of blood conuart.
The flower whereof part red, part white beſhadowed with a blew
Moſt like a Violet in the ſhape her countenance ouergrew.
And now (though faſtned with a rote) ſhe turnes her to the Sunne,
And keepes (in ſhape of hearbe) the loue with which ſhe firſt begunne.
She made an end: and at her tale all wondred: ſome denide
Her ſaying to be poſſible: and other ſome replyde
That ſuch as are indeed true Gods may all things worke at will:

But

But Bacchus is not any such. This arguing once made still.
To tell her tale as others had Alcithoes turne was come.
Who with her shettle shoting through her web within the Lome,
Said: Of the Shæpheard Daplynis loue of Ida whom erewhile
A iealous Nymph (because he did with leummans her beguile)
For anger turned to a stone such (fury loue doth send:)
I will not speake: it is to know: ne yet I do entend
To tell how Schychon variably digressing from his kind,
Was sometime woman sometime man as liked best his mind:
And Celmus also will I passe, who for because he clong
Post faithfully to Iupiter when Iupiter was yong:
Is now become an Adamant. So will I passe this howre,
To shew you how the Curets were engendered of a showre:
Or how that Crocus and his loue faire Smylax turned were
To little flowers with pleasant newes your minds now will I chære.
Learne why the fountaine Salmacis diffamed is of yore,
Why with his waters ouerstrong it weakneth men so sore,
That who so bathes him there, comes thence a perfect man no more.
The operation of this well is knowen to euery wight:
But few can tell the cause thereof, the which I will recite.
The water-Nymphs did nurse a sonne of Mercuries in Ide,
Begot on Venus, in whose face such beautie did abide,
As well therein his father both and mother might be knowne,
Of whom he also toke his name. As sone as he was growne
To fiftene yeares of age, he left the country where he dwelt
And Ida that had fostred him. The pleasure that he felt
To trauell countries, and to see strange riuers with the state
Of forraine lands, all painfulnesse of trauell did abate.
Through Lycie land he trauelled to Caric that doth bound
Nert vnto Lycie. There he saw a pole which to the ground
Was Christall clare. No fennie sedge, no barren reeke, no reed,
Nor rush with pricking point was there, nor other mourish weed.
The water was so pure and shære, a man might well haue seene
And numbred all the grauell stones that in the bottome beene.
The vtmost borders from the brim inuirond were with clowres,
Beclad with hearbs aie fresh and greene and pleasant smelling flowres.
A Nymph did haunt this goodly pole: but such a Nymph as neither
To hunt, to run, nor yet to shote, had any kind of pleasure.

Of

Of all the water-fayries she alonely was vnknowne
To swift Diana. As the bruite of fame abroad hath blowne,
Her sisters oftentimes would say: take light some dart or bow,
And in some paine full exercise thine idle time bestow.
But neuer could they her perswade to run, to shoote or hunt,
Or any other exercise as Phœbes knights are wont.
Sometime her fayre-wel formed limmes she bathed in the spring:
Sometime she downe her golden haire with boxen combe doth bring.
And at the water as a glasse she taketh counsell aye
How euery thing becommeth her. Erewhile in fine aray
On soft swart hearbs or soft greene leaues her selfe she nicely layes:
Erewhile againe a gathering flowers from place to place she strayes.
And (as it chaunst) the selfe same time she was a sorting gayes
To make a Posie, when she first the young man did espie,
And in beholding him, desirde to haue his companie.
But though she thought she stood on thornes vntill she went to him:
Yet went she not before she had bedeckt her neat and trim,
And pride and pearle vpon her cloathes that nothing sate awrie:
And fram'd her countnance as might seeme most amorous to the eie.
Which done she thus begun: O childe most worthy for to be
Esteemde and taken for a God, if (as thou seemste to me)
Thou be a God, to Cupids name thy beautie doth agree.
Or if thou be a mortall wight, right happy folke are they
By whom thou camste into this world, right happy is (I say)
Thy mother and thy sister too (if any be:) good hap
That woman had that was thy Nurse and gaue thy mouth her pap.
But farre aboue all other, farre more blist than these is she
Whom thou vouchsafest for thy wife and bedfellow to be.
Now if thou haue already one, let me by stealth obtaine
That which shall pleasure both of vs. Or if thou do remaine
A mayden free from wedlocks bond, let me then be thy spouze,
And let vs in the bridely bed our selues together rouze.
This sayd, the Nymph did helde her peace, and therewithall the boy
Wext red: he wist not what loue was: and sure it was a ioy
To see it how exceeding well his blushing him became.
For in his face the colour fresh appeared like the same
That is in apples which do hang vpon the sunnie side:
Or Iuorie shadowed with a red: or such as is espide

Of white and scarlet colours mixt appearing in the Wone,
When folke in vaine with sounding brasse would ease vnto her wome.
When at the last the Nymph desirde most instantly but this,
As to his sister brotherly to giue her there a kisse.
And there withall was clasping him about the Iuorie necke:
Leaue off (quoth he) or I am gon and leaue thee at a becke
With all thy tricks. Then Salmacis began to be afraid,
And to your pleasure leaue I free this place, my friend she said.
With that she turnes her backe as though she would haue gone her way:
But euermore she loketh backe, and (closely as she may)
She hides her in a bushie queach, where kneeling on her knee
She alwaies hath her eye on him. He as a childe and free,
And thinking not that any wight had watched what he did
Romes vp and downe the pleasant Wede: and by and by amid
The flattering waues he dips his feete, no more but first the sole,
And to the ankels afterward both feete he plungeth whole.
And for to make the matter short, he toke so great delight
In cleanelie of the pleasant spring: that straight he stripped quight
His garments from his tender skin. When Salmacis behild
His naked beautie, such strong pangs so ardently her hild,
That vtterly she was a straught. And euen as Phœbus beames
Against a myrrour pure and clere rebound with broken gleames,
Euen so her eyes did sparkle fire. Scarce could she tariance make:
Scarce could she any time delay her pleasure for to take.
She would haue run, and in her armes embraced him straight way:
She was so farre beside her selfe that scarcely could she stay.
He clapping with his hollow hands against his naked sides,
Into the water lithe and baine with armes displayed glides.
And rowing with his hands and legges swimmes in the water clere:
Through which his body faire and white doth glistringly appere.
As if a man in Iuorie Image, or a Lillie white,
Should ouer-lay or close with glasse that were most pure and bright.
The prize is won (cryde Salmacis aloude) he is mine owne.
And therewithall in all post-hast she hauing lightly throne
Her garments off, flew to the pole and cast her thereinto,
And caught him fast betweene her armes for ought that he could do.
Yea maugre all his wrestling and his strugling to and fro,
She held him still, and kissed him a hundred times and mo.

And

And wild he nilo he with her hands she toucht his naked brist:
And now on this side, now on that (for all he did resist
And striue to wrest him from her gripes) she clung vnto him fast,
And wound about him like a snake: which snatched vp in hast,
And being by the prince of birds borne lightly vp aloft,
Doth writh her selfe about his necke and griping tallents oft,
And cast her tayle about his wings displayed in the wind:
Or like as Iuie runs on trees about the vtter rind,
Or as the crab-fish hauing caught his enemie in the seas,
Doth claspe him in on euery side with all his crooked cleas.
But Atlas Nephew still persists, and vtterly denies
The Nymph to haue her hoped sport she vrges him likewise,
And pressing him with all her waight fast cleauing to him still.
Striue, struggle, wrest and writh (she sayd) thou frouard boy thy fill,
Do what thou canst thou shalt not scape. Ye Gods of Heauen agree,
That this same wilfull boy and I may neuer parted bee.
The Gods were pliant to her bone. The bodys of them twaine
Were mixt and ioyned both in one, to both them did remaine
One countnance. Like as if a man should in one barke behold
Two twigs both growing into one and still tohether hold:
Euen so when through his hugging and her grasping of the tother
The members of them mingled were and fastened both together,
There were not any longer two, but as (it were) a toy
Of double shape: ye could not say it was a perfect boy,
No perfect wench: it seemeth both, and none of both to bene,
Now when Hermaphroditus saw how in the water shene
To which he entred in a man, his limmes were weakened so
That out fro thence but halfe a man he was compelled to go:
He lifted vp his hands and sayd: (but not with manly reere)
O noble father Mercurie, and Venus mother deere.
This one petition graunt your sonne, which both your names doth bea
That who so comes within this welt may so be weakened there,
That of a man but halfe a man he may fro thence retire.
Both parents moued with the chance did stablish his desire.
The which their double-shaped sonne had made, and thereupon
Infected with an vnknowne strength the sacred spring anon.
Their tales did end, and Mineus daughters still their businesse plie,
In spight of Bacchus, whose high feast they breake contemptuously.

When on the ſudden (ſeeing naught) they hēd about them round
Of tubbiſh timbrils perfectly a hoarſe and iarring ſound,
With ſhraming chalms and gingling bels, and furthermore they felt
A ſent of ſaffron and of myrrh that very hotly ſmelt.
And (which a man would ill beléeue) the web they had begun
Immediately wart freſh and greene, the flare the which they ſpun
Did flouriſh full of iuie leaues and part thereof did run
Abrode in vines. The thréd it ſelfe in branches forth did ſpring,
Yong burgeous full of cluſtred grapes their diſtaues forth did bring.
And as the wéede was wrought they dide a dépe darke purple hew,
Euen ſo vpon the painted grapes the ſelfe-ſame colour grew.
The day was ſpent, and now was come the time which neither night
Nor day, but euen the bound of both a man may terme of right.
The houſe at ſodaine ſéemde to ſhake, and all about it ſhine
With burning lamps and glittering fires do flaſh before their eine.
And likeneſſes of ougly beaſts with gaſtfull noyſes yeld.
For feare whereof in ſmokie holes the ſiſters were compeld
To hide their heads one here one there another, for to ſhun
The gliſtring light. And while they thus in corner blindly run,
Vpon theſe little prætie limmes a fine criſp filme there goes,
And ſlender finnes in ſtead of hands their ſhorted armes encloſe.
But how they loſt their former ſhape of certaintie to knoin
The darkeneſſe would not ſuffer them. No feathers on them growe,
And yet with ſhere and belume wings they houer from the ground.
And when they go about to ſpeake they make but little ſound.
According as their bodies gine, bewayling their deſpight
By chirping chirlly to themſelues. In houſes they delight
And not in woods: deteſting day they flitter towards night.
Wherethrough, they of the Euening late in Latine take their name,
And we in Engliſh language, Backes or Rérmice call the ſame.

When Bacchus name was reuerenced through all the Theban coaſt.
And Ino of her Nephews power made every where great boaſt.
Of Cadmus daughters ſhe alone no ſorrowes taſted had,
Saue onely that her ſiſters haps perchaunce had made her ſad.
Now Iuno noting how ſhe wart both proud and full of ſcorne,
As well by reaſon of the ſonnes and daughters ſhe had borne,
As alſo that ſhe was aduanſt by mariage in that towne
To Athamus King Aeolus ſonne, a prince of great renowne.

But chiefely that her ſiſters ſonne who nurſed was by hir
Was then exalted for a God: began thereat to ſtir,
And fretting at it in her ſelfe, ſayd: could this harlots burd
Tranſforme the Lydian watermen and drowne them in the ford?
And make the mother teare the guts in pieces of her ſonne?
And Minyas all thoſe daughters clad with wings becauſe they ſpun
Whiles others howling vp and downe like frantick folke did run:
And can I Iuno nothing els ſaue ſundry woes bewaile?
Is that ſufficient? can my power no more then ſo auaile?
Ye teaches me what way to worke. A man may take (I ſe)
Example at his enemies hand the wiſer for to be.
Ye ſhewes enough and ouermuch the force of furious wrath
By Pentheys death: why ſhould not Ino be taught to tread the path
The which her ſiſters heretofore and kindred troden hath?
There is a ſteepe and yakſome way obſcure, with ſhadie fell
Of balefull yewgh, all ſad and ſtill, that leadeth downe to hell.
The foggie Styx doth breath vp myſtes: and downe this way do waue
The Ghoſtes of perſons lately dead and buried in the graue.
Continuall colde and gaſtly feare poſſeſſe this queachie plot
On either ſide: the liely ghoſt new parted knoweth not
The way that doth directly leade him to the Stygian cittie.
Or where blacke Pluto keepes his court, that neuer sheweth pittie.
A thouſand waies, a thouſand gates that alwaies open ſtand
This cittie hath: and as the ſea the ſtreames of al the land
Doth ſwallow in his greedy gulfe and yet is neuer full:
Euen ſo that place deuoureth ſtill and hideth in his gull
The ſoules and ghoſtes of all the world: and though that nere ſo many
Come thither: yet the place is voyd as if there were not any.
The ghoſts without fleſh, blood or bones, there wander to and fro.
Of which ſome haunt the iudgement place: and other come and go
To Plutos court: and ſome frequent the former trades and Artes
The which they vſed in their life: and ſome abide the ſmartes
And torments for their wickednesſe and other yll deſartes.
So cruell hate and ſpitefull wrath did boyle in Iunos breſt,
That in the high and noble court of heauen ſhe could not reſt,
But that ſhe needs muſt hither come: whoſe foot no ſooner toucht
The threſholde, but it gan to quake. And Cerberus firſt coucht
Start fiercely vp with three fell heads which barked altogither:

The

She calde the daughters of the night the cruell Furies thither:
They sate a kembing foule blacke snakes from off their filthy heare
Before the dungeon doore, the place where caitiues punisht were:
The which was made of Adamant. When in the darke in part
They knew Queene Iuno, by and by vpon their feete they start.
There Titius stretched out (at least) nine acers full in length,
Did with his bowels feede a Gryphe that tare them out by strength.
The water fled from Tantalus that toucht his neather lip,
And Apples hanging ouer him did euer from him slip.
There also laboured Sisiphus that driue against the hill
A rolling stone that from the top came tumbling downeward still.
Ixion on his restlesse wheele to which his limmes were bound
Did flie and follow both at once in turning euer round.
That Danaus daughters for because they did their cousins kill,
Drew water into running tubbes which euermore did spill.
When Iuno with a louring looke had viewd them all throughout,
And on Ixion specially before the other rout
She turnes from him to Sisyphus, and with an angry cheere
Sayes: wherefore should this man endure continuall penance here?
And Athamas his brother reigne in wealth and pleasure free?
Who through his pride hath ay disdainde my husband Ioue and mee.
And therewithall she powred out th'occasion of her hate,
And why she came, and what she would. She would that Cadmus state
Should with the ruine of his house be brought to swift decay,
And that to mischiefe Athamas the Fiends should force some way,
She biddes, she prayes, she promises, and all is with a breth,
And moues the Furies earnestly: and as these things she seth,
The hatefull hagge Tisiphone, with hoarie rufiled heare,
Remouing from her face the Snakes that lowsely dangled theare,
Said thus: Madame, there is no neede long circumstance to make.
Suppose your will already done. This loathsome place forsake,
And to the holsome ayre of heauen your selfe againe retire.
Queene Iuno went right glad away, with graunt of her desire.
And as she would haue entred heauen the Lady Iris came,
And purged her with streaming droppes. Anon vpon the same
The furious Fiende Tisiphone doth cloth her out of hand
In garment streaming gory blood and taketh in her hand
A burning Cresset fraught in blood, and girdeth her about

With wreathen Snakes and so goes forth: and at her going out,
Feare, terror, griefe and pensiuenesse for company shee tooke,
And also madnesse with his flaight and gastly staring looke.
Within the house of Athamas no sooner foote she set,
But that the postes began to quake and doores looke blacke as Iet,
The Sunne with-drew him, Athamas and eke his wife were cast
With vgly sights in such a feare, that out of doores agast
They would haue fled. There stood the fiend and stopt their passage out,
And splaying forth her filthy armes beknit with Snakes about,
Did tosse and waue her hatefull head. The swarme of scaled Snakes
Did make an vrkesome noyse to heare as she her tresses shakes.
About her shoulders some did craule some trayling downe her brest,
Did hisse, and spit out poyson greene, and spirt with tongues infest.
Then from amid her haire, two Snakes with venimd hand she threw,
Of which she one at Athamas and one at Ino threw.
The snakes did craule about their brests, inspiring in their heart
Most grieuous motion of the mind: the body had no smart
Of any wound: it was the mind that felt the cruell stings.
A poyson made in strupe-wise she also with her brings,
The filthy fome of Cerberus, the casting of the Snake
Echydna, bred among the Fennes about the Stygian Lake.
Desire of gadding forth abroad: forgetfulnesse of mind:
Delight in mischiefe: wodnesse: teares: and purpose whole inclind:
To cruell murther: all the which she did together grinde:
And mingling them with new shed bloud, had boyled them in brasse,
And stird them with a Hemlocke stalke. Now while that Athamas
And Ino stood and quakt for feare, this poyson ranke and fell,
She turned into both their brests and made their hearts to swell.
Then whisking often round about her head her balefull brand,
She made it fome by gathering wind to kindle in her hand.
Thus as it were in tryumph-wise accomplishing her best,
To duskie Plutos emptie realme she gets her home to rest,
And putteth off her snarled snakes that girded in her brest.
Immediatly King Æolus sonne starke mad, comes crying out
Through all the court: what meane you sirs? why go ye not about
To pitch our toyles within this chace. I saw euen now here ran
A Lyon with her two yong whelpes. And therewithall he gan
To chase his wife, as if indeed she had a Lyon beene.

And

And like a Bedlem boystrously he snatcheth from betweene
The mothers armes his little babe Learchus smiling on him,
And reaching forth his pretty armes and flung him fiercely from him
A twise or thrise as from a sling: and dasht his tender head
Against a hard and rugged stone vntill he saw him dead.
The wretched mother (whether griefe did moue her therevnto,
Or that the poyson spred within did force her so to do)
Howld out, and frantickly with scattered haire about her eares
And with her little Melicert whom hastily she beares
In naked armes she cryeth out. Ho Bacchus. At the name
Of Bacchus, Iuno gan to laugh, and scorning said in game,
This guerdon lo thy fosterchild requiteth for the same.
There hangs a rocke about the sea the foot whereof is eate
So hollow with the saltish waues which on the same do beate,
That like a house it keepeth off the moysting showers of raine
The top is rough and shootes his front amids the open maine.
Dame Ino (madnesse made her strong) did clime this cliffe anon
And headlong downe (without regard of hurt that hung thereon)
Did throw her burthen and her selfe: the water where she dasht,
In sprinckling vpwards glistred red. But Venus sore abasht
At this her Neeces great mischance without offence or fault,
Her Uncle gently thus bespake. O ruler of the hault
And swelling seas, O gentle Neptune whose dominion large
Extendeth to the Heauen, whereof the mighty Ioue hath charge.
The thing is great for which I sue. But shew thou for my sake
Some mercy on my wretched friends, who in thine endlesse lake
Thou seest tossed to and fro. Admit thou them among
Thy Gods. Of right euen here to me some fauour doth belong.
At least-wise if amid the sea engendered erst I were
Of Froth, as of the which yet still my pleasant name I beare.
Neptunus graunted her request and by and by bereft them
Of all that euer mortall was. Instead whereof he left them
A hault and stately maiesty: and altring them in hue
With shape and names most meete for Gods he did them both endue.
Leucothoë was the moothers name, Palemon was the sonne.
The Thebane Ladies following her as fast as they could runne,
Did of her feet perceiue the print vpon the vtter stone.
And taking it for certaine signe that both were dead and gone.

In making mone for Cadmus House, they wrong their hands and tare
Their haire, and rent their cloathes, and raile on Iuno out of square
As nothing iust, but more outragious farre than did behoue
In so reuenging of her selfe vpon her husbands loue.
The Goddesse Iuno could not beare their rayling. And in faith,
You also will I make to be as witnesses (she sayth)
Of my outragious crueltie, and so she did indeed.
For she that loued Ino best was following her with speed
Into the Sea: But as she would her selfe haue downeward cast,
She could not stirre, but to the Rocke, as nayled sticked fast.
The second, as she knockt her breast did see her armes were stiffe,
Another as she stretched out her hands vpon the cliffe,
Was made a stone, and there stood still ay stretching forth her hands
Into the water as before, and as another stands
A tearing of her ruffled lockes, her fingers hardened were,
And fastned to her frisled toppe still tearing of her heare.
And loke what gestures each of them was taken in that tide,
Euen in the same transformde to stones, they fastened did abide.
And some were altered into birds which Cadmies called bee
And in that gulfe with flittering wings still to and fro do flie.
Nought knoweth Cadmus that his daughter and her little childe
Admitted were among the Goddes that rule the surges wilde.
Compelde with griefe and great misshappes that had ensewd togither,
And strange foretokens often seene since first his romming thither,
He vtterly forsakes his towne he which he builded had,
As though the fortune of the place so hardly him bestad,
And not his owne. And fleeting long like pilgrimes, at the last
Vpon the coast of Illirie his wife and he were cast,
Where ny fore-pinde with cares and yeares, while of the chances past
Vpon their house, and of their toiles and former trauailes tane
They sadly talke betweene themselues: was my speare head the bane
Of that same ougly Snake of Mars (quoth Cadmus) when I fled
From Sydon? or did I his teeth in ploughed pasture sprad?
If for the death of him the Goddes so cruel vengance take,
Drawne out in length vpon my wombe then traile I like a snake.
He had no sooner sayd the word but that he gan to glide
Vpon his belly like a Snake, And on his hardened side
He felt the scales new budding out, the which was holy fret

With

With speckled droppes of blacke and gray as thicke as could be set.
He falleth groueling on his breast, and both his shankes do growe
In one round spindle bodkinwise with sharpned point below.
His armes as yet remaynde still, his armes that did remaine
He stretched out, and sayd, with teares that plenteously did raine
Adowne his face, which yet did kepe the native fashion sound,
Come hither wife, come hither wight most wretched on the ground,
And while that ought of me remaynes vouchsafe to touch the same.
Come take me by the hand as long as hand may haue his name.
Before this snakish shape do whole my body ouer-run.
He would haue spoken more, when suddenly his tongue begun
To split in two, and speech did fayle: and as he did attempt
To make his mone, he hist: for nature now had cleane exempt
All other speach. His wretched wife her naked stomacke bete:
And cryde, What meaneth this? deare Cadmus where are now thy feete?
Where are thy shoulders and thy hands, thy hew and manly face,
With all the other things that did thy princely person grace?
Which now I ouer-passe. But why yee Gods do you delay
My bodie into like mishape of Serpent to conuay?
When this was spoken, Cadmus lickt his wife about the lips:
And (as a place with which he was acquainted well) he slips
Into her bosome, louingly embracing her, and cast
Himselfe about her necke as oft he had in time fore-past.
Such as were there (their folke were there) were slaighted at the sight,
For by and by they saw their necks do glister slicke and bright.
And on their snakish heads grew creests: and finally they both
Were into very Dragons turnd, and forth together goth
Tone trailing by the tothers side vntill they gaind a wood,
The which direct against the place whereas they were then stood.
And now remembring what they were themselues in time fore-past,
They neither shun nor hurten men with stinging nor with blast.
But yet a comfort to them both in this their altred hue
Became that noble ympe of theirs that Indie did subdue,
Whom all Achaia worshipped with temples builded new.
Alonely Acrise Abas sonne (though of the selfe same stocke)
Remaind, who out of Argos walles vnkindly did him locke.
And moued wilfull warre against his Godhead: thinking that
There was not any race of Gods: for he beleeued not

That Perſey was the ſonne of Ioue: or that he was conceiued
By Danae, of a golden ſhowre through which ſhe was deceiued
But yet ere long (ſuch preſent force hath truth) he doth repent
As well his great impietie againſt God Bacchus ment,
As alſo that he did diſdaine his nephew for to know,
But Bacchus how full gloriouſly himſelfe in heauen doth ſhow.
And Perſey bearing in his hand the monſter Gorgons head,
That famous ſpoyle which here and there with ſnakiſh haire was ſpread,
Doth beat the ayre with wauing wings, and as he ouerflew
The Lybicke ſands, the drops of blod that from the head did ſew
Of Gorgon being new cut off, vpon the ground did fall.
Which taking them (and as it were conceiuing therewithall)
Engendred ſundry Snakes and wormes: by meanes whereof that clyme
Did ſwarme with ſerpents euer ſince euen to this preſent time.
From thence he like a watry cloud was carried with the weather,
Through all the heauen, now here, now there, as light as any feather.
And from aloft he views the earth that vnderneath doth lie:
And ſwiftly ouer all the world doth in concluſion flie.
Three times the chilling beares, three times the crabs fell cleas he ſaw:
Oft times to Weſt, oft times to Eaſt did driue him many a flaw.
Now at ſuch time as vnto reſt the Sunne began to draw,
Becauſe he did not thinke it good to be abroad all night,
Within king Atlas Weſterne realme he ſeaſed from his flight,
Requeſting that a little ſpace of reſt enioy he might.
Vntill ſuch time as Lucifer ſhould bring the morning gray,
And morning bring the lightſome Sunne that guides the cheerefull day.
This Atlas, Iapets Nephew, was a man that did excell
In ſtature, euery other wight that in the world did dwell.
The vtmoſt coaſt of all the earth, and all that Sea wherein
The tyred Steds and wearied Waine of Phœbus dined bin,
Were in ſubiection to this king. A thouſand flocks of ſheepe,
A thouſand hiers of Kother beaſtes he in his field did keepe.
And not a neighbor did anoy his ground by dwelling nie.
To him the wandring Perſey thus his language did applie:
If high renowne of royall race thy noble heart may moue,
I am the ſonne of Ioue himſelfe: or if thou more approue
The valiant deeds and haulte exploits, thou ſhalt perceiue in me
Such doings as deſerue with praiſe extolled for to be.

I pray thee of thy curteſie receiue me as thy gueſt,
And let me onely for this night within thy pallace reſt.
King Atlas called ſtraight to mind an ancient prophecie,
Made by Pernaſian Themys, which this ſentence did implie,
The time ſhall one day Atlas come in which thy golden tree
Shall of her faire and precious fruite diſployd and robbed bee.
And he ſhall be the ſonne of Ioue that ſhall enioy the pray.
For feare thereof he did encloſe his Orchard euery way
With mightie hils, and put an ougly dragon in the ſame
To keepe it. Further he forbad that any ſtranger came
Within his Realme: and to this knight he ſayd preſumptuouſlie.
Auoyd my land, vnleſſe thou wilt by vtter perill trie
That all thy glorious actes whereof thou booſt ſo loudly lie,
And Ioue thy father be too ſtarre to helpe thee at thy neede.
To theſe his words he added force, and went about in deede
To driue him out by ſtrength of hand. To ſpeake was loſſe of winde
For neither could intreating fayre nor ſtoutneſſe turne his minde.
Well then (quoth Perſey) ſith thou doſt mine honour ſet ſo light,
Take here a preſent: and with that he turnes away his ſight.
And from his left ſide drew me out Meduſas loathly head.
As huge and big as Atlas was, he turned in that ſtead
Into a mountaine: Into trees his beard and locks did paſſe:
His hands and ſhoulders made the ridge: that part which lately was
His head, became the higheſt top of all the hill: his bones
Were turn'd to ſtones: and therewithall he grew me all at ones
Beyond all meaſure vp in height. (For ſo God thought it beſt)
So ſtarre that heauen with all the ſtarres did on his ſhoulders reſt.
In endleſſe priſon by that time had Aëolus lockt the winde,
And now the chearefull morning ſtarre that putteth folke in minde
To riſe about their dayly worke, ſhone brightly in the skie.
Then Perſey vnto both his feete did ſtraight his feathers tie,
And girt his Wood-knife to his ſide, and from the earth did ſtie.
And leauing nations numberleſſe beneath him euery way
At laſt vpon King Cepheys fieldes in Aethiop did he ſtay.
Where cleane againſt all right and law by Ioues commaundement
Andromad for her mothers tongue did ſuffer puniſhment.
Whom to a Rocke by both the armes when faſtned he had ſeene,
He would haue thought of Marble ſtone ſhe had ſome image beene.

But

But that her tresses to and fro the whisking wind did blow,
And trickling teares warme frō her eyes a downe her chaekes did flow
Unwares hereat gan secret sparkes within his breast to glow.
His wits were straught at sight thereof and rauisht in such wise,
That how to houer with his wings he scarcely could deuise.
Allone as he had stayd himselfe, O Lady faire (quoth hee)
Not worthy of such bonds as these, but such wherewith we see:
Together knit in lawfull bed the earnest louers bee.
I pray thee tell me what thy selfe and what this land is named
And wherefore thou doost weare these chaines? The Lady yll ashamed
Was at the sodaine stricken domb: and like a fearefull mayd
She durst not speake vnto a man. Had not her hands beene stayd
She would haue hid her bashfull face. Howbeit as she might
With great abundance of her teares she stopped vp her sight.
But when that Persey oftentimes was earnestly in hand
To learne the matter, for because she would not seeme to stand
In stubborne silence of her faults, she told him what the land
And what she hight, and how her mother for her beauties sake
Through pride did vnaduisedly too much vpon her take.
And ere she full had made an end the water gan to roze:
An ougly monster from the deepe was making to the shoze.
Which bare the sea before his breast. The Virgin shrieked out.
Her father and her mother both stood mourning thereabout.
In wretched case both twaine, but not so wretched as the mayd
Who wrongly for her mothers fault the bitter ransome payd.
They brought not with them any helpe: but (as the time and case
Requirde) they wept and wrang their hands, and streightly did embrace
Her body fastned to the rocke. Then Persey them bespake,
And said: the time may serue too long this sorrow for to make:
But time of helpe must either now or neuer else betake.
Now if I, Persey, sonne of her whom in her fathers towze
The mighty Ioue begat with child in shape of golden showze,
Who cut off ougly Gorgon's head bespread with snakish heare,
And in the ayze durst trust these wings my body for to beare,
Perchance should saue your daughters life, I thinke you should as then
Accept me for your sonne in law, before all other men.
To these great thewes (by helpe of God) I purpose for to adde
A iust desert in helping her that is so hard bestadde.

I couenant with you by my force and manhod for to saue her,
Conditionally that to my wife in recompence I haue her.
Her parents take his offer straight: (for who would sticke thereat)
And prayde him faire, and promisde him that for performing that
They would endow him with the right of all the Realme beside.
Like as a Gallie with her nose doth cut the waters wide,
Enforced by the sweating armes of Rowers with the tyde,
Euen so the monster with his breast did beare the waues aside,
And was now come as neere the rocke as well a man might fling
Amid the pure and vacant ayre a pellet from a sling.
When on the sodaine Persey pulht his foot against the ground,
And flyed vpward to the clouds his shadow did rebound
Vpon the sea: the beast ran fierce vpon the passing shade.
And as an Eagle when he sees a Dragon in a glade
Lie beaking of his blewish backe against the Sunnie rayes,
Doth seaze vpon him vnbeware, and with his talants layes
Sure hold vpon his scaly necke, least writhing backe his head
His cruell teeth might doe him harme: So Persey in that stead
Discending downe the aire amaine with all his force and might
Did seaze vpon the monsters backe: and vnderneath the right
Sinne, hard vnto the very hilt his hooked sword did smight.
The monster being wounded sore did sometime leape aloft,
And sometime vnder water diue, bestirring him full oft
As doth a chafed Boare beset with barking Dogs about.
But Persey with his lightsome wings still keeping him without
The monsters reach: with hooked sword doth sometime hewe his backe
Where as the hollow scales giue way: and sometime he doth hacke
The ribbes on both his mayled sides: and sometime he doth wound
His spindle tayle where into fish it growes most small and round.
The Whale, at Persey, from his mouth such waues of water cast,
Bemired with the purple blood, that all bedeint at last
His feathers very heauie were: and doubting any more
To truste his wings now wering wet, he straight began to fore
Vp to a rocke which in the calme aboue the water stood.
But in the tempest euermore was hidden with the flood.
And leaning thereunto and with his left hand holding iuste
The top thereof a dozen times his weapon he did thruste
Among his guts. The ioyfull noyse and clapping of their hands

The

The which were made for lowsening of Andromad from her bands,
Fil'd all the coast and heauen it selfe. The Parents of the Mayd,
Cassiopee and Cepheus were glad and well appayd.
And calling him their sonne in law, confessed him to bée
The helpe and sauegard of their house. Andromadee the sée
And cause of Perseys enterprize from bonds now being free.
He washed his victorious hands. And least the snakie head
With lying on the grauell hard should catch some harme, he spied
Soft leaues and certaine tender twigs that in the water grew,
And layd Medusas head thereon: the twigs yet being new
And quicke and full of iuicie pith, full lightly to them drew
The nature of this monstrous head. For both the leafe and bough
Full strangely at the touch thereof became both hard and tough.
The Sea-Nymphs tryde the wondrous fact in diuers other rods,
And were full glad to see the change, because there was no oddes,
Of leaues, or twigs, or of the seeds new shaken from the coddes.
For still like nature euer since is in our Coral found,
That loke how sone it toucheth ayre it wereth hard and sound.
And that which vnder water was a sticke, aboue is stone.
Three Altars to as many Gods he makes of Turffe anon.
Vpon the left hand, Mercuries: Mineruas on the right:
And in the middle Iupiters: to Pallas he did dight
A Cow: a Calfe to Mercurie: a Bull to royall Ioue.
Forthwith he toke Andromadee the prize for which he strone,
Endowed with her fathers Realme. For now the God of Loue,
And Hymen vnto mariage his mind in haste did moue.
Great fires were made of sweet perfumes, and curious garlands hung
About the house, which euery where of mirthfull musicke rung
The gladsome signe of merrie minds. The Pallace gates were set
Wide open. None from comming in were by the Porters let.
All Noble-men and Gentlemen that were of any port,
To this same great and royall feast of Cephey did resort.
When hauing taken their repast as well of meate as wine
Their hearts began to pleasant mirth by leasure to encline.
The valiant Persey of the folke and fashions of the land
Began to be inquisitiue. One Lincide out of hand
The rites and manners of the folke did do him t'vnderstand
Which done, he said: O worthy knight I pray thée tell vs by
What force or wile thou gotst the head with haires of Adders slie.

Then

Then Perſey told how vnderneath cold Atlas lay a plaine
So fenced in on euery ſide with mountaines high that vaine
Were any force to winne the ſame. In entrance of the whith
Two daughters of King Phorcis dwelt whoſe chance and hap was ſuch
That one eye ſerued both their turnes: whereof by wilie ſlight
And ſtealth in putting forth his hand he did bereaue them quight,
As they from tone to tother were deliuering of the ſame.
From whence by long blind croked ways vnhandſomely he came
Through gaſtly groues by ragged cliffes vnto the very place
Where as the Gorgons dwelt: and there he ſaw (a wretched caſe)
The ſhapes as well of men as beaſts lie ſcattered euery where
In open fields and common wayes the which transformed were
From liuing things to ſtones, at ſight of foule Meduſas heare,
But yet that he through brightnes of his monſtrous brazen ſhield
The which he in his left hand bare, Meduſas face beheld.
And while that in a ſound dead ſleepe with all her Snakes and ſhe
He ſoftly pared of her head: and how that he did ſee
Swift Pegaſus the winged horſe, and eke his brother grow
Out of their mothers new ſhed bloud. Moreouer he did ſhow
Along diſcourſe of all his haps, and not ſo long as trew:
As namely of what ſeas and lands the coaſts he ouerflew,
And eke what ſtarres with flying wings he in the while did view.
But yet his tale was at an end ere any lookt therefore.
Upon occaſion by and by of words rehearſt before
There was a certaine noble man demanded him wherefore
She onely of the ſiſters three, haire mixt with Adders bore.
Sir (anwered Perſey) ſith you aſke a matter worth report,
I graunt to tell you your demaund. She both in comely port
And beauty, euery other wight ſurmounted in ſuch ſort,
That many ſuters vnto her did earneſtly reſort.
And though that whole from top to toe moſt beautifull ſhe weare,
In all her body was no part more goodly than her heare.
I know ſome parties yet aliue, that ſay they did her ſee.
It is reported how ſhe ſhould abuſde by Neptune bee
In Pallas Church: from which foule fact Ioues daughter turnd her eye,
And with her Targat hid her face from ſuch a villanie.
And leaſt it ſhould vnpuniſht be, she turnd her ſcemely heare
To lothly ſnakes: the which (the more to put her foes in feare)
Before her breaſt continually ſhe in her ſhield doth beare.

THE FIFT BOOKE OF
Ouids Metamorphosis.

Now while that Danaes noble sonne
was telling of these things
Amid a throng of Cepheys Lords:
through all the Pallace rings
A noyse of people, nothing like
the sound of such as sing
At wedding feasts, but like the rore
of such as tydings bring
Of cruell warre. This sodaine change
from feasting vnto fray,
Might well be likened to the sea: which standing at a stay,
The wodnesse of the winds makes rough by rasing of the wane.
King Cepheys brother Phyney was the man that rashly gaue
The first occasion of this fray. Who shaking in his hand
A Dart of Ash with head of steele, said loe: loe here I stand
To challenge thee, that wrongfully my rauisht spouze dost hold,
Thy wings nor yet thy forged Dad in shape of feined gold,
Shall now not saue thee from my hands. As with that word he bent
His arme aloft, the foresaid Dart at Persey to haue sent.
What dost thou brother (Cephey cry'd) what madnesse moues thy mind
To do so foule a deed? is this the friendship he shall find
Among vs for his good deserts? And wilt thou neds requite
The sauing of thy neces life with such a foule dispight?
Whome Persey hath not from thee tane: (if thou be well aduisde)
But Neptunes heauie wrath, because his Sea-Nymphs were dispisde
But horned Hammon: but the beast which from the Sea arriued
On my deare bowels for to feed. That time wert thou depriued
Of thy betrothed, when her life vpon the losing stode:
Vnlesse perchance to see her lost it would haue done thee good,
And easde thy heart to see me sad. And may it not suffice
That thou didst see her to the rocke fast bound before thine eyes,
And didst not helpe her being both her husband and her Eame?

Vnlesse

Unlesse thou grudge that any man should come within my Realme
To saue her life? and seeke to rob him of his iust reward?
Which if thou thinke to be so great, thou shouldst haue had regard
Before, to fetch it from the rocke to which thou saw'st it bound.
I pray thee brother, seeing that by him the meanes is found,
That in mine age without my child I go not to the ground,
Permit him to enioy the prize for which we did compound,
And which he hath by due desert of purchase dearely bought.
For brother let it neuer sinke nor enter in thy thought
That I set more by him then thee: but this may well be sed
I rather had to giue her him, than see my daughter dead.
He gaue him not a word againe: But loked eft on him,
And eft on Persey irefully with countenance stoure and grim,
Not knowing which were best to hit: and after little stay
He shoke his dart and flung it forth with all the power and sway
That anger gaue at Perseys head. But harme it did him none,
It sticked in the Bed-steds head that Persey sat vpon.
Then Persey sternely starting vp and pulling out the dart
Did throw it at his foe againe, and therewithall his hart
Had cleaude asunder, had he not behind an altar start.
The alter (more the pitty was) did saue the wicked wight.
Yet threw he not the dart in vaine: it hit on Rhetus right
Amid the forehead: who therewith sanke downe, and when the steele
Was plucked out he sprawlde about and spurned with his heele,
And all berayde the boord with blod. Then all the otherrout
As fierce as fire flang darts: and some there were that cryed out
That Cephey with his sonne in law was worthy for to die.
But he had wound him out of dores protesting solemnly
As he was iust and faithfull prince, and swaring eke by all
The Gods of Hospitality, that that same broyle did fall
Full sore against his will. At hand was warlike Pallas streight
And shrowded Persey with his shield, and gaue him heart in feight.
There was one Atis borne in Inde, (of faire Lymniceе,
The Riuer Ganges daughter thought the issue for to bee)
Of passing beauty, which with rich aray he did augment.
He ware that day a scarlet cloke, about the which there went
A gard of gold: a chaine of gold he ware about his necke.
And eke his haire perfumde with Myrrhe a costly crowne did decke.

Full

Full fiftéene yeares he was of age: such cuuning skill he could
In darting, as to hit his marke farre distant when he would.
Yet how to handle bow and shafts much better did he know.
Now as he was about that time to bend his horned bow,
A firebrand Persey raught that did vpon the altar smoke,
And dasht him ouer-thwart the face with such a violent stroke,
That all bebattred was his head his bones asunder broke.
When Lycabas of Assur land his most assured friend
And deare companion being no dissembler of his mind
Which most entirely did him loue: beheld him on the ground
Lie weltring with disfigurde face, and through that grieuous wound
Now gasping out his parting ghost, his death he did lament.
And taking hastily vp the bow that Atys erst had bent,
Encounter thou with me (he sayd) thou shalt not long enioy
Thy tryumphing in bragerie thus for killing of this boy,
By which thou getst more spight than prayse. All this was scarcely sed,
But that the arrow from the string went streyned to the hed.
Howbeit Persey (as it hapt) so warily did it shun,
As that it in his cote-plights hung. Then to him did he run
With Harpee in his hand bestaind with grim Meduſas blood,
And thrust him through the brest therewith: he quothing as he stood
Did loke about where Atys lay with dim and dazeling eyes,
Now waning vnder endlesse night: and downe by him he lyes.
And for to comfort him withall together with him dyes.
Behold through greedy hast to fight one Phorbas Methions son
A Sweuite: and of Libye land, one calde Amphymedon.
By fortune sliding in the blood with which the ground was wet,
Fell downe: and as they would haue rose Perseus sauchon met
With both of them. Amphymedon vpon the ribbes he smote,
And with the like celeritie he cut me Phorbas throte.
But vnto Erich Actors sonne that in his hand did hold
A brode browne bill: with his short sword he durst not be to bold
To make approach. With both his hands a great and massie cup
Embost with cunning portrayture aloft he taketh vp,
And sends it at him. He spewes vp red blood, and falling downe
Vpon his backe, against the ground doth knocke his dying crowne.
Then downe he Polydemon throwes extract of royall race,
And Abaris the Scithian, and Clytus in like case.

And Elice with his vnshorne lockes, and also Phlegias,
And Lycet old Sperchelies sonne, with diuers other mo,
That on the heapes of corses slaine he treades as he doth go.
And Phyney daring not presume to meet his foe at hand,
Did cast a dart: which hapt to lite on Idas who did stand
Alose as Neuter (though in vaine) not medling with the fray.
Who casting backe a frowning loke at Phyney, thus did say:
Sith whether that I will or no, compelde I am perforce
To take a part, haue Phyney here him whom thou doost enforce
To be thy foe: and with this wound my wrongfull wound requite.
But as he from his body pulde the dart with all his might
To throw it at his foe againe, his limmes so feebled were
With losse of bloud, that downe he fell and could not after stere.
There also lay Odites slaine, the chiefe in all the land
Nert to King Cephey, put to death by force of Clymens hand.
Protenor was by Hypsey kil'd, and Lyncide did as much
For Hypsey. In the through there was an ancient man and such
Alone as loued righteousnesse and greatly feared God:
Emathion called was his name: whom sith his yeres forbod
To put on armes, he fights with tongue enueying earnestly
Against that wicked warre, the which he banned bitterly.
As on the alter he himselfe with quiuering hands did stay,
One Cromis tipped off his head: his head cut off straight way
Upon the Altar fell, and there his tongue not fully dead,
Did babble still the banning words the which it erst had sed,
And breathed forth his fainting Ghost among the burning brands.
Then Brote and Hammon brothers, twins, stout Champions of their
In wrestling pereleste, (if so be that wrestling could sustaine (hands
The furious force of slicing swords) were both by Phyney slaine.
And so was Alphit Ceres Priest, that ware vppon his crowne
A stately Miter faire and white with Labells hanging downe.
Thou also Iapets sonne for such affaires as these vnmet
But met to tune thine Instrument with voyce and Dittie sweet
The worke of peace, wert thither calde th'assembly to reioyce
And for to set the marriage forth with pleasant singing voyce.
As with his Ryall in his hand he stood a good way off,
There commeth to him Petalus, and sayes in way of scoffe:
Go sing thereafter to the ghostes about the Stygian Lake,

And in the left side of his head his dagger point he strake.
He sanke downe dead with fingers still yet warbling on the string
And so mischaunce knit vp with wo the song that he did sing.
But fierce Lycormas could not beare to see him murdred so
Without reuengement. Vp he caught a mightie Leauer tho
That wonted was to barre the doore a right side of the house,
And therewithall to Petalus he lendeth such a souse
Full in the noddle of the necke, that like a snetched Ore
Streight tumbling downe against the ground his groueling face he knor.
And Pelatus a Garamant attempted to haue caught
The left doore barre: but as thereat with streatched hand he raught,
One Coryt sonne of Marmarus did with a Iauelin strike
Him through the hand, that to the wood fast nayled did it sticke.
As Pelatus stood fastned thus, one Abas goard his side,
He could not fall, but hanging still vpon the post there dyde
Fast nayled by the hand, and there was ouerthrowne a Knight
Of Perleys band, calde Melaney, and one that Dorill hight,
A man of greatest lands in all the Realme of Nasamone.
That occupide so large a ground as Dorill was there none,
Nor none that had such store of corne, there came a Dart a skew
And lighted in his coddes, the place where present death doth sew.
When Alcion of Barcey he that gaue this deadly wound,
Beheld him yesking forth his ghost and falling to the ground,
With watry eyes the white turnde vp: content thy selfe he sayd
With that same little plot of ground whereon thy course is layd,
In stead of all the large fat fields which late thou didst possesse
And with that word he left him dead. Perseus to redresse
This slaughter and this spitefull taunt, straight snatched out the Dart
That sticked in the fresh warme wound, and with an angry hart,
Did send it at the throwers head: the Dart did split his nose
Euen in the mids, and at his necke againe the head out goes:
So that it perced both the wayes. Whiles fortune doth support
And further Persey thus, he killes (but yet in sundry sort)
Two brothers by the mother: tone calde Clytie tother Dane.
For on a Dart through both his thighes did Clytie take his bane:
And Danus with another Dart was striken in the mouth.
There dyed also Celacon a Gypsie of the South:
And so did bastard Astrey too, whose mother was a Iew:

And sage Ethion well foresene in things that should ensew,
But vtterly beguilde as then by Birdes that ankly flew.
King Cepheyes harnessbearer calde Thoactes lost his life,
And Agyrt whom for murdring late his father with a knife
The world spake shame off. Netheleſſe much moe remaind behind
Than was dispatched out of hand: for all were full in mind
To murder one, the wicked throng had sworne to send their blod
Against the right, and such a man as had deserued god.
A totherside (although in vaine) of meere affection stod
The Father and the Motherinlaw, and eke the heauie bride.
Who filled with their piteous playnt the Court on euery side.
But now the clattring of the swords and harneſſe at that tide
With grieuous grones and sighes of such as wounded were or dide,
Did raise vp such a cruell rore that nothing could be heard.
For fierce Bellona so renewde the battell afterwarde,
That all the house did swim in blod. Duke Phyney with a rout
Of moe than a thousand men enuirond round about
The valiant Perſey all alone. The Darts of Phyneys bande
Came thicker than the winters haile doth fall vpon the lande.
By both his sides his eyes and eares. He warely there vpon
Withdrawes and leanes his back against a huge great arche of stone:
And being safe behinde, he settes his face against his foe
Withstanding all their fierce assaults. There did assaile him thoe
Vpon the left side Molpheus a Prince of Choanie,
And on the right Ethemon borne hard by in Arabie.
Like as the Tyger when he heares the lowing out of Neate
In sundry Heades, enforced sore though abstinence from meate,
Would faine be doing with them both, and cannot tell at which
Were best to giue aduenture first: So Perſey who did itch
To be at hoit with both of them, and doubtfull whether side
To turne him on, the right or left, vpon aduantage spide
Did wound me Molphey on the leg, and from him quight him drane.
He was contented with his flight: for why Ethemon gaue
No respite to him to pursue: but like a franticke man
Through egernesse to wound his necke, without regarding whan
Or how to strike for haste, he burst his brittle sword in twaine
Against the arch: the point whereof rebounding backe againe,
Did hit himselfe vpon the throte. Howbeit that same wound

Was vnsufficient for to sende Ethemon to the ground.
He trembled holding vp his hands for mercie, but in vaine.
For Persey thrust him through the heart with Hermes hoked skaine.
But when he saw that valiantnesse no lenger could auayle,
By reason of the multitude that did him still assayle,
Sith you your selues me force to call mine enmie to mine ayde,
I will do so: if any friend of mine be here (he sayd)
Sirs turne your faces all away: and therewithall he drew
Out Gorgons head. One Thessalus straight raging to him flew,
And sayd: go seeke some other man whom thou maist make abasht
With these thy foolish iuggling topes. And as he would haue dasht
His Javeling in him, with that word to kill him out of hand,
With gesture throwing forth his Dart all marble did he stand.
His sword through Lyncids noble heart haz Amphix thought to shoue,
His hand was stone, and neither one nor other way could moue.
But Niley who did vaunt himselfe to be the Riuers sonne
That through the bounds of Aegypt land in channels seuen doth runne.
And in his shield had grauen part of siluer, part of gold.
The sayd seuen channels of the Nyle, sayd: Persey, here behold
From whence we fetch our pedegree: it may reioyce thy hart
To die of such a noble hand as mine. The latter part
Of these his words could scarce be heard the dint whereof was drowned
Yea would haue thought him speaking still with open mouth: but sound
Did none forth passe: there was for speach no passage to be sound.
Rebuking them eyes Eryx: Sirs, it is not Gorgons face
It is your owne faint hearts that makes you stony in this case.
Come let vs on this fellow run and to the ground him beare
That fights by witchcraft: as with that his feete forth stepping were,
They stacke still fastned to the floore: he could not moue aside,
An armed Image all of stone he speathlesse did abide.
All these were iustly punished. But one there was, a knight
Of Perseys band, in whose defence as Acont stood to fight,
He wared ouergrowne with stone at ougly Gorgons sight.
Whom still as yet Astyages supposing for to liue,
Did with a long sharpe armed sword a swashing blow him giue.
The sword did clinke against the stone and out the sparkles driue.
While all amazde Astyages stood wondring at the thing,
The selfe same nature on himselfe the Gorgons head did bring.

And

And in his visage which was stone a countnance did remaine
Of wondring still. A weary worke it were to tell you plaine
The names of all the common sort. Two hundred from that fray
Did scape vnslaine, but none of them did goe aliue away.
The whole two hundred euery one at sight of Gorgons heare
Were turned into stocks of stone. Then at the length for feare
Did Phyney of his wrongfull warre forthinke himselfe full sore.
But now (alas) what remedy? he saw there stand before
His face, his men like Images in sundry shapes all stone.
He knew them well, and by their names did call them euerychone:
Desiring them to succour him: and trusting not his sight
He feles the bodies that were next, and all were Parble quight.
He turnes himselfe from Persey ward and humbly as he stands
He wries his armes behind his backe: and holding vp his hands
O noble Persey thou hast got the vpper hand he sed.
Put vp that monstrous shield of thine: put vp that Gorgons hed,
That into stones transformeth men: put vp I thee desire.
Not hatred, nor because to raigne as king I did aspire,
Haue moued me to make this fray. The onely force of loue
In seeking my betrothed spouse, did herevnto me moue.
The better title seemeth thine because of thy desert:
And mine by former promise made. It erkes me at the hert
In that I did not giue thee place. None other thing I craue,
O worthy knight, but that thou grant this life of mine to saue.
Let all things else beside be thine. As he thus humbly spake
Not daring loke at him to whome he did entreatance make.
The thing (quoth Persey) which to grant both I can find in hert,
And is no little curtesie to shew without desert
Vpon a coward. I will grant O feareful Duke to thee.
Set feare aside: thou shalt not hurt with any weapon be.
I will moreouer so prouide as that thou shalt remaine
An euerlasting monument of this dayes toyle and paine.
The pallace of my Fathrinlaw shall henceforth be thy shrine
Where thou shalt stand continually before my spouses eyne.
That of her husband hauing aye the image in her sight,
She may from time to time receiue such comfort and delight.
He had no sooner sayd these words but that he turnde his shield
With Gorgons head, to that same part where Phyney with a mield

And fearefull countnance set his face. Then also as he wride
His eyes away, his necke wext stiffe, his teares to stone were dride,
A countnance in the stonie stocke of feare did still appeare
With humble loke and yelding hands, and gastly ruthfull cheare.
With conquest, and a noble wife, both Perſey home repaire
And in reuengement of the right against the wrongfull haire.
As in his Grandsires iuſt defence he falles in hand with Preete
Who like no brother but a fo, did late before deſeate
King Acriſe of his townes by warre, and of his royall ſeate.
But neither could his men of warre, nor Fortreſſe won by wrong
Defend him from the griſly loke of grim Meduſa long.
And yet thee ſelfith Polydect of little Seriph King
Such rooted rancor inwardly continually did fling,
That neither Perſeys prowesſe tride in ſuch a ſort of broyles,
Nor yet the perils he indurde, nor all his troublous toyles
Could cauſe thy ſtomach to relent. Within thy ſtony breſt
Workes ſuch a kinde of feſtred hate as cannot be repreſt.
Thy wrongfull malice hath none end. Moreouer thou of ſpite
Repining at his worthy prayſe, his doings doſt backe-bite,
Upholding that Medusas death was but a forged lie:
So long till Perſey for to ſhew the truth apparantly,
Deſiring ſuch as were his friends to turne away their eye,
Drew out Medusas ougly head. At ſight whereof anon
The hateſull Tyrant Polydect was turned to a ſtone.
The Goddeſſe Pallas all this while did keepe continually
Her brother Perſey companie, till now that ſhe did ſtie
From Seriph in a hollow cloud, and leauing on the right
The Ilesof Scyre and Gyaros, ſhe made from thence her flight
Directly over that ſame ſea as neare as eye could ame
To Thebee and Mount Helicon, and when ſhe thither came,
She ſtayd her ſelfe, and thus beſpake the learned Sifters nine.
A rumor of an vncouth ſpring did pierce theſe eares of mine,
The which the winged Steede ſhould make by ſtamping with his hoofe.
This is the cauſe of my repayre: I would for certaine prooſe
Be glad to ſee the wonderous thing. For preſent there I ſtood
And ſaw the ſelfe ſame Pegaſus ſpring of his mothers blood.
Dame Vrane did entertaine and anſwere Pallas thus.
What cauſe ſoeuer moues your Grace to come and viſit vs.

Moſt

Most hartely you well-come are: and certaine is the fame
Of this our Spring, that Pegasus was causer of the same.
And with that word she led her forth to see the sacred Spring,
Who musing greatly with her selfe at strangenesse of the thing,
Surueyd the Woods and Groues about of ancient stately port.
And when she saw the bowers to which the Muses did resort,
And pleasant fields becla'd with hearbes of sundry hew and sort,
She sayd that for their studies sake they were in happie case
And also for to serue their turne they had so trim a place.
Then one of them replyed thus. O noble Lady who
(But that your vertue greater workes then these are, cals you to)
Should els haue bin of this our Troupe, your saying is full true.
To this our trade of life and place is commendation due.
And sure we haue a luckie lot and if the world were such
As that we might in safetie liue: but lewdnesse raignes so much
That all things make vs Maydes afrayd. We thinke I yet do see
The wicked Tyrant Pyren still: my heart is yet scarce free
From that same feare with which it hapt vs slighted for to bee.
This cruell Pyren was of Thrace, and with his men of warre
The land of Phocis had subdude, and from this place not farre
Within the Citie Dawlis reign'd by force of wrongfull hand.
One day to Phœbus Temples ward that on Parnassus stand
As we were going, in our way he met vs courteously,
And by the name of Goddesses saluting reuerently
Sayd: O ye Dames of Meonie, (for why he knew vs well)
I pray you stay and take my howse vntill this storme (there fell
That time a tempest and a showre) be past: the Gods aloft
Haue entred smaller sheddes then mine full many a time and oft.
The rainie weather and his words so moued vs, that we
To go into an outer house of his did all agree.
As soone as that the showre was past and heauen was voyded cleare
Of all the cloudes which late before did euery where appeare,
Vntill that Boreas had subdude the rainie Southerne winde.
We would haue by and by bin gone. He shut the doores, in minde
To ravish vs: but we with wings escaped from his hands.
He purposing to follow vs, vpon a Turret stands,
And sayth he neds will after vs the same way we did flie.
And with that word full frantickly he leapeth downe from hie,

And pitching endlong on his face the bones asunder crasht,
And dying, all abroad the ground his wicked bloud bedasht.
Now as the Muse was telling this, they heard a noyse of wings
And from the leauie boughs aloft a sound of greeting rings.
Minerua loking vp thereat, demaunded whence the sound
Of tongues that so distinctly spake did come so playne and round?
She thought some woman or some man had greeted her that stound,
It was a flight of birdes Nine Pyes bewayling their mischance.
In counterfeiting euery thing from bough to bough did dance.
As Pallas wondred at the sight, the Muse spake thus in summe.
These also being late ago in challenge ouercome,
Made one kinde more of birdes than was of ancient time beforne.
In Macedone they were about the cittie Pella borne
Of Pierus a great rich Chuffe and Enip, who by ayde
Of strong Lucina trauilling nine times, nine times was layde
Of daughters in her child bed safe. This fond and foolish rout
Of doltish sisters taking pride and waxing very stout,
Because they were in number nine, came flocking all togither
Through all the townes of Thessalie and all Achaia hither.
And vs with these or such like words to combate did prouoke.
Cease of ye Thespian Goddesses to mocke the simple folke
With fondnesse of your Melody. And if ye thinke in deed
Ye can do ought, contend with vs and see how you shall speed.
I warrant you ye passe vs not in cunning nor in voyce.
Ye are here nine, and so are we. We put you to the choyce,
That either we will vanquish you and set you quite beside
Your fountaine made by Pegasus which is your chiefest pride,
And Aganippe too: or els confound you vs, and we
Of all the Woodes of Macedone will dispossessed be
As farre as snowie Peonie: and let the Nymphs be Judges.
Now in good sooth it was a shame to cope with suchie Drudges,
But yet more shame it was to yeld. The chosen Nymphes did sweare
By Styx, and sate them downe on seates of stone that growed theare.
Then streight without commission or election of the rest,
The formost of them prealing forth vndecently professt
The challenge to performe: and sung the battels of the Gods.
She gaue the Gyants all the prayse, the honor and the oddes,
Abasing fore the worthy deedes of all the Gods. She telles,

How

How Typhon issuing from the earth and from the deepest helles,
Made all the Gods aboue afraide, so greatly that they fled
And neuer stayd till Aegypt land and Nile whose streame is shed
In channels seuen, receiued them for wearied all togither:
And how the Helhound Typhon did pursue them also thither.
By meanes whereof the Gods each one were faine themselues to hide
In forged shapes. She sayd that Ioue the prince of Gods was wride
In shape of Ram: which is the cause that at this present tyde
Ioues Image which the Lybian folke by name of Hammon serue.
Is made with crooked welked hornes that inwardly doe terue:
That Phœbus in a Rauen lurkt, and Bacchus in a Geate,
And Phœbus sister in a Cat, and Iuno in a Neate,
And Venus in the shape of fish, and how that last of all
Mercurius hid him in a Bird which Ibis men doe call.
This was the summe of all the tale which she with rolling tung
And yelling throt-boll to her harpe before vs rudely sung,
Our turne is also come to speake, but that perchaunce your grace
To giue the hearing to our song hath now no time nor space.
Yes yes (quoth Pallas) tel on forth in order all your tale:
And downe she sate among the trees which gaue a pleasant swale.
The Muse made answere thus: To one Calliope here by name
This challenge we committed haue and ordring of the same.
Then rose vp faire Calliope with goodly bush of heare
Trim wreathed vp with iuie leaues, and with her thumbe gan steare
The quiuering strings, to trie them if they were in tune or no.
Which done, she playd vpon her Lute and sung her dittie so.
Dame Ceres first to breake the Earth with plough the manner found,
She first made corne and stoner soft to grow vpon the ground:
She first made lawes, for all these things we are to Ceres bound.
Of her must I as now intreat: would God I could resound
Her worthie laude, she doubtlesse is a Goddesse worthy praise.
Because the Gyant Typhon gaue presumptuously assayes
To conquer heauen, the hugie Ile of Trinacris is layd
Vpon his limmes, by weight whereof perforce he downe is wayd.
He striues and struggles for to rise full many a time and oft.
But on his right hand toward Rome, Pelorus stands aloft:
Pachynus stands vpon his left: his legs with Lilybie
Are pressed downe: his monstrous head doth vnder Etna lie.

From

From whence he lying bolt vpright with wrathfull mouth doth spit
Out flames of fire, he wrestleth oft and walloweth for to wit
And if he can remoue the weight of all that mightie land,
Or tumble downe the townes and hils that on his body stand,
By meanes whereof it comes to passe that oft the earth doth shake,
And euen the King of ghosts himselfe for very feare doth quake.
Misdoubting least the earth should clyue so wide, that light of day
Might by the same pieece downe to hell, and there the ghosts affray.
Forecasting this, the Prince of Fœnds forsoke his darkesome hole,
And in a Chariot drawne with stœds as blacke as any cole,
The whole foundation of the Ile of Sicill warely viewd.
When throughly he had searcht ech place that harme had none ensewd.
As carelessely he raungd abroad, he chaunced to be seene
Of Venus, sitting on her hill: who taking straight betweene
Her armes her winged Cupid, sayd: My sonne, mine onely stay,
My hand, mine honor, and my might. Go take without delay
Those toles which all wights do subdue, and strike them in the hart
Of that same God that of the world enioyes the lowest part.
The God of heauen, and Ioue himselfe, the power of Sea and land
And he that rules the Powers on earth obey thy mightie hand,
And wherefore then should onely hell still vnsubdued stand?
Thy mothers empire and thy owne why dost thou not aduance?
The full third part of all the world now hangs in doubtfull chance.
And yet in heauen two now, their deeds thou seest me faine to beare.
We are despisde: the strength of loue with me away doth weare.
Seest not the Darter Diana and Dame Pallas haue already
Exempted them from my behests? and now of late so heady
Is Ceres daughter too, that if we let her haue her will
She will continue all her life a mayd vnwedded still.
For that is all her hope and marke whereat she mindes to shoote.
But thou if (ought this gracious turne our honour may promote,
Or ought our Empire beautifie which ioyntly we do hold)
This Damsell to her vncle ioyne. No sooner had she told
These words, but Cupid opening straight his quiuer, chose therefro
One arrow (as his mother bad) among a thousand mo:
But such a one it was, as none more sharper was than it,
Nor none went streighter from the bow the aymed marke to hit.
He set his knee against his bow and bent it out of hand,

And

And made his forked arrowes steale in Plutos heart to stand.
Nære Enua walles there stands a Lake Pergusa is the name.
Cayster heareth not mo songs of Swannes then doth the same.
A wood environs euery side the water round about,
And with his leaues as with a veile doth kepe the Sunne heate out.
The boughs do yeld a cole fresh ayre: the moystnesse of the ground
Yelds sundry flowers: continuall Spring is all the yere there found.
While in this garden Proserpine was taking her pastime,
In gathering either Violets blew, or Lillyes white as Lyme,
And while of maydenly desire she fild her Maund and Lap,
Endeuoring to out-gather her companions there. By hap
Dis spide her: lou'd her: caught her vp, and all at once well neare
So hastie, hote, and swift a thing is Loue as may appeare.
The Lady with a wayling voyce affright did often call
Her mother and her waiting maydes, but Mother, most of all.
And as she from the vpper part her garment would haue rent,
By chaunce she let her lap slip downe, and out her flowers went.
And such a sillie simplenesse her childish age it beares.
That euen the very losse of them did moue her more to teares.
The Catcher driues his Chariot forth and calling euery horse
By name, to make away apace he doth them still enforce:
And shakes about their necks and Manes their rustie bridle reynes,
And through the deepest of the Lake perforce he them constreines.
And through the Palike-Poles, the which from broken ground do boyle
And smell of brimstone very rancke: and also by the soyle
Where as the Bacchies folke of Corinth with the double seas,
Betweene vnequall Havons twaine did reare a towne for ease.
Betweene the fountaines Cyane and Arethuse of Pise.
An arme of Sea that meets inclos'd with narrow hornes there lies.
Of this the Pole cal'd Cyane which beareth greatest fame
Among the Nymphs of Sicilie did Algates take the name.
Who vauncing her vnto the waist amid her Pole did know
Dame Proserpine, and sayd to Dis: ye shall no further go
You cannot Ceres sonne inlaw be, will she so or no.
You should haue sought her courteously, and not enforst her so.
And if I may with great estates my simple things compare,
Anapus was in loue with me: but yet he did not fare
As you do now with Proserpine. He was content to woo

And

And I vnforst and vnconstraind consented him vntoo.
This said, she spreaded forth her armes and stopt him of his way,
His hasty wroth Saturnus sonne no lenger then could stay.
But cheering vp his dreadfull Steeds did smite his royall mace,
With violence in the bottome of the Pole in that same place.
The ground straight yelded to his stroake and made him way to hell
And downe the open gap both horse and Chariot headlong fell.
Dame Cyan taking sore to heart as well the ravishment
Of Proserpine against her will, as also the contempt
Against her fountaines priuiledge, did throwd in secret hart
An inward corsie comfortlesse, which neuer did depart,
Untill she melting into teares consumde away with smart.
The selfesame waters of the which she was but late ago
The mighty Goddesse, now she pines and waists herselfe into.
Ye might haue seene her limmes were lithe, ye might haue bent her bones.
Her nailes wert soft, and first of all did melt the smallest ones:
As haire, and fingers, legs and feet: for these same slender parts
Do quickely into water turne: and afterward conuerts
To water shoulder, backe, breast, side: and finally in sted
Of liuely blod, within her vaines corrupted there was spred
Thinne water: so that nothing now remained whereupon
Ye might take hold; to water all consumed was anon.
The carefull mother in the while did seeke her daughter deere
Through all the world both sea and land and yet was nere the neere.
The morning with her dewy haire her slugging neuer found,
Nor yet the euening star that brings the night vpon the ground.
Two seasoned Pinetrees at the mount of Etna did she light
And bare them restlesse in her hands through all the darkish night.
Againe as soone as cheerefull day did dim the starres, she sought
Her daughter still from East to West, and being ouerwrought
She caught a thirst: no liquor yet had come within her throte.
By chaunce she spyed neere at hand a pelting thatched Cote
With peruish dores: she knocks thereat, and out there comes a trot.
The Goddesse asked her some drinke, and she denide it not:
But out she brought her by and by a draught of merie-go-downe
And therewithall a Hotch-potch made of steeped Barly brownne
And Flare and Coriander seed and other simples more
The which she in an Earthen pot together sod before.

While

While Ceres was a eating this, before her gazing ſtood
A hard-faſte-boy, a ſhrewd pert wag, that could no manners good:
He laughed at her and in ſcorne did call her greedy gut.
The goddeſſe being wroth therewith did on the hotchpotch put
The liquor ere that all was eate, and in his face it threw.
Immediately the ſkin thereof became of ſpeckled hew,
And into legs his armes did turne: and in his altered hide
A wrigling taile ſtreight to his limbes was added more beſide.
And to th'entent he ſhould not haue much power to worken ſcath,
His body in a little rome togither knit the hath,
For as with prettie Lucert he in faſhion doth agree:
So than the Lucert ſome-what leſſe in euery point is he.
The poore old woman was amazde, and bitterly ſhe wept:
She durſt not touch the uncouth worme, who into corners crept.
And of the flecked ſpots like ſtarres that on his hide are ſet
A name agreeing there unto in Latine doth he get.
It is our Swift whoſe ſkin with gray and yellow ſpeckes is fret.
What lands and ſeas the Goddeſſe ſought it were to long to ſaine,
The world did want, and ſo ſhe went to Sicill backe againe.
And as in going euery where ſhe ſearched buſily,
She alſo came to Cyane: who would aſſuredly
Haue told her all things had ſhe not tranſformed bene before.
But mouth and tongue for vttrance now would ſerue her turne no more.
Notwithſtanding a token manifeſt ſhe gaue her for to know
What was become of Proſerpine. Her girdle ſhe did ſhow
Still houering on her holy poole, which ſlightly from her fell
As ſhe that way did paſſe: and that her mother knew to well.
For when ſhe ſaw it, by and by as though ſhe had but than
Bene now aduertiſed of her chance, ſhe pitcouſly began
To rend her ruffled heare, and beate her hands againſt her breſt.
As yet ſhe knew not where ſhe was. But yet with rage oppreſt,
She curſt all lands, and ſayd they were unthankfull euerychone,
Yea, and unworthy of the fruits beſtowed them upon.
But bitterly aboue the reſt ſhe banned Cicilie,
In which the mention of her loſſe ſhe plainely did eſpie.
And therefore there with cruell hand the earing ploughs ſhe brake,
And man and beaſt that tilde the ground to death in anger ſtrake.
She mard the ſeed, and eke forbad the fields to yeld their fruite.

The

The plenteousnesse of that same Ile of which there went such bruite
Through all the world lay dead: the corne was killed in the blade:
Now too much drought, now too much wet did make it for to fade.
The starres and blasting winds did hurt, the hungry fowles did eate
The corne in ground: the Tines and Briars did ouergrow the wheat.
And other wicked wards the corne continually annoy,
Which neither tilth nor toyle of man was able to destroy.
Then Arethuse flod Alpheys lone lifts from her Elean waues
Her head, and shedding to her eares her dewy haire that waues
About her forehead said: O thou that art the mother deare
Both of the mayden sought through all the world both farre and nære,
And eke of all the earthly fruites, forbeare thine endlesse toyle,
And be not wroth without a cause with this thy faithfull soyle,
The Land deserues no punishment, vnwillingly God wote
She opened to the Rauisher that violently her smote
It is not sure my native soyle for which I thus entreat.
I am but here a sojourner, my native soyle and seat
Is Pysa, and from Ely towne I fetch my first discent.
I dwell but as a stranger here: but sure to my intent
This country likes me better farre then any other land.
Here now I Arethusa dwell: here am I setled: and
I humbly you beseech extend your fauour to the same.
A time will one day come when you to mirth may better frame,
And haue your heart more free from care, which better serue we may
To tell you why I from my place so great a space do stray.
And vnto Ortygie am brought through so great Seas and waues.
The ground doth giue me passage free, and by the lowest caues
Of all the earth I make my way and here I raise my head
And loke vpon the starres againe nære out of knowledge fled.
Now while I vnderneath the earth the Lake of Styx did passe.
I saw your daughter Proserpine with these same eyes. She was
Not merrie, neither rid of feare as seemed by her chære.
But yet a Quæne, but yet of great God Dis the stately Fære.
But yet of that same dowrie Realme the chiefe and soueraigne Pære.
Her mother stod as starke as stone, when she these newes did heare,
And long she was like one that in another world had bene.
But when her great amazednesse by greatnesse of her tene
Was put aside, she gets her to her Chariot by and by

An

And vp to heauen in all post hast immediately doth flie.
And there beslowbred all her face: her haire about her eares,
To royall Ioue in way of plaint this spitefull tale she beares.
As well for thy blood as for mine a suter vnto thée
I hither come, if no regard may of thy mother bée,
Yet let the child her father moue, and haue no lesser care
Of her (I pray) because that I her in my bodie bare.
Behold our daughter whom I sought so long, is found at last:
If finding you it terme when of recouerie meanes is past.
Or if you finding do it call to haue a knowledge where
She is become. Her rauishment we might consent to bere,
So restitution might be made, and though there were to me
No interest in her at all, yet forasmuch as she
Is yours, it is vnmete she be bestowed vpon a thefe.
Ioue answerd thus my daughter is a iewell deare and lefe:
A collop of mine owne flesh cut as well as out of thine.
But if we in our hearts can finde things rightly to define,
This is not spight, but loue. And yet Maddame in faith I see
No cause of such a sonne in law ashamed for to bee.
So you contented were therewith. For put the case that hée
Were destitute of all things else, how great a matter itt
Ioues brother for to be? but sure in him is nothing mist,
For he inferiour is to me saue onely that by lot
The heauens to me, the hilles to him, the Destnies did a lot.
But if you haue so sore desire your daughter to diuorce,
Though she againe to heauen repayre I do not greatly force.
But yet conditionly that she haue tasted there no food.
For so the destnies haue decreed. He ceast: and Ceres stood
Full bent to fetch her daughter out: but Destnies her withstood,
Because the mayde had broke her fast. For as she hapt one day
In Plutos Orchard ratchlesely from place to place to stray,
She gathering from a bowing tree a ripe Pome-granet, toke
Seuen kernels out and sucked them. None chaunst hereon to looke,
Saue onely one Ascalaphus, whom Orphne erst a Dame
Among the other Elues of hell not of the basest fame
Bare to her husband Acheron within her duskie den.
He saw it, and by babbling it vngraciously as then,
Did let her from returning thence; A grieuous sigh the quéne

Of hell did fetch, and of that wight that had a witnesse beene
Against her made a cursed bird. Upon his face she shead
The water of the Phlegeton: and by and by his head
Was nothing else but beake and downe, and mighty glaring eyes.
Quite altred from himselfe betweene two yellow wings he flies.
He groweth chiefly into head and hooked talants long,
And much a do he hath to flasshe his lazie wings among.
The messenger of mourning was he made: a filthy fowle,
A signe of mischiefe vnto men, the sluggish shrieking Owle.
This person for his lauas tongue and telling tales might seeme
To haue deserued punishment. But what should men esteeme
To be the very cause, why you Acheloes daughters weare
Both fet and feathers like to birds: considering that you beare
The vpper parts of maidens still: and comes it so to passe,
Because when Lady Proserpine a gathering flowers was,
Ye Nere-mayds kept her company? whom after you had sought
Through all the earth in vaine, anon of purpose that your thought
Might also to the Seas be knowen, ye wished that ye might
Vpon the waues with houering wings at pleasure rule your flight,
And had the Gods to your request so pliant, that ye found
With yellow feathers out of hand your bodies clothed round.
Yet least that pleasant tune of yours ordained to delight
The hearing, and so high a gift of Musicke perish might
For want of vtterance; humaine voyce to vtter things at will,
And countnance of virginitie remained to you still.
But meane betweene his brother and his heauie sister goth
God Ioue, and parteth equally the yeare betweene them both.
And now the Goddesse Proserpine indifferently doth raigne
Aboue and vnderneath the earth, and so doth she remaine
One halfe yeare with her mother, and the tother with her Feere
Immediately she altred is as well in outward cheere
As inward mind. For where her looke might late before appeare
Sad euen to Dis, her countnance now is full of mirth and grace
Euen like as Phœbus hauing put the watry clouds to chase,
Doth shew himselfe a conquerour with bright and shining face.
Then fruitfull Ceres voyd of care in that she did recouer
Her daughter, prayde thee Arethuse the storie to discouer
What caused thee to fleete so farre? and wherefore thou became

A sacred Spring: the waters whist. The Goddesse of the same
Did from the bottome of the Well her goodly head vp reare.
And hauing dried with her hand her faire greene hanging heare,
The Riuer Alpheys ancient loues, she thus began to tell.
I was (quoth she) a Nymph of them that in Achaia dwell.
There was not one that earnester the Lawnds and Forrests sought
Or pitcht her toyles more handsomely: and though that of my thought
It was no part, to seeke the fame of beautie; though I were
All courage: yet the pricke and prize of beautie I did beare.
My ouermuch commended face was vnto me a spight.
This gift of bodie in the which another would delight,
I rudesbie was ashamed off: me thought it was a crime
To be belickt. I beare it well in minde that on a time
In comming weary from the chase of Stymphalus, the heat
Was feruent and my trauelling had made it twice as great.
I found a water, neither deepe nor shallow, which did glide
Without all noyse, so calme that scarce the mouing might be spide.
And thoroughly to the very ground it was so crispe and cleare,
That euery little stone therein did plaine aloft appeare.
The horie Sallowes and the Poplars growing on the brim
Vnset, vpon the shoring banckes did cast a shadow trim.
I entred in, and first of all I dipped but my feete:
And after to my knées, and not content to wade so faste,
I put off all my cloathes, and hung them on a Sallow by
And threw my selfe amid the streame, which as I dallyingly
Did beate and draw, and with my selfe a thousand maisteries trie,
In casting of my armes abroad and swimming wantonly:
I felt a bubbling in the streame I wist not how nor what,
And on the Riuers nearest brim I stept for feare, with that
O Arethusa whither runst? and whither runst thou cryde
Flod Alphey from his wanes againe with hollow voyce. I hide
Away vnclothed as I was. For on the further side
My clothes hung still: so much more hote and eger then was he,
And for I naked was I seemde the readier for to be.
My running and his fierce pursuite was like as when ye see
The fillie doues with quiuering wings before the Gosse-hauke flie,
The Gosse-hauke swaping after them as fast as he can flie.
To Orchomen, and Psophy land, and Cyllen I did holde

Out well, and thence to Menalus and Erymanth the colde,
And so to Ely: all this way no ground of me he wonne.
But being not so strong as he, this restlesse race to runne
I could not long endure, and he could hold it out at length.
Yet ouer plaines and woodie hilles (as long as lasted strength)
And stones, and rockes, and desart grounds I still maintainde my race.
The Sunne was full vpon my backe. I saw before my face
A lazie shadow: were it not that feare did make me sweate.
But certainly he feared me with trampling of his feete:
And of his mouth the boystrous breath vpon my haire-lace blew.
Fore-wearied with the toyle of flight: Helpe Diana, I thy true
And trustie Squire (I sayd) who oft haue carried after thee
Thy bow and arrowes, now am like attached for to bee.
The Goddesse moued, toke a cloud of such as scattered were,
And cast vpon me. Hidden thus in mistie darkenesse there
The River poar'd vpon me still and hunted round about
The hollow cloude, for feare perchaunce I should haue scaped out.
And twise (not knowing what to do) he stalkt about the cloude
Where as Diana had me hid, and twice he called aloude
Ho, Arethuse, ho, Arethuse. What heart had I poore wretch then?
Euen such as hath the sillie Lambe that dares not stirre nor quetch when
He heares the howling of the Wolfe about or neare the folds.
Or such as hath the squatted Hare that in her forme beholds
The hunting hounds on euery side and dares not mooue a whit.
He would not thence: for why he saw no footing out as yit.
And therefore watcht he narrowly the cloude and eke the place.
A chill cold sweat my tieged limmes oppreest, and downe a pace
From all my bodie streaming drops did fall of watrie hew.
Which way so ere I stirde my foote ths place was like a stew,
The dewe ran trickling from my haire. In halfe the while I then
Was turn'd to water, that I now haue told the tale agen.
His loued waters Alphey knew, and putting off the shape
Of man the which he toke before, because I should not scape,
Returned to his proper shape of water by and by
Of purpose for to ioyne with me and haue my companie.
But Delia brake the ground, at which I sincking into blind
By-corners, vp againe my selfe at Ortigie do winde,
Right deere to me because it doth Dianas surname beare,

And

And for because to light againe I first was rayled there.
Thus farre did Arethusa speake: and then the fruitefull Dame
Two Dragons to her Chariot put, and reyning hard the same,
Mid-way betweene the Heauen and earth she in the ayer went,
And vnto Prince Triptolemus her lightsome Chariot sent
To Pallas Cittie lode with corne, commaunding him to sow
Some part thereof in ground new broken vp, and some thereof to strow
In ground long tilde before. Anon the young man vp did stie
And flying ouer Europe and the Realme of Asias hie,
Alighted in the Scithian land. There raigned in that coast
A King callde Lyncus, to whose house he entred for to hoast.
And being there demaunded how and why he thither came:
And also of his native soyle and of his proper name,
I hight (quoth he) Triptolemus and borne was in the towne
Of Athens in the land of Grece, that place of high renowne.
I neyther came by Sea nor Land, but through the open Aire
I bring with me Dame Ceres giftes which being sowne in faire
And fertile fields, may fruitfull Haruests yeld and finer fare.
The sauage King had spight, and to thintent that of so rare
And gracious gifts himselfe might seeme first founder for to be,
He entertain'd him in his house, and when asleepe was he,
He came vpon him with a sword: but as he would haue kil'd him,
Dame Ceres turnde him to a Lynx, and waking tother wil'd him
His sacred Cornewaine through the ayre to driue abroad agen.
The chiefe of vs had ended this her learned song, and then
The Nymphs with one consent did indge that we the Goddesses
Of Helicon had wonne the day. But when I saw that these
Vnnurtred Damsels ouercome began to fall a scolding,
I sayd: so little fith to vs you thinke your selues beholding,
For bearing with your malapertnesse in making challenge, that
Besides your former fault, ye eke doe fall to rayling flat,
Abusing thus our gentlenesse: we will from hence procede
To punishment, and of our wrath the rightfull humor forde.
Anippies daughters grin'd and iert'd and set our threatnings light.
But as they were about to prate, and bent their fists to smight
Their wicked hands with hideous noyse, they saw the stumps of quilles
New budding at their nayles, and how their armes soft feather hilles.
Each saw how others mouth did purse and harden into bill,

And so becomming vncouth Birdes to haunt the woods at will.
For as they would haue clapt their hands their wings did vp them heaue,
And hanging in the ayre the scoldes of woods did Pies them leaue.
Now also being turnd to birdes they are as eloquent
As ere they were, as chattring still, as much to babling bent.

Finis quinti Libri.

THE SIXT BOOKE OF Ouids Metamorphosis.

Itonia vnto all these words attentiue hearing bends,
And both the Muses learned song and rightfull wrath commends.
And thereupon within her selfe this fancie did arise.
It is no matter for to prayse: but let our selfe deuise
Some thing to be commended for: and let vs not permit
Our Maiestie to be despisde without reuenging it.
And therewithall she purposed to put the Lydian Mayde
Arachne, to her necke-verse who (as had to her beene sayd)
Presumed to preferre her selfe before her noble grace
In making cloth. This Damsell was not famous for the place
In which she dwelt, nor for her stocke, but for her arte. Her Sire
Was Idmon one of Colophon a pelting Purple Dier.

Her

Her mother was deceast: but she was of the baser sort,
And egall to her Make in birth, in liuing and in port.
But though this mayd were meanely borne, and dwelt but in a shed
At little Hypep: yet her trade her fame abroad did spred
Euen all the Lydian Cities through. To see her wondrous worke
The Nymphs that vnderneath the Vines of shadie Tmolus lurke
Their Vineyards oftentimes forsake. So did the Nymphs also
About Pactolus oftentimes their golden streames forgo.
And euermore it did them good not onely for to see
Her clothes already made, but while they ehe a making bee
Such grace was in her workemanship. For were it so that shee
The new shorne fleeces from the sheepe in bundels deftly makes,
Or after ward doth kembe the same, and drawes it out in flakes
Along like cloudes, or on the rocke doth spinne the handwarp woofe,
Or els embroydreth, certainly ye might perceiue by proofe
She was of Pallas bringing vp: which thing she natheleſſe
Denyeth, and disdayneth such a Mistresse to confesse,
Let her contend with me she sayd: and if she me amend,
I will refuse no punishment the which she shall extend.
Minerua tooke an olde wiues shape and made her heare seem gray,
And with a staffe her feebled limmes pretended for to stay.
Which done, she thus began to speake. Not all that age doth bring
We ought to shunne. Experience doth of long continuance spring.
Despise not mine admonishment. Take fame and chiefe report
For making Cloth and Arras worke among the mortall sort.
But humbly giue the Goddesse place: and pardon of her craue
For these thine vnaduised words. I warrant thou shalt haue
Forgiuenesse, if thou askt it her. Arachne bent her browes
And lowring on her, left her worke: and hardly she eschewes
From flying in the Ladies face. Her countnance did bewray
Her modie minde, which bursting forth in words, she thus did say:
Thou commest like a doting foole, thy wit is spent with yeares:
Thy life hath lasted ouer long as by thy talke appeares.
And if thou any daughter haue, or any daughter inlaw
I would she heard these words of mine: I am not such a Daw,
But that without thy teaching I can well ynough aduise
My selfe, and least thou shouldest thinke thy words in any wise
Anaile, the selfe same minde I keepe with which I first begun.

Why comes she not her selfe I say? this match why doth she shun?
Then said the Goddesse: here she is, and therewithall she cast
Her old wiues riueled shape away, and shew'd her selfe at last
Minerua like. The Nymphs did straight adore her Maiestie.
So did the young new married wiues that were of Mygdonie.
The Maiden onely vnabasht would nought at all relent.
But yet she blusht and suddenly a ruddinesse besprent
Her chéekes which wanzd away againe, euen like as doth the Skie
Looke sanguine at the breake of day, and turneth by and by
To white at rising of the Suune. As hote as any fire
She sticketh to her tackling still, and through a fond desire
Of glory, to her owne decay all headlong sooth shée runnes.
For Pallas now no lenger warnes, ne now no lenger shunnes
Ne séekes the challenge to delay. Immediatly they came
And tooke their places seuerally, and in a seuerall frame
Ech streynde a web, the warpe whereof was fine. The web was tide
Vpon a beame. Betwéene the warpe a slay of réede did slide.
The woofe on sharpened pinnes was put betwixt the warpe, and wrought
With fingers, and as oft as they had throught the warpe it brought,
They strake it with a Boxen combe. Both twaine of them made hast,
And girding close for handsomenesse their garments to their wast
Bestird their cunning hands apace. Their earnestnesse was such
As made thom neuer thinke of paine. They weaued very much
Fine purple that was dyldein Tyre, and colours set so trim
That each in shadowing other séemde the very same with him.
Euen like as after showres of raine when Phœbus broken beames
Do strike vpon the clouds, appéeres a compast bow of gleames
Which bendeth ouer all the Heauen: wherein although there shine
A thousand sundry colours, yet the shadowing is so fine,
That looke men nere so wistly, yet beguileth it their eyes:
So like and euen the selfe same thing each colour séemes to rise
Whereas they meet, which further off do differ more and more:
Of glittering gold with silken thréed was weaued there good store,
And Stories put in portrature of things done long afore.
Minerua painted Athens Towne and Marsa rocke therein,
And all the strife betwéene her selfe and Neptune who should win
The honour for to giue the name to that same noble towne.
In lofty thrones on eyther side of Ioue were setled downe

Sixt

Six Peeres of Heauen with countnance graue and full of Maiesty,
And euery of them by his face discerned well might be.
The Image of the mighty Ioue was King-like. She had made
Nnptunus standing striking with his long threetyned blade
Upon the ragged Rocke: and from the middle of the clift
She portrayd issuing out a horse, which was the noble gift
For which he challeng'd to himselfe the naming of the towne
She picturde out her selfe with shield and Morion on her crowne
With Curet on her brest, and Speare in hand with sharpened end.
She makes the earth (the which her speare doth seeme to strike) to send
An Oliue-tree with fruit thereon: and that the Gods thereat
Did wonder: and with victorie she finisht vp that plat.
Yet to thintent examples old might make it to be knowne
To her that for desire of praise so stoutly held her owne,
What guerdon she should hope to haue for her attempt so madde,
Foure light contentions in the foure last corners she did adde:
The Thracians Heme and Rodope the formost corner had:
Who being sometime mortall folke vsurpt to them the name
Of Ioue and Iuno, and were turnde to mountaines for the same.
A Pigmie womans pitious chance the second corner shewde,
Whome Iuno turned to a Crane (because she was so lewde
As for to stand at strife with her for beauty) charging her
Against her natiue country folke continuall warre to stir.
The third had proud Antigonee who durst of pride contend.
In beautie with the wife of Ioue: by whom she in the end,
Was turned to a Storke, no whit auailed her the towne
Of Troy, or that Laomidon her father ware a crowne,
But that she clad in fethers white her lazie wings must flap
And with a bobbed bill bewayle the cause of her mishap.
The last had childlesse Cinyras: who being turnde to stone,
Was pictur'd prostate on the ground, and weeping all alone,
And culling fast betweene his armes a Temples greeces fine
To which his daughters bodies were transformde by wrath diuine,
The vtmost borders had a wreath of Oliue round about,
And this is all the worke the which Minerua portraide out.
For with the tree that she her selfe had made but late afore
She bounded in her Arras cloth, and then did worke no more.
The Lydian mayden in her web did portray to the full

How Europe was by royall Ioue beguilde in shape of Bull.
A swimming Bull, a swelling Sea, so liuely had she wrought,
That Bull and Sea in very deed ye might them well haue thought.
That Lady seemed looking backe to land-ward and to crie
Vpon her women, and to feare the water sprinckling hie.
And shrinking vp her fearefull feet. She portrayd also there
Asterie struggling with an Erne which did away her beare.
And ouer Leda he had made a Swan his wings to splay.
She added also how by Ioue in shape of Satyr gay,
The faire Antiopee with a paire of children was besped.
And how he tooke Amphitrios shape when in Alcmenas bed
He gate the worthy Hercules: and how he also came
To Danae like a showre of gold, to Aegine like a flame,
A shæpheard to Mnemolyne, and like a Serpent slye
To Proserpine. She also made Neptunus leaping by
Vpon a Mayde of Aeolus race in likenesse of a Bull,
And in the streame Enipeus shape begetting on a trull
The Gyants Othe and Ephialt, and in the shape of Ram
Begetting one Theophanee Bisalties ympe with Lam,
And in a lusty Stalions shape she made him couering there
Dame Ceres with the yellow lockes, and her whose golden heare
Was turn'd to crawling Snakes: on whom he gate the winged horse.
She made him in a Dolphines shape Melantho to enforce.
Of all these things she missed not their proper shapes, nor yit
The full and iust resemblance of their places for to hit.
In likenesse of a Countrey-clowne was Phœbus pictur'd there,
And how he now ware Gosse-haukes wings, and now a Lyons heare.
And how he in a shæpeheards shape was practizing a while
The daughter of one Macary dame Issa to beguile.
And how the faire Erygonee by chaunce did suffer rape
By Bacchus who deceiued her in likenesse of a grape.
And how that Saturne in the shape of Genet did beget
The double Chyron. Round about the vtmost Verge was set
A narrow traile of pretty flowers with leaues of Iuie fret.
Not Pallas, no, nor spight it selfe could any quarrell picke.
To this her worke: and that did touch Minerua to the quicke.
Who therevpon did rend the cloth in peces euery whit,
Because the lewdnesse of the Gods was blased so in it.

Ant

And with an Arras weauers combe of Bore she fiercely smit
Arachne on the forehead full a dozen times and more.
The Mayde impatient in her heart did stomacke this so sore,
That by and by she hung her selfe. Howbeit as she hing,
Dame Pallas pitying her estate did stay her in the string
From death, and sayd, Lewd Callet liue: but hang thou still for mee.
And least hereafter from this curse that time may set thee free,
I will that this same punishment enacted firmely bee,
As well on thy posteritie for euer as on thee.
And after when she should depart, with iuice of Hecats flowre
She sprinkled her: and by and by the poyson had such powre,
That with the touch thereof, her heare, her eares, and nose did fade:
And very small it both her head and all her body made.
In stead of legs to both her sides sticke fingers long and fine:
The rest is bellie. From the which she neretheless doth twine
A slender threde, and practiseth in shape of Spider still
The Spinners and the Web-sters craft of which she erst had skill.
All Lydia did repine thereat, and of this darde the fame
Through Phrigia ran, and through the world was talking of the same.
Before her mariage Niobee had knowne her very well,
When yet a Mayde in *Maonie and Sipyle she did dwell. *Lydia.
And yet Arachnes punishment at home before her eyes,
To vse discreeter kinde of talke it coulde her not aduise,
Nor (as behoueth) to the Gods to yeld in humble wise,
For many things did make her proud. But neither did the Towne
The which her husband builded had, nor houses of renowne
Of which they both descended were, nor yet the puissance
Of that great Realme wherein they raignde so much her mind enhance:
(Although the liking of them all did greatly her delight)
As did the off-spring of her selfe: and certainely she might
Haue been of mothers counted well most happie, had she not
So thought her selfe. For she whom sage Tyresius had begot,
The Prophet Manto through instinct of heauenly powre did say
These kinde of words in open streete. Ye Thebans go your way
Apace: and vnto Laton and to Latons children pray
And offer godly Frankincence, and wreathe your heare with Bay.
Latona by the mouth of me commaunds you so to do.
The Thebane women by and by obeying thereunto,

Decke

Deckt all their heads with Lawrell leanes as Manto did require.
And praying with deuout entent threw incense in the fire.
Beholde out commeth Niobe enuiron'd with a gard
Of seruants, and a solemne traine that followed afterward.
She was her selfe in rayment made in costly cloth of gold
Of Phrygia fashion very braue and gorgeous to behold.
And of her selfe she was right faire and beautifull of face,
But that her wrathfull stomacke then did somewhat staine her grace.
She mouing with her portly head her heare, the which as then
Did hang on both her shoulders lose, did pawse a while, and when
With loftie loke her stately eyes she rolled had about,
What madnesse is it (quoth she) to preferre the heauenly rout
Of whom ye do but heare, to such as dayly are in sight?
Or why should Laton honored be with aultars? Neuer wight
To my most Sacred Maiestie did offer incense yet
My father was that Tantalus whom onely as most fit
The Gods among them at their boords admitted for to sit.
A sister of the Pleyades is my mother. Finally
My Graund-sire on the mothers side is that same Atlas hie.
That on his shoulders beareth vp the heauenly Axel-tree.
Againe my other Graund-father is Ioue, and (as you see)
He also is my father in-law, wherein I glory may
The Realme of Phrygia here at hand doth vnto me obay.
In Cadmus Pallace I thereof the Lady do remaine
And ioyntly with my husband I as peerelesse Princesse raigne
Both ouer this same towne whose walles my husbands harpe did frame,
And also ouer all the folke and people in the same.
In what so euer corner of my house I cast mine eye,
A world of riches and of goods I euery where espie.
Moreouer for the beautie, shape, and fauor growen in me,
Right well I know I do deserue a Goddesse for to be.
Besides all this, seuen sonnes I haue, and daughters seuen likewise,
By whom shall shortly sonne-in-lawes and daught'r in lawes arise.
Iudge you now if that I haue cause of statelynesse or no,
How dare ye then preferre to me Latona, that same fro
The Tytan Ceus ympe, to whom then ready downe to lie
The howgie Earth a little plot to childe on did denie?
From heauen, from earth, and from the sea your Goddesse banisht was,

And

And as an outcast through the world from place to place did passe,
Untill that Delos pitying her, sayd: Thou dooste sayle on land
And I on sea, and thereupon did lend her out of hand
A place unstable. Of two twinnes there brought a bed was she:
And this is but the seuenth part of the issue borne by me.
Right happie am I: who can this denie? and shall so still
Continue, who doth doubt of that? abundance hath and will
Preserue me. I am greater than that froward fortune may
Empeach me. For although she should pull many things away,
Yet should she leaue me many more. My state is out of feare.
Of this my lowde and populous race surmize you that it were
Possible some of them should fayle: yet can I neuer be
So spoyled that no mo than two shall tarrie still with me.
Leaue quickly this lewde sacrifice, and put me off this Bay
That on your heads is wreathed thus. They layd it straight away
And left their holy rites vndone, and closely as they may
With secret whispring to themselues to Laton they did pray.
How much from vtter barrennesse the Goddesse was: so much
Disdein'd she more: and in the top of Cynthus framed such
Complaint as this to both her twinnes. Lo, I your mother deare
Who in my bodie once you twaine with painefull trauell beare,
Lo, I whose courage is so stout as for to yeld to none
Of all the other Goddesses except Ioues wife alone,
Am lately doubted whether I a Goddesse be or no.
And if you helpe not children mine, the case now standeth so
That I the honor must from hence of altars quite forgo.
But this is not mine onely griefe. Besides her wicked fact
Most rayling words hath Niobee to my defacing rackt.
She durst preferre her Batnes to you, and as for me she naam'de
Debarren in respect of her, and was no whit ashaam'd
To shew her fathers wicked tongue which she by birth doth take.
This sayd: Latona was about intreatance for to make.
Cease off (quoth Phœbus) long complaint is nothing but delay
Of punishment, and the selfe same words did Phœbe also say.
And by and by they through the ayre both glyding swiftly downe,
On Cadmus pallace hid in cloudes did light in Thebe towne.
A field was vnderneath the wall both leuell, large and wide,
Betrampled euery day with horse that men therein did ride,

Where

Where stoze of Carres and Hozses houes the cloddes to dust had trode
A couple of Amphions sonnes on lustie courlers rode
In this same place. Their Hozses faire Capariſons did weare
Of Scarlet: and their bridles braue with gold bedecked were.
Of whom as Niob. eldeſt sonne Iſmenos hapt to bring
His Hozse about, and reyn'de him in to make him kæpe the ring,
He cry'de alas: and in his breſt with that an arrow ſtacke,
And by and by his dying hand did let the bridle ſlacke,
And on the right ſide of the Hozse he ſlipped to the ground.
The ſecond brother Sipylus did chance to heare the ſound
Of Quiuers clattring in the ayze: and giuing ſtraight the rayne
And ſpurre together to his hozſe, began to flie amayne:
As doth the Maſter of a ſhip: who when he ſæs a ſhoure
Approaching by ſome miſtie cloude that gunnes to gloume and loure,
Doth clap on all his layles becauſe no winde ſhould ſcape him by
Though nere ſo ſmall. Howbeit as he turned foz to flie,
He was not able foz to ſcape the arrow which did ſtrike
Him through the necke. The nocke thereof did ſhaking vpward ſticke.
The head appæred at his throat, and as he fozward gaue
Himſelfe in flying: ſo to ground he groueling alſo draue,
And toppled by the hozſes mane and fæte amid his race,
And with his warme new-ſhedded blod berayed all the place.
But Phedimus and Tantalus the heire of the name
Of Tantalus his Graund-father, who cuſtomably came
From other dayly exerciſe to wreſtling, had begun
To cloſe, and each at other now with breſt to breſt to runne.
When Phœbus arrow being ſent with foze from ſtreyned ſtring
Did ſtrike through both of them as they did faſt together cling,
And ſo they ſighed both at once, and both at once foz paine
Fell downe to ground, and both of them at once their eyes did ſtraine
To ſæ their lateſt light, and both at once their ghoſts did yæld.
Alphenor this miſchance of theirs with heauie heart beheld,
And ſcratcht and beate his wofull breaſt, and there with flying out
To take them vp betweene his armes, was as he went about
This worke of kindly pitty, kild. Foz Phœbus with a dart
Of deadly dint did riue him through the bulk and brake his hart.
And when the ſteale was plucked out, a percell of his liuer
Did hang vpon the hooked head: and ſo he did deliuer

His

His life and blood into the ayre departing both togither.
But Damaſichon (on whoſe head came neuer ſizzer) felt
No wounds than one. It was his chance to haue a grieuous pelt
Upon the very place at which the leg is firſt begun,
And where the ham-ſtrings by the ioynt with ſupple ſinewes run.
And while to draw this arrow out he with his hand aſſaide,
Another through his wezzand went and at the feathers ſtaide.
The blood did driue out this againe, and ſpinning high did ſpout
A great way off and pierſt the ayre with ſprinckling all about.
The laſt of all Ilioneus with ſtretched hands and ſpæch
Moſt humble (but in vaine) did ſay, O Gods I you beſæch
Of mercy all in generall. He wiſt not what he ſayd.
Ne how that vnto all of them he ought not to haue prayd,
The God that held the bow in hand was moued, but as then
The arrow was already gone ſo farre, that backe agen
He could not call it: neretheleſſe the wound was very ſmall
Of which he dide, for why his heart it did but lightly gall.
The rumor of the miſchefe ſelfe and mone of people, and
The weeping of her ſeruants, gaue the mother t'vnderſtand
The ſuddaine ſtroke of this miſchaunce. She wounded very much,
And ſtormed alſo that the Gods were able to do ſuch
A dæde, or durſt attempt it, yea ſhe thought it more than right
That any of them ouer her ſhould haue ſo mickle might.
Amphion had for-done himſelfe already with a knife,
And ended all his ſorrowes quite together with his life.
Alas, alas, how greatly doth this Niob differ hære
From tother Niob who of late diſdaining any pære,
Did from Latonas altars driue her folke, and through the towne
With haughtie looke and ſtately gate went prancking vp and downe.
Then ſpited at among her owne, but piteous now to thoſe
That heretofore for her deſarts had bæne her greateſt foes:
She falleth on the corſes colde, and taking no regard,
Beſtowd her kiſſes on her ſonnes as whom ſhe afterward
Did know ſhe neuermore ſhould kiſſe. From whom ſhe lifting thoe
Her blew and bruſed armes to heauen, ſayd: O thou cruell foe.
Latona, ſæd, yea, fæde thy ſelfe (I ſay) vpon my woe
And ouer-gorge thy ſtomacke, yea, and glut they cruell hart
With theſe my preſent painefull pangs of bitter griping ſmart.

In:

In corses seuen, I seuen times dead am caried to my graue.
Reioyce thou foe and tryumph now in that thou semste to haue
The vpper hand. What? vpper hand? no, no: it is not so.
As wretched as my case doth seme yet haue I left me mo,
Than thou for all thy happinesse canst of thine owne account.
Euen after all these courses yet I still do thee surmount.
Vpon the end of these same words the twanging of the string
In letting of the arrow slie was clearely heard: which thing
Made euery one saue Niobe afraid. Her heart was so
With sorrow hardned, that she grew more bolde. Her daughters tho
Were standing all with mourning weed and hanging haire before
Their brothers Coffins. One of them in pulling from the sore
An arrow sticking in his heart, sanke downe vpon her brother
With mouth to mouth, and so did yeld her fleeting ghost. Another
In comforting the wretched case and sorrow of her mother
Vpon the sudden held her peace. She stricken was within
With double wound: which caused her her talking for to blin
And shut her mouth: but first her ghost was gone. One, all is vaine
Attempting for to scape by flight, was in her flying slaine.
Another on her sisters corse doth tumble downe starke dead.
This quakes and trembles pitcously and she doth hide her head.
And when that fire with sundry wounds dispatched were and gone,
At last as yet remayned one: and for to saue that one,
Her mother with her body whole did cling about her fast,
And wrying her did ouer her her garments wholy cast:
And cryed out: O leaue me one, this little one yet saue:
Of many but this onely one the least of all I craue.
But while she prayde, for whom she prayde was kild. Then poore she
Bereft of all her children quite: and drawing to her fate,
Among the daughters and her sonnes, and husband nowly dead.
Her chekes wext hard, the ayre could stirre no haire vpon her head.
The colour of her face was dim and clearely voyd of blod.
And sadly vnder spen lids her eyes vnmoued stod.
In all her body was no life. For euen her very tung
And pallat of her mouth was hard, and ech to other clung.
Her pulses ceased for to beate, her necke did cease to bow,
Her armes to stir, her fete to go, all powre forewent as now.
And into stone her very wombe and bowels also bind.

But yet she wept: and being hoyst by force of whirling wind,
Was carryed into Phrygie. There vpon a mountaine top
She weepeth still in stone, from stone the drerie teares do drop.
Then all both men and women fear'd Latonaas open ire,
And far with greater sumptuousnesse and earnester desire
Did worship the great maiestie of this their Goddesse, who
Did beare at once both Phœbus and his sister Phebe tw,
And through occasion of this chaunce (as men were wont to do
In cases like) the people fell to telling things of old.
Of whom a man among the rest this tale ensuing told.
The ancient folke that in the fields of fruitefull Lycia dwelt
Due penance also for their spight to this same Goddesse felt.
The baseneſſe of the parties makes the thing it selfe obscure.
Yet is the matter wonderfull. My selfe I you assure,
Did presently behold the Pond, and saw the very place
In which this wondrous thing was done. My father then in case
Not able for to travell well by reason of his age,
To fetch home certaine Oxen thence made me to be his page,
Appointing me a countrie-man of Lycia to my guide.
With whom as I went plodding in the pasture grounds I spide
Amids a certaine Pond an old square aultar coloured blacke
With cinder of the Sacrifice that still vpon it stacke.
About it round grew wauering reeds. My guide anon did stay:
And softly, O be good to me, he in himselfe did say.
And I with like soft whispering did say be good to mee.
And then I askt him whether that the aulter we did see,
Belonged to the Watrenymphs, or Fawnes, or other God
Peculiar to the place it selfe vpon the which we trod.
He made me answere thus. My guest no God of countrie race
Is in this aultar worshipped. That Goddesse claimes this place,
From whom the wife of mightie Ioue did all the world forfend:
Whome wandring restlesse rere and there full hardly in the end
Vnsetled Delos did receiue then floting on the waue.
As tide and weather tw and fro the swimming Iland draue.
There maugre Iuno (who with might and maine against her straue)
Latona staying by a Date and Olive-tree that sted,
In trauell of a payre of twins was safely brought a bed,
And after her deliuerance, folke report that she for feare

Of Iunos wrath did flie from hence, and in her armes did beare
Her babes which afterward became two Gods. In which her trauell
In Summer, when the scorching sunne is wont to burne the grauell
Of Lycie countrey where the fell Chymera hath his place.
The Goddesse weary with the long continuance of her race,
Wext thirstie by the meanes of drought with going in the Sunne:
Her babes had also suckt her breasts as long as milke would runne.
By chance she spide this little Pond of water here below,
And countrey Carles were gathering there these Dzier twigs that grow
So thicke vpon a shrubbie stalke: and of these rushes greene
And flagges that in these moorish plots so rife of growing beene.
She comming hither kneeled downe the water vp to take
To cole her thirst, the churlish clownes forfended her the Lake.
Then gently said the Goddesse: Sirs, why do you me forfend
The water? nature doth to all in common water send.
For neither sunne, nor ayre, nor yet the water priuate bee,
I seeke but that which natures gift hath made to all things free.
And yet I humbly craue of you to grant it vnto mee.
I did not goe about to wash my weary limbs and skin,
I would not onely quench my thirst, me throat is scalt within
For want of moysture: and my chappes and lippes are parching drie:
And scarcely is there way for words to issue out thereby.
A draught of water will to me be heauenly Nectar now.
And sure I will confesse I haue receiued life of you,
Yea, in your giuing of a drop of water vnto me,
The case so standeth as you shall preserue the liues of three.
Alas let these same sillie soules that in my bosome stretch
Their little armes (by chaunce her babes their prettie dolles did retch)
To pittie moue you. What is he so hard that would not yeld
To this the gentle Goddesses entreatance meeke and meld?
Yet they for all the humble words she could deuise to say,
Continued in their wilfull mood of churlish saying nay,
And threatned for to send her thence, vnlesse she went away.
Reuiling her most spightfully, and not contented so,
With hands and feete the standing pole they troubled to and fro,
Vntill with trampling vp and downe maliciously, the soft
And slimie mud that lay beneath, was raised vp aloft.
With that the Goddesse was so wroth that thirst was quight forgot,

An

And vnto ſuch vnworthy earles her ſelfe ſhee humbleth not,
Ne ſpeaketh meaner words than might beſeeme a Goddeſſe well:
But holding vp her hands to heauen. For euer mought you dwell
In this ſame pond, ſhe ſayd: her wiſh did take effect with ſpeed
For vnderneath the water they delight to be in deed.
Now diue they to the bottome downe, now vp their heads they pop,
Another while with ſprauling legs they ſwim vpon the top,
And oftentimes vpon the banks they haue a minde to ſtond,
And oftentimes from thence againe to leape into the pond.
And there they now do practiſe ſtill their filthie tongues to ſcold.
And ſhamelesly (though vnderneath the water) they do hold
Their former woont of brawling ſtill amid the water cold,
Their voices ſtill are hoarſe and harſh, their throtes haue puffed goawles,
Their chappes with brawling widned are, their hammer headed iawles
Are ioyned to their ſhoulders iuſt, the neckes of them do ſeeme
Cut off, the ridge-bone of their backe ſticks vp of colour greene.
Their paunch which is the greateſt of all their trunch is gray,
And ſo they vp and downe the pond made newly Frogs do play.

When one of Lyce (I wot not who) had ſpoken in this ſort,
An other of a Satyr ſtreight began to make report,
Whom Phœbus ouercomming on a pipe (made late ago
By Pallas) put to puniſhment: Why fleaſt thou me ſo,
Alas he cryde it irketh me: alas a ſorry pipe
Deſerueth not ſo cruelly my skin from me to ſtripe.
For all his crying ore his eares quite pulled was the skin.
Nought els he was than one whole wound. The griſly blud did ſpin
From euery part the ſinewes lay diſcouered to the eye,
The quiuering veynes without a skin lay beating nakedly.
The painting bowels in his bulke ye might haue numbred well,
And in his breſt the cheere ſmall ſtrings a man might eaſily tell.
The Countrey Fawnes the Gods of Woods the Satyrs of his kin,
The Mount Olympus whoſe renowne did ere that time begin,
And all the Nymphs, and all that in thoſe mountaines kept their cheepe,
Or grazed cattell thereabouts, did for this Satyr weepe.
The fruitfull earth wext moyſt therewith and moyſted did receiue
Their teares, and in her bowels deepe did of the ſame conceiue.
And when that ſhe had turned them to water, by and by
She ſent them forth againe a loft to ſee the open Skie.

The riuer that doth rise thereof beginning there his race,
In very deepe and shoring bankes to Seaward runnes apace
Through Phrygie, and according as the Satyr, so the streame
Is called Marsias of the brookes the clearest in that Realme.
With such examples as these same the common folke return'd
To present things, and euery man through all the citie mourn'd
For that Amphion was destroy'd with all his issue so.
But all the fault and blame was layd vpon the mother tho.
For her alonely Pelops mourn'd (as men report) and he
In opening of his clothes did shew that euery man might see
His shoulder on the left side bare of Ivory for bee.
This shoulder at his birth was like his tother both in hue
And flesh, vntill his fathers hands most wickedly him slue,
And that the Gods when they his limmes againe together drue
To ioyne them in their proper place and forme by nature due,
Did find out all the other parts saue onely that which grue
Betweene the throte-boll and the arme, which when they could not get
This other made of Ivory white in place thereof they set
And by that meanes was Pelops made againe both whole and sound.
The neighbour Princes thither came and all the cities round
About, besought their Kings to go and comfort Thebe: as Arge
And Sparta, and Mycenee which was vnder Pelops charge.
And Calydon vnhated of the frowning Phœbe yit
The wealthy towne Orchomenos, and Corinth which in it
Had famous men for workemanship in mettals: and the stout
Messenee which full twenty yeres did hold besigers out.
And Patree, and the lowly towne Cleona, Nelyes Pyle
And Troyzen not surnamed yet Pittheia for a while.
And all the other Borrough townes and cities which do stand
Within the narrow balke at which two Seas do meet at hand
Or which do bound vpon the balke without in maine firme land
Alonely Athens (who would thinke?) did neither come nor send.
Warre barred them from courtysie the which they did entend.
The King of Pontus with an host of sauage people lay
In siege before their famous walles and curstly did them fray.
Vntill that Tereus King of Thrace approching to their ayde,
Did vanquish him, and with renowne was for his labour payd.
And sith he was so puissant in men and ready coyne

And

And came of mighty Marſis race, Pandion ſought to ioyne
Aliance with him by and by, and gaue him to his Fære
His daughter Progne. At this match (as after will appeare)
Was neither Iuno, Preſident of marriage wont to bæ,
Nor Hymen, no nor any one of all the Graces thræ.
The Furies ſnatching Tapers vp that on ſome Herce did ſtand
Did light them, and before the Bride-groomes bed, and on the houſe did rucke
A curſed Owle the meſſenger of ill ſucceſſe and lucke,
And all the night time while that they were lying in their beds,
She ſate vpon the bedſteds top right ouer both their heds.
Such hand-fell Progne had the day that Tereus did her wed:
Such hand-fell had they when that ſhe was brought of child a bed.
All Thracia did reioyce at them, and thanke their Gods, and wild
That both the day of Prognes match with Tereus ſhould be hild
For feaſtfull, and the day likewiſe that Itys firſt was borne:
So little know we what behoues. The ſunne had now out worne
Fiue haruells, and by courſe fiue times had runne his yærely race,
When Progne flattering Tereus ſaid: If any loue or grace
Betwæne vs be, ſend either me my ſiſter for to ſæ,
Or find the meanes that hither ſhe may come to viſite mæ.
You may aſſure your father in law ſhe ſhall againe returne
Within a while: ye do to me the higheſt great good turne
That can be, if you bring to paſſe I may my ſiſter ſæ.
Immediately the King commands his ſhips a flote to bæ,
And ſhortly after, what with ſaile and what with force of ores,
In Athens Hauen he arriues and lands at Pyrey ſhores.
Allone as of his Father in law the preſence he obtain'd,
And had of him bæn curteouſly and friendly entertain'd,
Vnhappy hand-fell entred with their talking firſt together.
The errands of his wife the cauſe of his then comming thither
He had but new begun to tell, and promiſed that when
She had her ſiſter ſæne, ſhe ſhould with ſpæd be ſent agen
When (ſæ the chance) came Philomele in raiment very rich,
And yet in beautie farre more rich, euen like the Fairies which
Reported are the pleaſant woods and water-ſpringes to haunt,
So that the like apparell and attire to them you graunt,
King Tereus at the ſight of her did burne in his deſire,

As if a man should chaunce to set a golfe of corne on fire,
Or burne a stacke of Hay. Her face inward deserued loue.
But as for him, to fleshly lust euen nature did him moue.
For of those Countries commonly the people are aboue
All measure prone to letcherie. And therefore both by kinde
His flame encreast: and by his owne default of vicious minde
He purpos'd sully to corrupt her seruants with reward:
Or for to bribe her Nurse, that she should slenderly regard
Her duety to her mistresse-ward. And rather than to fayle,
The Lady euen her selfe with gifts he minded to assayle,
And all his kingdome for to spend, or els by force of hand
To take her, and in maintenance thereof by sword to stand.
There was not vnder heauen the thing but that he durst it proue,
So farre vnable was he now to stay his lawlesse loue.
Delay was deadly. Backe againe with greedy minde he came
Of Progues errands for to talke: and vnderneath the same
He works his owne vngraciousnesse. Loue gaue him power to frame
His talke at will. As oft as he demaundeth out of square,
Vpon his wiues importunate desire himselfe he bare.
He also wept: as though his wife had willed that likewise.
O God, what blindnesse doth the hearts of mortall men disguise:
By working mischiefe Tereus gets him credit for to fearme
A louing man, and winneth prayse by wickednesse extreeme.
Yea, and the foolish Philomele the selfe same thing desires.
Who hanging on her fathers necke with flattering armes, requires
Against her life and for her life his licence for to go
To see her sister. Tereus beholds her wistly tho,
And in beholding handles her with heart. For when he saw
Her kisse her father and about his necke her armes to draw,
They all were spurres to pricke him forth, and wood to feed his fire,
And foode of forcing nourishment to further his desire.
As oft as she her father did betweene her armes embrace,
So often wished he himselfe her father in that case.
For nought at all should that in him haue wrought the greater grace.
Her father could not say them nay, they lay at him so sore.
Right glad thereof was Philomele and thanked him therefore.
And wretched wench she thinks she had obtained such a thing,
As both to Progne and her selfe should ioy and comfort bring.

When both of them in very deed should afterward in rew.
To end-ward of his dayly race and trauell Phœbus drew,
And on the shoring side of Heauen his Horses downeward flew.
A princely supper was prepar'd, and wine in golde was set:
And after meate to take their rest the Princes did them get.
But though the King of Thrace that while were absent from her sight,
Yet swelted he: and in his minde reuolung all the night
Her face, her gesture, and her hands, imagin'd all the rest
(The which as yet he had not seene) as likt his fancie best.
He feedes his flames himselfe. No winke could come within his eyes,
For thinking ay on her. Assone as day was in the Skies,
Pandion holding in his hand the hand of Tereus prest
To go his way, and sheading teares betoke him thus his guest.
Deare sonne in law I giue thee here (sith godly cause constraines)
This Damsell. By the faith that in thy Princely heart remaines,
And for our late aliance sake, and by the Gods aboue,
I humbly thee beseech that as a father thou do loue
And maintaine her. And that as sone as may be (all delay
Will vnto me seeme ouer long) thou let her come away
The comfort of my carefull age on whom my life doth stay.
And thou my daughter Philomele (it is inough ywis
That from her father set so farre thy sister Progne is)
If any sparke of nature do within thy heart remaine,
With all the haast and speech thou canst returne to me againe.
In giuing charge he kissed her: and downe his chekes did raine
The tender teares. And as a pledge of faith he toke the right
Hands of them both, and ioyning them did each to other plight.
Desiring them to beare in minde his commendations to
His daughter and her little sonne. And then with much ado
For sobbing, at the last he bad adew as one dismayd.
The fore-misgiuing of his minde did make him sore afrayd.
Assone as Tereus and the Mayd together were aboord
And that their ship from land with Ores was haled on the foord,
The field is ours, he cryde alonde, I haue the thing I sought,
And vp he skipt, so barbrous and so beastly was his thought,
That scarce euen there he could forbeare his pleasure to haue wrought
His eye went neuer off of her: as when the fearefull Erne
With hoked tallants trussing vp a Hare among the Ferne,

Hath layd her in his nest, from whence the prisoner cannot scape,
The rauening fowle with greedy eyes vpon his pray do gape.
Now was their iourney come to end: now were they gone a land
In Thracia, when that Tereus toke the Lady by the hand,
And led her to a pelting grainge that peakishly did stand
In woods forgrowen. There waring pale and trembling sore for feare,
And dreading all things, and with teares demaunding sadly where
Her sister was, he shet her vp: and therewithall bewrayde
His wicked lust, and so by force because she was a mayde
And all alone he vanquisht her. It boted nought at all
That she on sister, or on sire, or on the Gods did call.
She quaked like the wounded Lambe which from the Wolues horse forth
New shaken thinks her selfe not safe: or as the Doue that forth
Her feathers with her owne blood stain'd, who shudring still doth feare
The greedy Hauke that did her late with griping talants teare,
Anon when that this mazednesse was somewhat ouerpast,
She rent her haire and beate her brest, and vp to heauen-ward cast
Her hands in mourning-wise, and sayd: O Tankred Tarle, O fell
And cruell tyrant, neither could the godly teares that fell
A downe my fathers cheekes when he did giue the charge of mee.
Ne of my sister that regard that ought to be in thee,
Nor yet my chaste Virginitie, nor conscience of the law
Of wed-locke, from this villanie thy barbrous heart with-drawe?
Behold, thou hast confounded all. My sister thorow mee
Is made a Cuc-queane: and thy selfe through this offence of thee
Art made a husband to vs both, and vnto me a foe,
A iust deserued punishment for lewdly doing so.
But to th'tent (O peciur'd wretch) no mischiefe may remaine
Vnwrought by thee, why dost thou now from murdring me refraine?
Would God thou hadst done before this wicked rape. From hence
Then should my soule most blessedly haue gone without offence.
But if the Gods do see this deede, and if the Gods (I say)
Be ought, and in this wicked world beare any kinde of sway
And if with me all other things decay not, sure the day
Will come, that for this wickednesse full dearely thou shalt pay.
Yea, I my selfe (reiecting shame) thy doings shall bewray.
And if I may haue power to come abroad, them blaze I will
In open face of all the world, or if thou kepe me still

As prisoner in the woods, my voyce the very woods shall fill
And make the stones to understand. Let heauen to this giue eare
And all the Gods and Powers therein if any God be there.
The cruell Tyrant being chaast, and also put in feare
With these and other such her words both causes to him stung,
That drawing out his naked sword that at his girdle hung.
He toke her rudely by the haire, and wrung her hands behinde her,
Compelling her to holde them there while he him selfe did binde her.
When Philomela saw the sword, she hoapt the should haue dy'd,
And for the same her naked throat she gladly did prouide.
But as she yern'd and called aye vpon her fathers name
And striued to haue spoken still, the cruell Tyrant came
And with a payre of pinsons fast did catch her by the tung,
And with his sword did cut it off. The stump whereon it hung
Did patter still. The tip fell downe and quiuering on the ground
As though that it had murmured it made a certaine sound.
And as an Adders tayle cut off doth skip a while: euen so
The tip of Philomelaas tongue did wriggle to and fro,
And nearer to her mistresse-ward in dying still did go.
And after this most cruell fact, for certaine men report
That he (I scarcely dare beleeue) did often times resort
To maymed Philomela and abus'd her at his will.
Yet after all this wickednesse he keping countnance still,
Durst vnto Progne home repaire, and she immediately
Demaunded where her sister was. He sighing feignedly
Did tell her fally she was dead: and with his subtile teares
He maketh all his tayle to seeme of credite in her eares.
Her garments glittring all with gold she from her shoulders teares
And puts on blacke, and setteth vp an emptie herce, and keapes
A solemne Obite for her soule, and piteously she weapes
And waileth for her sisters Fate who was not in such wise
As that was to be bewail'd. The Sunne had in the Skies
Past through the twelue Celestiall Signes and finisht full a yeare.
But what should Philomela doe? She watched was so neere
That start she could not for her life. The walles of that same Graunge
Were made so high of maine hard stone, that out she could not raunge.
Againe her tongue-lesse mouth did want the vttrance of the fact.
Great is the wit of pensiuenesse, and when the head is fact

With hard misfortune, sharpe forecast of practise entereth in.
A warpe of white vpon a frame of Thracia she did spin,
And weaued purple letters in betweene it, which bewrayde
The wicked deed of Tereus. And haning done, she prayde
A certaine woman by her signes to beare them to her mistresse.
She bare them and deliuered them not knowing neuertheless
What was in them. The Tyrants wife vnfolded all the clout,
And of her wretched fortune red the processe whole throughout.
She held her peace (a wondrous thing it is she should so do)
But sorrow tyde her tongue and words agreeable vnto
Her great displeasure were not at commandment at the stound.
And weepe she could not, Right and wrong she reckoneth to confound.
And on reuengement of the deed her heart doth wholy ground.
It was the time that wiues of Thrace were woont to celebrate
The thrée yeres Rites of Bacchus which were done a night-times late.
A night-times soundeth Rhodope of tinkling pannes and pots:
A night-times giuing vp her house abroad Queene Progne trots
Disguisde like Bacchus other Froes, and armed to the prose
With all the frentick furniture that serues for that behose
Her head was couered with a Vine, about her lose was tuckt
A red deeres skin a lightsome launce, vpon her shoulder ruckt
In post gads tirrible Progne through the woods, and at her héeles
A flocke of Froes: and where the sting of sorrow which she féeles
Enforceth her to furiousnesse, she feynes it to proceed
Of Bacchus motion. At the length she finding out indeed
The outset Graunge, howld out, and cryed now well, and open brake
The gates, and straight her sister thence by force of hand did take,
And veiling her in like attire of Bacchus hid her head
With iuie leaues, and home to Court her sore amazed led.
As sone as Philomela with she set her foot within
That cursed house, the wretched soule to shudder did begin,
And all her face wext pale. Anon her sister getting place
Did pull off Bacchus mad attire, and making bare her face,
Embraced her betweene her armes. But she considering that
Queene Prognee was a cut-queane made by meanes of her, durst nat
Once raise her eyes: but on the ground fast fixed held the same,
And where she would haue taken God to witnesse that the shame
And villanie was wrought to her by violence, she was faine

To

To vse her hand in stead of speach. Then Prognee chaft amaine,
And was not able in her selfe her choller to restraine
But blaming Philomela for her weping, sayd these words:
Thou must not deale in this behalfe with weping, but with swords:
Or with some thing of greater force than swords. For my part, I
Am ready, yea, and fully bent all mischiefe for to trye.
This Pallace will I either set on fire, and in the same
Bestow the cursed Tereus the worker of our shame:
Or pull away his tongue: or put out both his eyes: or cut
Away those members which haue thee to such dishonour put:
Or with a thousand wounds expulse that sinnefull soule of his.
The thing that I do purpose on is great, what ere it is.
I know not what it may be yet. While Prognee herebnto
Did set her mind, came Itys in, who taught her what to do,
She staring on him cruelly, sayd: Ah how like thou art
Thy wicked father, and without no words a sorrowfull part
She purposed, such inward ire was boyling in her heart.
But notwithstanding when her sonne approched to her nére,
And lovingly had greéted her by name of mother dére,
And with his prétty armes about the necke had hugd her fast,
And flattring words with childish toyes in kissing forth had cast,
The mothers heart of hers was then constrained to relent,
Allwaged wholy was the rage to which she erst was bent,
And from her eyes against her will the teares enforced went.
But when she saw how pitty did compell her heart to yéld,
She turned to her sisters face from Itys, and beheld
Now tone, now tother earnestly, and sayd. Why tattles he
And she sits dumbe bereft of tongue? as well why calls not she
Pe sister, as this boy doth call me mother? Dost thou not
Thou daughter of Pandion what a husband thou hast got?
Thou growest wholly out of kind. To such a husband as
Is Tereus, pitty is a sinne. No more delay there was.
She dragged Itys after her as when it happes in Inde
A Tyger gets a little calfe that suckes vpon a Hynd,
And drags him through the shady woods. And when that they had found
A place within the house farre off and farre aboue the ground,
Then Progne strake him with a sword, now plainly seing whether
Pe should, and holding vp his hands and crying mother, mother,

And

And flying to her necke: euen where the brest and side dot bound,
And neuer turnde away her face. Inough had bene that wound
Alone to bring him to his end. The tother sister slit
His throte, and while some life and soule was in his members yit
In gobbits they them rent: whereof were some in Pipkins boyld,
And other some on hissing spits against the fire were broyld
And with the gellied blod of him was all the chamber foyld.

To this same banquet Progne bad her husband, knowing nought
Nor nought mistrusting of the harme and lewdnesse she had wrought.
And feyning a solemnitie according to the guise
Of Atheus, at the which their might be none in any wise
Besides her husband and her selfe: she banisht from the same
Her house-hold folke and soiourners, and such as guest-wise came,
King Tereus sitting in the throne of his forefathers, fed
And swallowed downe the selfe same flesh that of his bowels bred.
And he (so blinded was his heart) fetch Itys hither, sed.
No lenger her most cruell ioy dissemble could the Quéene.
But of her murther coueting the messenger to béene,
She sayd: the thing thou askest for, thou hast within. About
He loked round, and asked where? To put him out of dout,
As he was yet demaunding where, and calling for him: out
Lept Philomela with scattred heare aslaight like one that fled
Had from some fray where slaughter was, and threw the blody head
Of Itys in his fathers face. And neuer more was shee
Desirous to haue had her speach, that able she might bee
Her inward ioy with worthy words to witnesse franke and free,
The Tyrant with a hideous noyse away the table shoues:
And réeres the fiends frō Hell. One while with yawning mouth he proues
To per-brake vp his meate againe, and cast his bowels out.
Another while with wringing hands he weeping goes about.
And of his sonne he termes himselfe the wretched graue. Anon
With naked sword and furious heart he followeth fierce vpon
Pandions daughters. He that had béene present would haue déemde
Their bodies to haue houered vp with feathers, as they séemde:
So houered they with wings indeed. Of whom the one away
To wood-ward flyes, the other still about the house doth stay.
And of their murther from their brests not yet the token goth,
For euen still yet are staynde with blod the feathers of them both.

And

And he through sorrow and desire of vengance waxing wight,
Became a Bird, vpon whose top a tuft of feathers light
In likenesse of an helmets crest doth trimly stand vpright.
In stead of his long sword, his bill shootes out a passing space:
A Lapwing named is this Bird, all armed seemes his face.
The sorrow of this great mischaunce did stop Pandions breath
Before his time, and long ere age determinde had his death.
Erechthey raigning after him the gouernment did take:
A prince of such a worthinesse, as no man well can make
Resolution, if he more in Armes or Iustice did excell.
Foure sonnes, and daughters foure he had, of which a couple well
Did each in beautie others match. The one of these whose name
Was Procris vnto Cephalus King Aeolus sonne became
A happie wife. The Thracians and King Tereus were a let
To Boreas: so that long it was before the God could get
His deare beloued Orythia, while trifling he did stand
With faire intreatance rather than did vse the force of hand.
But when he saw, he no release by gentle meanes could find,
Then turning vnto boysterous wrath (which vnto that same wind
Is too familiar and too much accustomed by kind)
He sayd: I serued am but well: for why sayd I apart
My proper weapons, fiercenesse, force and ire, and cruell hart?
And fell to fawning like a fole, which did me but disgrace?
For me is violence meete. Through this the pestred cloudes I chace.
Through this I tosse the Seas. Through this I turne vp knottie Okes,
And harden Snow, and beate the ground in hayle with sturdy strokes.
When I my brothers chaunce to get in open Ayre and Skie.
(For that is my field in the which my masteries I doe trie)
I charge vpon them with such brunt, that of our meeting smart
The heauen betweene vs sounds, and from the hollow Clouds doth start
Enforced fire. And when I come in holes of hollow ground,
And fiercely in those emptie caues do rouze my backe vp round.
I trouble euen the Ghosts, and make the very world to quake.
This helpe in wooing of my wife (to speede) I should haue take,
Erechthey should not haue beene prayd my father in law to be,
He should haue beene compell'd thereto be stout extreamitie.
In speaking these or other words as sturdie Boreas gan
To slacke his wings, with waning of the which he raysed than

So great a gale, that all the earth was blaſted therewithall,
And troubled was the maine broad Sea, and as he traſhde his pall
Bedufted oner higheſt tops of things he ſwept the ground,
And hauing now in ſmokie cloudes himſelfe incloſed round,
Betweene his duſkie wings he caught Orythia ſtraught for feare,
And like a louer, very ſoft and eaſily did her beare.
And as he flew the flames of loue enkinkled more and more.
By meanes of ſtirring. Neither did he ſtay his flight, before
He came within the land and towne of Cicons with his prayе.
And there ſome after being made his wife, ſhe hapt to laye
Her bellie, and a payre of boyes ſhe at a burthon brings,
Who elſe in all reſembled full their mother, ſaue in wings,
The which they of their father toke. Howbeit (by report)
They were not borne with wings vpon their bodies in this ſort,
While Calais and Zetes had no beарde vpon their chin.
They both were callow: but as ſone as heare did once begin
In likeneſſe of a yellow downe vpon their cheekes to ſprout,
Then (euen as comes to paſſe in birds) the feathers budded out
Together on their pinions too and ſpreded round about
On both their ſides. And finally when child-hod once was ſpent,
And youth come on, togither they with other Mineys went
To Colchos in the galley that was firſt deuiſ'd in Greece,
Vpon a ſea as then vnknowne, to fetch the golden Fléece.

Finis ſexti Libri.

The

THE SEVENTH BOOKE of Ouids Metamorphosis.

AND now in Ship of Pagasa
the Mynyes cut the Seas,
And leading vnder endlesse night
his age in great disease
Of scarcity was Phyney scene,
and Boreas sonnes and chaste
Away the mayden-faced Fowles,
that did his victels waste.
And after suffering many things
in noble Iasons band,
In muddy Phasis gushing streame at last they went aland.
There while they going to the King demand the golden Fleece,
Brought thither certaine yeares before by Phryxus out of Greece,
And of their dreadfull labours waits an answere to receiue.
Æëtas daughter in her heart doth mighty flames conceiue,
And after strugling very long when reason could not win
The vpper hand of rage: she thus did in her selfe begin.
In vaine Medea dost thou striue. Some God what ere he is
Against thee bends his force, for what a wondrous thing is this?
Is any thing like this which men do tearme by name of Loue?
For why should I my fathers hestes esteeme so hard aboue
All measure? sure in very deed they are too hard and sore.
Why feare I least you stranger whom I neuer saw before
Should perish? what should be the cause of this my feare so great?
Vnhappy wench (and if thou canst) suppresse this vncouth heat
That burneth in thy tender brest, and if so be I could,
A happy turne it were, and more at ease then be I should.
But now an vncouth maladie perforce against my will

Doth

Doth hale me. Loue perswades me one, another thing my skil.
The best I see and like: the worst I follow head-long still.
Why being of the royall blood so fondly dost thou raue,
Vpon a stranger thus to dote, desiring for to haue
An husband of an other world? at home thou mightest finde
A louer meete for thine estate on whom to set thy minde.
And yet it is but euen a chaunce if he shall liue or no:
God graunt him for to liue. I may without offence pray so,
Although I lou'd him not: for what hath Iason trespast me?
Who would not pitty Iasons youth vnlesse they cruell be?
What creature is there but his birth aud prowesse might him moue?
And setting all the rest aside, who would not be in loue
With Iasons goodly personage? my heart assuredly
Is thuch't therewith. But if that I prouide not remedy,
With burning breath of blasting bulls needs sindged must he bee.
Of seedes that he himselfe must sow a haruest shall he see
Of armed men in battell-ray vpon the ground vp grow
Against the which it houeth him his man-hood for to show.
And as a pray he must be set against the Dragon fell.
If I these things let come to passe, I may confesse right well
That of a Tyger I was bred: and that within my brest
A heart more hard than any steele or stony rocke doth rest.
Why rather do I not his death with wrathfull eyes beholde:
And ioy with others seeing him to vtter perrill solde?
Why do I not enforce the Bulles against him? why I say
Exhort I not the cruell men which shall in battell ray
Arise against him from the ground? and that same Dragon too
Within whose eyes came neuer sleepe? God shield I should so doo.
But prayer smally bootes, except I put to helping hand.
And shall I like a Caytife then betray my fathers land?
Shall I a stranger saue whom we nor none of ours doth know?
That he by me preserued may without me homeward row?
And take another to his wife, and leaue me wretched wight
To torments? If I wist that he could worke me such a spight,
Or could in any others loue than only mine delight,
The Churle should die for me. But sure he beareth not the face
Like one that would do so. His birth, his courage, and his grace
Do put me cleerely out of doubt he will not me deceyue,

No nor forget the great good turnes he shall by me receyue.
Yet shall he to me first his faith for more assurance plight
And solemnely he shall be sworne to keepe the couenant right,
Why fearst thou now without a cause? step to it out of hand:
And doe not any lenger thus lingring fondly stand.
For ay shall Iason thinke himselfe beholding vnto thée:
And shall thée marrie solemnely: yea honoured shalt thou bée
Of all the mothers great and small throughout the Townes of Créete
For sauing of their sonnes that come to fetch the golden Fléece,
And shall I then leaue brother, sister, father, kith and kin,
And house-hold Gods, and natiue soyle, and all that is therein,
And sayle I know not whether with a stranger? Yea: Why not?
My father surely cruell is, my Country rude God wot:
My brother yet a very babe: my sister I dare say
Contented is with all her heart that I should go away.
The greatest God is in my selfe: the things I do forsake
Are trifles in comparison of those that I shall take.
For sauing of the Créekish ship renowned shall I bée.
A better place I shall enioy with Citties rich and fée,
Whose fame doth flourish freshly euen héere, and people that excell
In ciuill life and all good artes: and whom I would not sell
For all the goods within the world, Duke Aesons noble sonne.
Whom had I to my lawfull Féere assuredly once wonne,
Most happie, yea, and blest of God I might my selfe account,
And with my head aboue the starres to Heauen I should surmount.
But men report that certaine rockes (I know not what) do mete
Amid the waues, and monstrously againe asunder fléete:
And how Charibdis vtter foe to ships that passe thereby
Now swopeth in now speweth out the Sea vncessantly:
And rauening Scylla being hem'd with cruell dogs about,
Amids the gulfe of Sicilie doth make a barking out.
What skilleth that? as long as I enioy the the thing I loue:
And hang about my Iasons necke, it shall no whit me moue
To sayle the dangerous Seas: as long as him I may embrace
I cannot surely be afrayd in any kind of case.
Or if I chance to be afrayd, my feare shall onely tend
But for my husband. Callste thou him thy husband? doost pretend
Any titles to thy sonle offence Medea? nay not so:

But rather looke about how great a lewdnesse thou doost go.
And shun the mischiefe while thou mayst She had no sooner sayd
These words, but right and godlinesse and shamefastnesse were stayd
Before her eyes, and franticke loue did flie away dismayd.
She went me to an alter that was dedicate of olde
To Perseys daughter Hecatee (of whom the Witches hold
As of their Goddesse) standing in a thicke and secret wood
So close it could not well be spide: and now the raging mood
Of furious loue was well alayd and clearely put to flight:
When spying Aesons sonne, the flame that seemed quenched quight
Did kindle out of hand againe. Her cheekes began to glow
And flushing ouer all her face the scarlet blood did flow.
And euen as when a little sparke that was in ashes hid,
Uncouered with the wisking winds is from the ashes rid,
Eftsoones it taketh nourishment and kindleth in such wise
That to his former strength againe, and flaming it doth rise:
Euen so her quailed loue which late ye would haue thought had quight
Been banisht out of mind: as soone as Iason came in sight
Did kindle to his former force in viewing of the grace
With which he did auaunce himselfe then comming there in place.
And (as it chaunced) farre more faire and beautifull of face
She thought him then than euer erst, but sure it doth behoue
Her iudgement should be borne withall because she was in loue.
She gap't and gazed in his face with fixed staring eyen
As though she neuer had him seen before that instant time.
So farre she was beside her selfe she thought it should not bee
The face of any worldly wight the which shee then did see.
She was not able for her life to turne her eyes away.
But when he tooke her by the hand and speaking gan to pray
Her softly for to succour him, and promisde faithfully
To take her to his wedded wife, she falling by and by
A weeping, sayd, Sir: what I doo I see apparantly,
Not want of knowledge of the truth, but loue shall me deceiue.
You shall be saued by my meanes. And now I must receiue
A faithfull promise at your hand for sauing of your life.
He made a solemne vow, and sware to take her to his wife,
By triple Hecats holy Rites, and by what other power
So euer else had residence within that secret bower.

And by the fire of him that should his father in law become,
Who all things doth behold, and as he hopte to ouer-come
The dreadfull dangers which he had sone after to assay.
Duke Iason being credited receiu'd of her straight way
Enchaunted hearbes: and hauing learnde the vsage of the same,
Departed thence with merrie heart, and to his lodging came.
Next morne had chasse the streaming stars: and folke by heaps did flock
To Martis sacred field, and there stood thronging in a shock
To see the strange pastimes. The King most stately to behold
With purple face aboue them all did sit in throne of gold.
Anon the Brazen-houed Bulles from stonie nosethrils cast
Out flakes of fire their scalding breath the growing grasse did blast.
And like what noyse a chimney full of burning fewell makes,
Or Flint in softning in the Well when first the fire it takes
By sprinkling water thereupon: such noyse their boyling brests
Turmoyling with the firie flames enclosed in their chests,
Such noyse their scorched throte-bolles make, yet stoutly Iason went
To mete them. They their dreadfull eyes against him grimly bent,
And eke their hornes with yron tipt: and strake the dust about
In stamping with their clouen cles: and with their bellowing out
Set all the field vpon a smoke. The Myneis sering that,
Were past their wits with sudden feare, but Iason feled nat
So much as any breath of theirs: such strength hath sorcerie.
Their Dangling Dew-laps with his hand he coyd vnfearefully.
And putting yokes vpon their necks he forced them to draw
The heauie burthen of the plough which erst they neuer saw.
And for to breake the field which erst had neuer felt the share,
The men of Colchos sering this like men amazed fare.
The Myneis with their shouting out, their mazednesse augment.
And vnto Iason there withall giue more encouragement.
Then in a souldiers cap of Steele, a Vipers teth he takes,
And sowes them in the new plowde field The ground then soking makes
The sede fore-steepte in poyson strong, both supple, lithe, and soft,
And of these teth a right strange grayne there growes anon aloft.
For euen as in the mothers wombe an infant doth begin
To take the liuely shape of man. and formed is within
To due proportion peece by peece in euery limme, and when
Full ripe he is, he takes the vse of ayre with other men:

So when that of the Vipers teeth the perfect ſhape of man
Within the bowels of the earth was formed, they began
To riſe together orderly vpon the fruitefull field:
And (which a greater wounder is) immediately they weild
Their weapons growing vp with them, whom when the Greeks beheld
Preparing for to puſh their pikes (which ſharpely headed were)
In Iaſons face, downe went their heads, their hearts did faint for feare:
And alſo ſhe that made him ſafe began aſhaft to bee.
For when againſt one naked man ſo huge an armie ſhee
Beheld of armed enmies bent, her colour did abate
And ſodainely both voyd of blod and liuely heate ſhe ſate.
And leaſt, the chaunted words the which ſhe had him giuen before
Should fayle at need, a helping charme ſhe whiſpred euermore,
And practiz'd other ſecret Artes the which ſhe kept in ſtore.
He caſting ſtraight a mightie ſtone amid his thickeſt foes,
Doth voyd the battell from himſelfe and turnes it vnto thoſe.
Theſe earth-bread brothers by and by did one another wound
And neuer ceaſed till that all lay dead vpon the ground
The Greekes were glad in their armes did claſp their Champion ſtout,
And clinging to him earneſtly embraced him about.
And thou, O fond Medea too, couldſt well haue found in hart
Thy Champion for to haue embraſte, but that with-held thou wart
By ſhamefaſtneſſe. And yet thou hadſt embraced him, if dread
Of ſtayning of thine honor had not ſtayd thee in that ſtead.
But yet as farre forth as thou mayſte, thou doſte in heart reioyce,
And ſecretly (although without expreſſing it in voyce)
Doſte thanke thy charmes and eke the Gods as authors of the ſame.
Now was remaining as the laſt concluſion of this game,
By force of chaunted hearbs to make the watchfull Dragon ſleepe
Within whoſe eyes came neuer winke: who had in charge to keepe
The goodly Tree vpon the which the Golden Fleeces hung.
With creſted head, and hooked pawes, and triple-ſpirting tong
Right vglie was he to behould: when Iaſon had beſprent
Him with the iuice of certaine hearbs from Lethey riuer ſent,
And thrise had mumbled certaine words, which are of force to caſt
So ſound a ſleepe on things, that euen as dead a time they laſt,
Which make the raging ſurges calme, and flowing riuers ſtay:
The dreadfull Dragon by and by (whoſe eyes before that day

Wak

Wilt neuer erst what sléeping meant) did fall so fast aslépe,
That Iason softly tooke the Fléece of gold that he did kéepe.
Of which his bootie béeing proud, he led with him away
The author of his good successe another fairer pray.
And so with conquest and a wife he lost from Colchos strond,
And in Larissa Hauen safe did go againe a lond.
The ancient men of Thessalie together with their wiues
To Church with offrings gone for saning of their childrens liues.
Great heapes of fuming frankinscence were fired in the flame,
And vowed Bulles to sacrifice with hornes faire gilded came,
But from this great solemnitie Duke Aeson was away,
Now at deaths doore and spent with yéeres. Then Iason thus gan say:
O wife, to whom I do confesse I owe my selfe in déede,
Though all things thou to me hast giuen, and thy deserts exceede
Relése: yet if enchauntment can, (for what so hard appeares
Which strong enchauntment cannot doe?) abate thou from my yeares,
And adde them to my fathers life. As he these words did speake
The teares were standing in his eyes. His godly sute did breake
Medeas heart: who therewithall bethought her of her Sire
In leaning whom she had exprest a farre vnlike desire.
But yet bewraying not her thoughts, she sayd: O husband fye,
What wickednesse hath scapt your mouth? suppose you then that I
Am able of your life the terme where I will to bestow?
Let Hecat neuer suffer that. Your sute (as well you know)
Against all right and reason is. But I will put in proofe
A greater gift than you require and more for your behoofe.
I will assay your fathers life by cunning to prolong,
And not with your yeares for to make him yong againe and strong.
So our three-formed Goddesse graunt with present helpe to stand
A further of the great attempt the which I take in hand.
Before the Mone should circle-wise close both her hornes in one,
Three nights were yet as then to come. A soone as that she shone
Best full of light, and did behold the earth with fulsome face,
Medea with her haire not trust so much as in a lace,
But flaring on her shoulders twaine, and barefoote, with her gowne
Ungirded, gate her out of doores and wandring vp and downe
Alone the dead time of the night. Both Man, and Beast, and Bird
Were fast a slépe, the serpents slie in trayling forward strid

So softly as ye would haue thought they still aslæpe had bæne.
The moysting Ayre was whist, no leafe ye could haue mouing sæne.
The starres alonely faire and bright did in the welken shine,
To which she lifting vp her hands did thrise her selfe encline:
And thrise with water of the brooke her heare besprinkled thær:
And gasping thrise she opte her mouth: and bowing downe her knæ
Upon the bare hard ground, she sayd: O trustie time of night
Most faithfull vnto priuites, O golden starres whose light
Doth iontly with the Mone succæde the beames that blaze by day,
And thou thræ headed Hecatee who knowest best the way
To compasse this our great attempt and art our chiefest stay:
Ye Charmes & Witchcrafts, & thou Earth which both with hearbe & word
Of mightie working furnishest the Wizards at their nede:
Ye Ayres and windes: ye Clues of Hilles, of Brookes, of Woods alone,
Of standing Lakes, and of the Night approche ye euerychone.
Through helpe of whom (the crooked bankes much wondring at the thing)
I haue compelled streames to run cleane backward to their spring.
By charmes I make the calme seas rough, & make the rough seas playne.
And couer all the Skie with clouds and chase them thence againe.
By charmes I raise and lay the windes, and burst the Vipers iaw.
And from the bowels of the earth both stones and trees do draw.
Whole woods and Forrests I remoue: I make the Mountaine shake,
And euen the earth it selfe to grone and fearefully to quake.
I call vp dead men from their graues, and thær O lightsome Mone
I darken oft, though beaten brasse abate thy perill sone.
Our Sorcerie dimmes the morning faire, & darkes the Sun at Mone.
The flaming breath of fierie Bulles ye quenched for my sake
And caused their vnwieldy neckes the bended yoke to take.
Among the earth-bred brothers you a mortall warre did set,
And brought aslæpe the Dragon fell whose eyes were neuer shet.
By meanes whereof deceiuing him that had the Golden Flæce
In charge to kæpe, you sent it thence by Iason into Greece.
Now haue I nede of herbs that can by vertue of their iuice
To flowring prime of lustie youth old withred age reduce.
I am assurde ye will it graunt. For not in vaine haue shone
These twinckling starres, ne yet in vaine this Chariot all alone
By draught of Dragons hither comes. With that was fro the Skie
A Chariot softly glaunced downe, and stayed hard thereby.

Assone as she had gotten vp, and with her hand had coyd
The Dragons reined neckes, and with their bridles somewhat toyd,
They mounted with her in the ayre, whence loking downe she saw
The pleasant Temp of Thessalie, and made her Dragons draw
To places further from resort: and there she toke the view,
What hearbes on hie mount Pelion, and what on Ossa grew.
And what on mountaine Othris and on Pyndus growing were,
And what Olympus (greater than mount Pyndus farre) did beare.
Such hearbs of them as liked her, she pulde vp rote and rynd,
Or cropt them with a hooked knife. And many she did find
Upon the bankes of Apidane agreeing to her mind:
And many at Amphrisus fordes: and thou Enipeus eke
Didst yeld her many pretty words of which she well did like.
Peneus and Sperchius streames contributary were,
And so were Bœbes rushie bankes of such as growed there.
About Anthedon which against the Ile Eubœa stands,
A certaine kind of liuely grasse she gathred with her hands,
The name whereof was scarcely knowen or what the hearbe could do
Until that Glaucus afterward was changed thereinto.
Nine daies with winged Dragons drawne, nine nights in Chariot swift
She searching euery field and frith from place to place did shift.
She was no sooner home return'd but that the Dragons fell
Which lightly of her gathered hearbes had taken but the smell,
Did cast their soughs and with their soughs their riuled age forgo.
She would none other house than heauen to hide her head as tho:
But kept her still without the doores. And as for man was none
That once might touch her. Altars twaine of Turfe she builded: one
Upon her left-hand vnto Youth, another on the right
To triple Hecat. Both the which assone as she had dight
With Veruin and with other shrubbes that on the fields do rise,
Not farre from thence she digs two pits: and making sacrifice
Did cut a couple of blacke Rams throtes and filled with their blood
The open pits, on which she powrde of warme milke pure and good
A boll-full, and another boll of hony clarifide.
And babbling to her selfe therewith full bitterly she cryde
On Pluto and his rauisht wife the soueraigne States of Hell,
And all the Elues and Gods that on or in the Earth do dwell,
To spare old Æson life a while, and not in hast depriue

His limmes of that same aged soule which kept them yet aliue.
Whom when shee had sufficiently with mumbling long besought,
Shee bad that Aesons feebled corse should out of doores be brought
Before the Altars. Then with charmes she cast him in so deepe
A slumber, that vpon the hearbs he lay for dead asleepe.
Which done, she willed Iason thence a great way off to go,
And likewise all the ministers that serued her as tho:
And not presume those secrets with vnhallowed eyes to see.
They did as she commanded them. When all were voyded, shee
With scattred haire about her eares like one of Bacchus Froes
Deuoutly by and by about the burning Altars goes:
And dipping in the pits of bloud a sort of clifted brands
Vpon the Altars kindled them that were on both her hands.
And thrise with brimstone, thrise with fire, and thrise with water pure
Shee purged Aesons aged corse that slept and slumbred sure.
The medcine seething all the while a wallop in a pan
Of brasse, to spirt and leape a loft and gather froth began.
There boyled she the rots, seeds, flowres, leaues, stalks & iuice togither
Which from the fields of Thessalie she late had gathered thither.
Shee cast in also precious stones fetcht from the furthest East
And which the ebbing Ocean washt fine grauell from the West,
Shee put thereto the dewe that fell vpon a Monday night:
And flesh and fethers of a Witch a cursed odious wight
Which in the likenesse of an Owle abroad a nights did flie,
And Infants in their cradels change, or sucke them that they dye.
The singles also of a * Wolfe which when he list could take * A ware Wolfe.
The shape of man, and when he list the same againe forsake,
And from the Riuer Cyni; his which is in Lybie land
Shee had the fine shere scaled filmes of water-snayles at hand.
And of an endlesse-liued hert the liuer had she got.
To which she added of a Crow that then had liued not
So little as nine hundred yeares, the head and Will also.
Now when Medea had with these and with a thousand mo
Such other kind of nameless things bestead her purpose through
For lengthning of the old mans life she toke a withered bough
Cut lately from an Oliue-tree, and iumbling all togither
Did rayse the bottome to the brim: and as she stirred hither
And thither with the withered sticke, behold it wexed greene,

Anon

Anon the leaues came budding out: and sodainly were seene
As many Berries dangling downe as well the bough could beare.
And where the fire had from the pan the scumming cast, or where
The scalding drops did fall, the ground did spring-like flourish there,
And flowers with fodder fine and soft immediatly arose.
Which when Medea did behold, with naked knife she goes
And cuts the old mans throat: and letting all his old bloud go,
Supplyes it with the boyled iuice: the which when Aeson tho
Had at his mouth or at his wound receiued in, his haire
As well of head as beard from gray to cole blacke turned were.
His leane, pale, hore and withered corse grew fullsome, faire, and fresh:
His furrowed wrinkles were fulfild with yong and lustie flesh,
His limmes wext frolicke, baine and lith: at which he wondring much,
Remembred that at fortie yeares he was the same or such.
And as from dull vnwieldsome age to youth he backward drew:
Euen so a liuely youthfull spright did in his heart renew.
The wonder of this monstrous act had Bacchus seene from hy
And finding that to youthfull yeares his Nurses might thereby
Restored be, did at her hand receiue it as a gift.
And least deceitfull guile should cease, Medea found a shift
To feyne that Iason and her selfe were falne at oddes in wroth:
And thereupon in humible wise to Pelias Court she goth.
Where forbecause the king himselfe was feebled sore with age,
His daughters entertainde her whom Medea being sage,
Within a while through false pretence of feyned friendship brought
To take her baite. For as she told what pleasure she had wrought
For Iason: and among the rest as greatest sadly told
How she had made his father yong that withred was and old,
And tarryed long vpon that poynt: they hoped glad and faine
That their old father might likewise his youthfull yeares regaine.
And this they craving instantly did proffer for her paine,
What recompence she would desire. She held her peace a while
As though she doubted what to do: and with her suttle guile
Of counterfeiting grauitie more eager did them make.
Assone as she had promisde them to do it for their sake,
For more assurance of my graunt, your selues (quoth she) shall see
The oldest Ram in all your flocke a Lambe straight made to be.
By force of my confections strong. Immediatly a Ram

So old that no man thereabouts remembred him a Lam,
Was thither (by his warped hornes which turned inward to
His hollow temples) drawne, whose withered throte she slit in two,
And when she cleane had drained out that little bloud that was:
Upon the fire with hearbs of strength she set a pan of brasse
And cast his carcasse thereinto. The medcine did abate
The largenesse of his limbs, and seard his dossers from his pate,
And with his hornes abridge his yeares: anon was plainly heard
The bleating of a new yeand Lambe from mid the kettle-ward,
And as they wondred for to heare the bleating, streight the Lam
Leapt out, and frisking ran to seeke the udder of some Dam.
King Pelias daughters were amazd and when they did behold
Her promise come to such effect, they were a thousand fold
More earnest at her than before. Thrice Phœbus hauing pluckt
The collars from his horses neckes, in Iber had them duckt.
And now in Heauen the streaming starres the fourth night shined clere,
When false Medea on the fire had hanged water there,
With hearbes that had no power at all. The King and all his gard
Which had the charge that night about his person for to ward,
Where through her night-spels and her charmes in deadly sleepe allcast.
And Pelias daughters with the Witch which egd them forward, past
Into his chamber by the watch, and compast in his bed.
Then, wherefore stand ye doubting thus like soles Medea sed?
On, draw your swords, and let ye out his old bloud, that I may
Fill vp his empty vaines againe with youthfull bloud straight way.
Your fathers life is in your hands: it lyeth now in you,
To haue him old and withered still, or yong and lusty. Now
If any nature in you be and that ye do not seed
A fruitlesse hope, your dutie to your father do with speed:
Erpulse his age by sword, and let the filthy matter out.
Through these perswasions which of them soeuer went about
To shew her selfe most naturall, became the first that wrought
Against all nature: and for feare she should be wicked thought,
She executes the wickednesse which most to shun she sought.
Yet was not any one of them so bold that durst abide
To loke vpon their father when she strake, but wride aside
Her eyes: and so their cruel hands not marking where they hit,
With faces turnd another way at all aduenture smit.

He all beweltred in his bloud awaked with the ſmart,
And maim'd and mangled as he was did giue a ſodaine ſtart,
Endeauoring to haue riſen vp, but when he did behold
Himſelfe among ſo many ſwords, he lifting by his old
Pale waryiſh armes, ſayd: daughters mine what do ye? who hath put
Theſe wicked weapons in your hands your fathers throat to cut?
With that their hearts and hands did faint. And as he talked yt,
Medea breaking of his words, his wind-pipe quickly ſlit,
And in the ſcalding liquor torne did drowne him by and by.
But had ſhe not with winged wormes ſtraight mounted in the ſkie
She had not ſcaped puniſhment: but flying vp on hie
She ouer shady Pelion flew where Chyron erſt did dwell.
And ouer Othrys and the grounds renownde for that befell
To ancient Ceramb: who ſuch time as old Deucalions flood
Vpon the face of all the earth like one maine water ſtood,
By helpe of Nymphs with feathered wings was in the ayer lift,
And ſo eſcaped from the flood vndrowned by the ſhift.
She left Aeolian Petanie vpon her left hand: and
The Serpent that became a ſtone vpon the Lesbian ſand.
And Ida woods where Bacchus hid a Bullocke (as is ſayd)
In ſhape of Stag the which his ſonne had thæuiſhly conuayd.
And where the Sire of Corytus lies buried in the duſt.
The fields which Meras (when he firſt did into barking burſt)
Affraid with ſtrangeneſſe of the noyſe. And eke Eurypils towne
In which the wiues of Cos had hornes like Oren on their crowne
Such times as Hercles with his hoſte departed from the Ile.
And Rhodes to Phœbus conſecrate: and Ialyſe where ere while
The Telchines with their noyſome ſight did euery thing bewitch.
At which their hainous wickedneſſe Ioue taking rightfull pitch,
Did drowne them in his brothers waues. Horeouer ſhe did paſſe
By Coos and old Carthey walles where Sir Alcidamas
Did wonder how his daughter ſhould be turned to a Doue.
The Swanny Temp and Hyries Pole ſhe beheld from aboue,
The which a ſodaine Swan did haunt. For Phyllie there for loue
Of Hyries ſonne did at his bidding Birds and Lions tame,
And being wild to breake a Bull performed ſtreight the ſame:
Till wrothfull that his loue ſo oft ſo ſtreightly ſhould him vſe,
When for his laſt reward he aſkt the Bull, he did refuſe

To

To giue it him The boy diſpleaſ'd, ſayd, well: thou wilt anon
Repent thou gaue it not: and leapt downe head-long from a ſtone.
They all ſuppoſde he had bene fallen: but being made a Swan
With ſnowy feathers in the ayre to flacker he began.
His mother Hyrie knowing not he was preſerued ſo,
Reſolued into melting teares for penſiuenesſe and wo.
And made the Pole that beares her name. Not far from hence doth ſtand
The citie Pieuron, where ſometime by mounting from the land
With wauing pinions Ophyes ympe Dame Combe did eſchue
Her children which with naked ſwords to ſlea her did purſue.
Anon ſhe ken'd Calaurie fields which did ſometime pertaine
To chaſte Diana, where a King and eke his wife both twaine
Were turn'd to birds. Cyllene hill vpon her right hand ſtood,
In which Menephron like a beaſt of wilde and ſauage mood
To force his mother did attempt. Farre thence ſhe eſpy'd where ſad
Cephiſus mourned for his Nece whom Phœbus turned had
To vgly shape of ſwelling Seale: and Eumelles palace faire
Lamenting for his ſonnes miſchance with whewling in the ayre.
At Corinth with her winged Snakes at length ſhe did arriue.
Here men (ſo ancient fathers ſayd that were as then aliue)
Did heard of dearly Hushommes. But after that her teene
With burning of her husbands Bride by Witch-craft wreak't had been
And that King Creons Pallace ſhe on blazing fire had ſene,
And in her owne deere childrens bloud had bath'd her wicked knife
Not like a mother but a beaſt bereauing them of life:
Leaſt Iaſon ſhould haue puniſht her, ſhe toke her winged Snakes,
And flying thence againe in haſte to Pallas Citie makes,
Which ſaw the ancient Periphas and righteous Phiney too
Togither flying, and the Nece of Polypemon who
Was faſtened to a paire of wings as well as tother two.
Aegeus entertayned her wherein he was too blame
Although he had no further gone but ſtayd vpon the ſame,
He thought it not to be ynough to vſe her as his gueſt
Vnleſſe he toke her to his wife. And now was Theſey preſt,
Vnknowne vnto his father yet, who by his knightly force
Had ſet from robbers cleare the balke that makes the ſtreight diuorce
Betweene the ſeas Ionian and Aegean. To haue kil'd
This worthy Knight, Medea had a Goblet ready fil'd

With

With iuyce of Flint-wood venemous, the which ſhe long ago
Had out of Scithie with her brought The common braute is ſo
That of the teeth of Cerberus this Flintwood firſt did grow.
There is a caue that gapeth wide with darkſome entry low,
There goes a way ſcope downe by which with triple chayne made new
Of ſtrong and ſturdy Adamant the valiant Hercle drew
The curriſh Helhound Cerberus: who dragging arſward ſtil,
And writhing backe his ſcowling eyes becauſe he had no ſkill
To ſee the Sun and open day, for very mody wroth
Three barkings yelled out at once, and ſpit his flauering froth
Upon the greeniſh graſſe. This froth (as men ſuppoſe) toke roote
And thriuing in the batling ſoyle, in burgeous forth did ſhoote,
To bane and miſchiefe men with all: and forbecauſe the ſame
Did grow vpon the bare hard flints, folke gaue the forſayd name
Of Flint-wood there vnto. The king by egging of his Queene
Did reach his ſonne this bane, as if he had his enmie beene.
And Theſey of this treaſon wrought not knowing ought had tane
The goblet at his fathers hand which hild his deadly bane:
When ſodainly by the Iuory hilts that were vpon his ſword,
Aegeus knew he was his ſonne, and riſing from the bord,
Did ſtrike the miſchiefe from his mouth Medea with a charme
Did caſt a miſt and ſo ſcapt death deſerued for the harme
Intended. Now albeit that Aegeus were right glad,
That in the ſauing of his ſonne ſo happy chance he had:
Yet grieued it his heart full ſore, that ſuch a wicked wight
With treaſon wrought againſt his ſon ſhould ſcape ſo cleare and quight.
Then fell he vnto kindling fire on altars euery where,
And glutted all the Gods with gifts. The thicke neck'd oxen were
With garlands wreath'd about their hornes knocht downe for ſacrifice.
A day of more ſolemnity than this did neuer riſe
Before in Athens (by report.) The ancients of the towne
Made feaſts, ſo did the meaner ſort, and euery common clowne.
And as the wine did ſharpe their wits, they ſung this ſong: O knight
Of pareleſſe proweſſe Theſeus, thy manhod and thy might
Through all the coaſt of Marathon with worthy honour ſounds,
For killing of the Cretiſh bull that waſted thoſe ſame grounds:
The folke of Cremion thinke themſelues beholden vnto thee.
For that without diſquietting their fields may tilled be.

By thee the land of Epidaure hath seene the clubbish sonne
Of Vulcane dead. By thee likewise the country that doth runne
A long Cephisus Bankes beheld the fell Procrustes slaine.
The dwelling place of Ceres our Eleusis glad and faine
Beheld the death of Cercyon. That orpid Sinis who
Abusde his strength in bending trees and tying solke thereto,
Their limmes a sunder for to teare when loosened from the stops
The trees vnto their proper place did trice their strained tops,
Was kil d by thee. Thou made the way that leadeth to the towne
Alchathoe in Beotia cleare by putting Scyron downe.
To this same out-lawes scattered bones the land denyed rest,
And likewise did the Sea refuse to harbour such a guest:
Till after floating too and fro long-while as men do say
At length they hardned into stones: and at this present day
The stones are called Scyrons cliffes. Now if we should account
Thy deeds together with thy yeares, thy deeds would farre surmount
Thy yeres. For thee most valiant Prince these publique vowes we keepe
For thee with cheerefull hearts we quaffe these bowls of wine so deepe.
The Pallace also of the noyse and shouting did resound
The which the people made for ioy. There was not to be found
In all the Citie any place of sadnesse. Nathelesse
(So hard it is of perfect ioy to find so great excesse,
But that some sorrow therewithall is medled more or lesse)
Ægeus had not in his sonnes recouery such delight,
But that there followed in the necke a piece of Fortunes spight.
King Mynos was preparing warre, who though he had great store
Of ships and souldiers, yet the wrath the which he had before
Conceiued in his fathers brest for murthring of his sonne
Androgeus, made him farre more strong and fiercer for to ronne
To rightfull battell to reuenge the great displeasure donne.
Howbeit he thought it best ere he his warfare did begin
To find the meanes of forraine ayd, some friendship for to win.
And thereupon with flying fleete where passage did permit
He went to visit all the Iles that in those Seas do sit.
Anon the Iles Astypaley, and Anaphey both twaine
The first constrainde for feare of warre, the last in hope of gaine
Tooke part with him. Low Myconey did also with him hold,
So did the chalkie Cymoley, and Syphney which of old

Was

Was very rich with veines of gold, and Scyros full of bold
And valiant men, and Seryphey the Smothe: or latter fell,
And Parey which for Marble stone doth beare away the bell.
And Sichney which a wicked wench cal'd Arne did betray
For money: who vpon receit thereof without delay
Was turned to a bird, which yet of gold is gripple still,
And is as blacke as any cole, both feathers, feete and bill:
A Cadowe is the name of her. But yet Oliarey
And Didemey, and Andrey eke, and Tene, and Gyarey,
And Pepareth where Olive trees most plenteously do grow,
In no wise would agree their helpe on Minos to bestow.
Then Minos turning left-hand wise, did sayle to Oenopee,
Where reign'd that time king Aeacus. This Ile had called bee
Of olde by name of Oenopee: but Aeacus turn'd the name,
And after of his mothers name, Aegina cal'd the same.
The common folke ranne out by heapes desirous for to see
A man of such renowne as Minos byted was to bee.
The kings three sonnes Duke Telamon, Duke Peley and the young
Duke Phocus went to meete with him. Olde Aeacus also cloung
With age, came after leasurely, and asking him the cause
Of his repayre. Ther Ruler of the hundred Shires gan pause,
And musing on the inward griefe that nipt him at the hart,
Did shape him answere thus: O Prince vouchsafe to take my part
In this same godly warre of mine: assist me in the iust
Reuengement of my murdred sonne, that slaepeth in the dust:
I craue your comfort for his death. Aeginas sonne reply'd,
Thy sute is vaine, and of my Realme perforce must be deny'd.
For vnto Athens is no land more sure then this ally'd
Such Leagues betweene vs are, which shall inuring'd for me abide.
Away went Minos, sad, and sayd: Full dearely shalt thou buy
Thy Leagues. He thought it for to be a better pollicie
To threaten warre, then warre to make, and thereto spend his store
And strength: which in his other needs might much auails him more.
As yet might from Oenopia walles the Cretish Flaete be ken'd,
When thither-ward with puffing sayles and winde at will did tend
A ship from Athens which anon arriuing at the strand
Set Sephal with ambassage from his Country-men a land.
The kings three sonnes though long it were since last they had him seene:

Yet

Yet knew they him: and after old acquaintance eft had bene
Renewed by shaking hands, to Court they did him straight conuay.
This Prince which did allure the eyes of all men by the way,
As in whose stately person still remained to be seene
The markes of beautie which in flowre of former yeres had bene,
Went holding out an Oliue-braunch that grew in Atticke land:
And for the reuerence of his age there went on either hand
A noble man of yonger yeres. Sir Clytus on the right,
And Butes on the left, the sonne of one that Pallas hight.
When greeting first had past betweene these Nobles and the King,
Then Cephall setting straight a broch the message he did bring,
Desired ayde: and shewde what Leagues stood then in force betweene
His countrey and the Aeginites, and also what had beene
Decreed betwixt their Ancestors, concluding in the end
That vnder colour of this warre which Minos did pretend
To onely Athens, he in deede the conquest did entend
Of all Achaia. When he thus by helpe of learned skill
His countrey message furthred had. King Aeacus leaning still
His left hand on his scepter, sayd: My Lords, I would not haue
Your State of Athens seeme so strange as succor here to craue.
I pray commaund. For be ye sure that what this Ile can make,
Is yours. Yea, all that ere I haue shall hazard for your sake.
I want no strength. I haue such store of souldiars that I may
Both vere my foes and also kepe my Realme in quiet stay.
And now I thinke me blest of God that time doth serue to show
Without excuse the great good will that I to Athens ow.
God hold it, sir (quoth Cephalus) God make the number grow
Of people in this Towne of yours. It did me good alate
When such a goodly sort of youth of all one age and rate
Did mete me in the street. But yet me thinks that many misse
Which at my former being here I haue beheld ere this.
At that the King did sigh, and thus with plaintfull voyce did say.
A sad beginning afterward in better lucke did stay.
I would I plainely could the same before your faces lay.
Howbeit I will disorderly repeate it as I may.
And least I seeme to weary you with ouer long delay,
The men that you so mindfully enquire for, lie in ground,

And

And nought of them ſaue bones and duſt remayneth to be found.
But as it hapt what loſſe thereby did vnto me redound?
A cruell plague through Iunos wrath who dreadfully did hate
This Land that of her huſbands Loue did take the name alate,
Vpon my people fell: as long as that the maladie
None other ſorme of than ſuch as haunts mans nature vſually,
And of ſo great mortalitie the hurtfull cauſe was hie,
We ſtroue by Phiſicke of the ſame the Pacients for to rid.
The miſchiefe ouer-maſtred Art: yea, Phiſicke was to ſeke
To do it ſelfe good. Firſt the Ayre with foggie ſtinking reke
Did dayly ouer dirke the earth: and cloſe calme Clouds did make
The weather faint: & while the Mone foure times her light did take
And fil'd her emptie hornes therewith, and did as often ſlake:
The warme Southwinds with deadly heat continually did blow.
Infected were the ſprings and Ponds, and ſtreames that ebbe and flow.
And ſwarmes of Serpents crawl'd about the fields that lay vntil'd,
Which with their poyſon euen the brookes and running waters fil'd
In ſodaine dropping downe of Dogs, of Horſes, sharpe, and kine,
Of Birds and Beaſts both wild & tame, as Oxen, Wolues, & Swine.
The miſchiefe of this ſecret ſore firſt outwardly appeares.
The wretched Plow-man was amazd to ſee his ſturdy Steeres
Amid the furrow ſinking downe ere halfe his worke was done.
Whole flockes of sharpe did faintly bleate, and therewithall begonne
Their fleeces for to fall away and leaue their naked ſkin,
And all their bodies with the rot attainted were within.
The luſtie Horſe that erſt was fierce in field renowne to win
Againſt his kinde grew cowardly: and now forgetting quight
The ancient honour which he preaſt ſo oft to get in fight,
Stood ſighing ſadly at the Racke as waiting for to yeld
His wearie life without renowne of combate in the field.
The Boare to chaſe, the Hinde to runne, the cruell beare to fall
Vpon the heards of Rother Beaſts had now no luſt at all.
A languriſhing was ſaine on all. In wayes, in woods, and playnes
The filthy carions lay, whoſe ſtinch the Ayre it ſelfe diſtaines.
(A wondrous thing to tell) not Dogs nor rauening fowles, nor yit
Horſe-eoted Wolues would once attempt to taſte of them a bit.
Loke where they fell there rotted they: and with their ſauor bred
More harme, and further ſtill abroade the fowle infection ſpred.

With

With lothe that touched yet more nere, on Husband-men it crept,
And ragingly within the walles of this great cittie stept.
It toke men first with swelting heate, that scalt their guts within,
The signes whereof were steaming breath and firie colour'd skin.
The tongue was harsh & swolne, the mouth through drought of burning
Lay gaping vp to hale in breath and as the patient striues, (veynes
To draw it in, he suckes therewith corrupted Ayre beside.
No bed, no clothes though nere so thinne the pacients could abide.
But layd their hardned stomakes flat against the bare cold ground,
Yet no abatement of the heate therein their bodies found,
But heate the earth, and as for Leache was none that helpe could bight
The Surgeans and Phisitians too were in the selfe same plight.
Their cureles cunning hurt themselues. The nerer any man
Approched his diseased friend and doth the best he can
To succour him most faythfully, the sooner did he catch
His bane. All hope of health was gone. No easement nor dispatch
Of this disease except in death and buriall did they finde.
Loke whereunto that each mans minde and fancie was enclinde,
That followed hee. He neuer past what was for his behoofe.
For why? that nought could do them good was felt to much by proofe,
In euery place without respect, of shame or honestie
At Wels, at brookes, at ponds, at pits by swarmes they thronging lie:
But sooner might they quench their life than stanch their thirst thereby.
And therewithall so heauie and vnwieldy they become,
That wanting power to rise againe, they dyed there. Yet some
The selfe-same waters guzled still without regard of feare,
So wearie of their loath-some beds the wretched people were,
That out they lept: or if to stand their feeble force denide,
They wallowed downe and out of doores immediatly them hide:
It was a death to euery man his owne house to abide.
And for they did not know the cause whereof the sickenesse came,
The place (because they did it know) was blamed for the same.
Ye should haue seene some halfe for dead go plundring here and there
By highway-sides while that their legges were able them to beare.
And some lie weeping on the ground, or rolling piteously
Their waterie eyes which afterward should neuer see the Skie:
Or stretching out their limmes to heauen that ouerhangs on hie,
Some here, some there, and yonder some in whatsoeuer coste

Death

Death finding them, enforced them to yeld their fainting Ghoste.
What heart had I suppose you then, or ought I then to haue?
In faith I might haue loath'd my life and wisht me in my grane
As other of my people were. I could not cast mine eye
In any place, but that dead folke there strowed I did spie,
Euen like as from a shaken twig when rotten Apples drop,
Or Mast from Withes, Holmes or Okes when Poales do scare their top.
You stately Church with graces long against our court you set,
It is the shrine of Iupiter: what wight was he or thee
That on those Altars burned not their frankincense in vayne?
How oft, yea euen with frankincense that partly did remaine
Still vnconsumed in their hands, did die both man and wife,
As each of them with mutuall care did pray for others life?
How often did the mother there in suing for her sonne,
Vnheard vpon the Altar stone her prayer scarce begonne?
How often at the temple doore euen while the Priest did bid
His beads and poure pure wine betweene their hornes at sudden slid
The Oxen downe without stroke giuen? Yea, once when I had thought
My selfe by offring sacrifice Ioues fauour to haue sought,
For me, my realme and these thrise imps: the Ore with grieuous grone
Vpon the sudden sunke me downe: and little blod or none
Did issue scarce to staine the knife with which they slit his throte.
The sicklie inwards eke had lost the signes whereby we note
What things the Gods for certaintie would warne vs of before:
For euen the very bowels were attainted with the sore.
Before the holy Temple doores, and (that the death might be
The more dispightfull) euen before the Altars did I see
The stinking corses scattered. Some with haltars stopt their winde,
By death erpulsing feare of death: and of a wilfull minde.
Did haste their end, which of it selfe was comming on apace.
The bodies which the Plague had slaine were (O most wretched case)
Not caried forth to buriall now. For why such store there was
That scarce the gates were wide ynough for coffins forth to passe.
So either lothly on the ground vnburied did they lie:
Or els without solemnitie were burnt in bone-fires hie,
So reuerence nor regard was had. Men fell together by
The eares for firing. In the fire that was prepar'd for one
Anothers strangers corse was burnt. And lastly few or none

Were left to mourne. The silly soules of mothers with their small
And tender babes, and age with youth as fortune did befall,
Went wandring gastly vp and downe vnmourned for at all.
In fine, so farre outragiously this helpelesse Murren raues,
There was not wood inough for fire, nor ground inough for graues.
Astonied at the stoutenesse of so stout a storme of illes,
I sayd: O father, lapter whose mightie power fulfilles
Both Heauen and Earth: If flying Fame report thee not amisse,
In vouching that thou didst embrace in way of loue ere this
The riuer Asops daughter faire Aegina euen by name,
And that to take me for thy sonne thou count it not a shame:
Restore thou me my folke againe, or kill thou me likewise.
He gaue a signe by sudden flash of lightning from the Skies,
And double peale of thunder-cracks. I take the same (quoth I)
And as I take it for a true and certaine signe whereby
Thou doost confirme me for thy sonne: so also let it be
A handsell of some happy lucke thou mindest vnto me.
Hard by vs as it hap't that time, there was an Okentree
With spreaded armes as bare of boughs as lightly one shall see.
This tree (as all the rest of Okes) was sacred vnto Ioue,
And sprouted of an Acorne which was set from Dodon groue.
Heere mark't we how the prettie Ants the gatherers vp of graine
One following other all along in order of a traine,
Great burthens in their little mouthes did painefully sustaine,
And nimbly vp the rugged barke their beaten path mainetaine.
As wondring at the swarme I stood, I sayd: O father deere
As many people giue thou me, as Ants are creeping heere,
And fill my emptie walles againe Anon the Oke did quake,
And vnconstrayn'd of any blast his loftie braunches shake,
The which did yeld a certaine sound. With that for dreadfull feare
A shuddring through my body strake and vp stood stiffe my heare.
But yet I kissed reuerently the ground and eke the tree.
Howbeit I durst not be so bold of hope acknowne to bee.
Yet hoped I: and in my heart did shroude my secret hope.
Anon came night: and sleepe vpon my carefull carcasse crope.
We thought I saw the selfe same Oke with all his boughs and twigs,
And all the Pismers creeping still vpon his taunts and sprigs.
Which trembling with a sodaine brayd these harnesst folke off threw,

And shed them on the ground about, who on the sodaine grew
In bignesse more and more. And from the earth themselues did lift:
And stood vpright against the tree: and therewithall did shift
Their meygernesse, and cole-blacke hue, and number of their feete:
And clad their limmes with shape of man. Away my sleepe did fleete.
And when I woke misliking of my dreame I made my mone.
That in the Gods I did perceiue but slender helpe, or none.
But straight much trampling vp and downe and shuffling I did heare
And (which to me that present time did very strange appeare)
Of people talking in my house me thought I heard the reare.
Holy while I musing on the, same supposed it to haue beene
Some fancie of the foolish dreame which lately I had seene,
Behold, in comes me Telamon in haste, and thrusting ope
My Chamber doore, sayd: Sir, a sight of things surmounting hope
And credite shall you haue: come forth. Forth came I by and by
And euen such men for all the world there standing did I spie
As in my sleepe I dreamed off, and knew them for the same.
They comming to me, greeted me their soueraigne Lord by name.
And I (my dolues to Ioue perform'd) my Cittie did deuide
Among my new inhabiters: and gaue them land beside
Which by decease of such as were late owners of the same
Lay waste. And in remembrance of the race whereof they came,
The name of Emets I them gaue, their persons you haue seene:
Their disposition is the same that erst in them hath beene.
They are a sparing kinde of folke, on Labour wholy set,
A gatherer and a hoorder vp of such as they do get.
These fellowes being like in yeeres and courage of the minde,
Shall go a warfare and assone as that the Eastерne winde
Which brought you hither luckily, (the Eastерne winde was it
That brought them thither) turning to the Southerne coast do flit.
With this and other such like talke they brought the day to end.
The Euen in feasting, and the night in sleeping they did spend.
The Sunne next morrow in the Heauen with golden beames did burne,
And still the Eastерne winde did blow and hold them from returne.
Sir Pallas sonnes to Cephal came (for he their elder was)
And he and they to Aeacus Court together forth did passe.
The King as yet was fast a sleepe. Duke Phocus at the gate
Did meete them and receiued them according to their state.

For Telamon and Peleus already forth were gone,
To muster Souldiers for the warres. So Phocus all alone
Dyd leade them to an inward rome, where goodly Parlours were,
And caused them to sit them downe. As he was also there
Now sitting with them he beheld a Dart in Cephalus hand
With golden head, the steale whereof he well might vnderstand
Was of some strange and vnknowne tree, when certaine talke had past
A while of other matters there, I am (quoth he at last)
A man that hath delight in woods and lones to follow game
And yet I am not able sure by any meanes to ame.
What wood your Iauelin steale is of. Of Ash it cannot be.
For then the colour should be browne, and of a Cornell tree,
It would be full of knubbed knots. I know not what it is:
But sure mine eyes did neuer see a fairer Dart than this.
The one of those same brethren twaine replying to him sayd:
Nay then the speciall propertie will make you more dismayd,
Than doth the beautie of this Dart. It hitteth whatsoeuer
He throwes it at. The stroke thereof by chance is ruled neuer.
For hauing done his feate, it flies all bloody backe agen
Without the helpe of any hand. The Prince was earnest then
To know the truth of all: as whence so rich a present came,
Who gaue it him, and wherevpon the party gaue the same.
Duke Cephal answerd his demaund in all points (one except)
The which (as knowne apparantly) for shame he ouerlept:
His beautie namely, for the which he did receiue the Dart.
And for the losse of his deare wife right pensiue at the hart,
He thus began with weeping eyes. This Dart O Goddesse sonne
(Ye ill would thinke it) makes me yirne, & long shall make me donne,
If long the Gods do giue me life, This weapon hath vndonne
My deare beloued wife and me. O would to God this same
Had neuer vnto me beene giuen. There was a Noble Dame
That Procris hight (but you perchance haue oftner heard the name
Of great Orythia whose renowne was blasted so by fame,
That blustring Boreas rauisht her.) To this Orythia shee
Was sister. If a bodie should compare in each degree
The face and natures of them both, he could none other deeme
But Procris worthier of the twaine of rauishment should seeme.
Her father and our mutuall loue did make vs man and wife,

Mar

Men said I had (and so I had indéed) a happy life
Howbeit Gods will was otherwise, for had it pleased him
Of all this while, and euen still yet in pleasure should I swim.
The second Month that she and I by band of lawfull bed
Had ioyn'd together béene, as I my masking toyles did spred,
To ouerthrow the horned Stags, the early morning gray
Then newly hauing chased night and gun to breake the day
From Mount Hymettus highest tops that freshly florish ay,
Espyde me and against my will conuayd me quight away,
I trust the Goddesse will not be offended that I say
The troth of her. Although it would delight one to behold
Her ruddy chékes: although of day and night the bonds she hold:
Although on iuice of Ambrosie continually she féed:
Yet Procris was the onely Wight that I did loue indéed.
On Procris onely was my heart: none other word had I
But Procris onely in my mouth: still Procris did I cry.
I opened what a holie thing was wedlocke: and how late
It was ago since she and I were coupled in that state.
Which band (and specially so soone) it were a shame to breake.
The Goddesse being moued at the words that I did speake.
Said: cease thy plaint thou Carle, and kéepe thy Procris still for me,
But (if my mind deceiue me not the time will shortly be,
That wish thou wilt thou had her not. And so in anger she
To Procris sent me backe againe. In going homeward as
Vpon the Goddesse saying with my selfe I musing was,
I gan to dread bad measure least my wife had made a scape.
Her youthfull yeares begarnished with beauty, grace, and shape,
In manner made me to believe the déed already done.
Againe her manners did forbid mistrusting ouer-lone.
But I had béen away: but euen the same from whom I came
A shrewde examplegaue how lightly wiues do run in blame:
But we poore Louers are afraid of all things. Hereupon
I thought to practise feats: which thing repented me anon:
And shall repent me while I liue. The purpose of my drifts
Was for to assault her honestly with great rewards and gifts.
The Morning féeding this my feare, to further my deuice,
By shape (which thing me thought I felt) had altred with a trice.
By meanes whereof anon vnknowne to Pallas towne I came,

And entred so my house: the house was clerely voyd of blame:
And shewed signes of chastity in mourning euer sith
Their master had beene rapt away. A thousand meanes wherewith
To come to Procris speech had I deuis'd: and scarce at last
Obtain'd I it. Assone as I mine eye vpon her cast,
My wits were rauisht in such wise, that nigh I had forgot
The purpose of triall of her troth: right much adoe God wot
I had to hold mine owne that I the truth bewrayed not.
To keepe my selfe from killing her full much a do I had
As reason was I should haue done. She looked very sad.
And yet as sadly as she lookt: no Wight aliue can show
A better countnance than did she. Hir hart did inward glow,
In longing for her absent spouse. How beautifull a face
Thinke you Sir Phocus was in her whome sorrow so did grace?
What should I make report how oft her chast behauiour straue
And ouercame most constantly the great assaults I gaue?
Or tell how oft she shut me vp with these same words? To one
(Where ere he is) I keepe my selfe, and none but he alone
Shall sure enioy the vse of me. What creature hauing his
Wits perfect would not be content with such a proofe as this
Of her most stedfast chastity? I could not be content:
But still to purchase to my selfe more woe, I further went,
At last by proffering endlesse wealth, and heaping gifts on gifts,
In ouerlading her with words, I draue her to her shifts.
Then cryed I out: Thine euill hart my selfe I tardy take.
Where of a strange aduouterer the countnance I did make,
I am indeed thy husband. O vnfaithfull woman thou,
Euen I my selfe can testifie thy lewd behauiour now.
She made none answere to my words, but being stricken dum
And with the sorrow of her heart alonely ouercum,
Forsaketh her entanling house, and naughty husband quight:
And hating all the sort of men by reason of the spight
That I had wrought her, strayd abroad among the Mountaines hie,
And exercisde Dianas feates. Then kindled by and by
A fiercer fire within my bones than euer was before,
When she had thus forsaken me by whom I set such store.
I prayd her she would pardon me, and did confesse my fault.
Affirming that my selfe likewise with such a great assault

Of

Of riches might right well haue béene enforst to yéeld to blame.
The ratherif performance had ensewed of the same.
When I had this submission made, and she sufficiently
Reuengde her wronged chastitie; she then immediately
Was reconcil'd, and afterward we liued many a yeare
In ioy, and neuer any iarre betwéene vs did appeare.
Beside all this (as though her loue had béen too small a gift)
She gaue me eke a goodly Grewnd which was of foote so swift
That when Diana gaue him her, she said he should outgo
All others. And with this same Grewnd she gaue this Dart also
The which you see I hold in hand. Perchance ye faine would know
What fortune to the Grewnd befell. I will vnto you show
A wondrous case; the strangenesse of the matter will you moue.
The krinkes of certaine Prophesies surmounting farre aboue
The reach of ancient wits to read, the Brooke-nymphs did expound:
And mindlesse of her owne darke doubts Dame Themis being found,
Was as a retchlesse Prophetisse throwne flat against the ground.
For which presumptuous déed of theirs she tooke iust punishment.
To Thebes in Bæotia streight a cruell beast she sent
Which wrought the bane of many a wight. The countrie-folke did féed
Him with their cattle and themselues, vntill (as was agréed)
That all we youthfull Gentlemen that dwelled thereabout
Assembling, pitcht our corded toyles the champion fields throughout.
But net, ne toyle was none so hie that could his witnesse stop,
He mounted ouer at his ease the highest of the top.
Then euery man let slip their Grewnds, but he them all outstript
And euen as nimbly as a bird in daliance from them whipt.
Then all the field desired me to let my Lælaps go:
(The Grewnd that Procris vnto me did giue was named so)
Who strugling for to wrest his necke already from the band,
Did stretch his collar. Scarcely had we let him off from hand,
But that where Lælaps was become we could not vnderstand:
The print remained of his feet vpon the parched sand,
But he was clearely out of sight. Was neuer Dart I trow,
Nor pellet from enforced sling, nor shaft from Créetish bow
That flew more swift than he did run. There was not farre fro thence
About the middle of the Laund a rising ground, from whence
A man might ouer-looke the fields. I gat me to the knap

Of this same hill, and there beheld of this strange course the hap,
In which the beast seems one while caught, and ere a man would thinke,
Doth quickly giue the Grewnd the slip, and from his biting shrinke.
And like a wilie Fox he runnes not forth directly out,
Nor makes a windlas ouer all the champion fields about,
But doubling and indenting still auoyds his enmies lips,
And turning short, as swift about as spinning whéle he whips
To disappoint the snatch. The Grewnd pursuing at an inch
Doth cote him, neuer losing ground: but likely still to pinch,
Is at the sudden shifted off: continually he snatches
In vaine: for nothing in his mouth saue onely ayre he catches.
Then thought I for to try what helpe my Dart at néed could shew,
Which as I charged in my hand by leuell ayme to throw,
And set my fingers to the thongs, I lifting from below
Mine eies, did loke right forth againe, and straight amids the field
(A wondrous thing) two Images of Parble I beheld:
Of which ye would haue thought the tone had fled on still apace
And that with open barking mouth the tother did him chase.
In faith it was the will of God (at least if any Goddes
Had care of them) that in their pace there should be found none oddes.
Thus farre: and then he held his peace. But tell vs ere we part
(Quoth Phocus) what offence or fault committed hath your Dart?
His Darts offence he thus declarde. My Lord the ground of all
My griefe was ioy, those ioyes of mine remember first I shall.
It doth me good euen yet to thinke vpon that blisfull time
(I meane the fresh and lusty yeares of pleasant youthfull Prime)
When I a happy man enioyde so faire and good a wife,
And she with such a louing sake did lead a happie life.
The care was like of both of vs, the mutuall loue all one.
She would not to haue line with loue my presence haue forgone.
Ne was there any Wight that could of me haue wone the lone,
No though Dame Venus had herselfe descended from aboue.
The glowing brands of loue did burne in both our breasts alike.
Such time as first with crased beames the Sunne is wont to strike
The tops of Towres and mountaines high, according to the wont
Of youthfull men, in woody Parkes I went abroad to hunt.
But neither Horse nor hounds to make pursuit vpon the sent.
Nor Seruingman, nor knotty toyle before or after went.

For

For I was ſafe with this ſame Dart. When weary wart mine arme
With ſtriking Deere, and that the day did make me ſomewhat warme,
Withdrawing for to cole my ſelfe, I ſought among the ſhades
For aire that from the valleys cold came breathing in at glades.
The more exceſſiue was my heat, the more for aire I ſought.
I waited for the gentle aire: the aire was that that brought
Refreſhing to my wearie limmes. And (well I bear't in thought)
Come aire I wonted was to ſing: come eaſe the paine of me
Within my boſome lodge thy ſelfe moſt welcome vnto me,
And (as thou heretofore art wont) abate my burning heat.
By chance (ſuch was my deſtinie) proceeding to repeat
Ro words of daliance like to theſe, I vſed for to ſay
Great pleaſure do I take in thee: for thou from day to day
Doſt both refreſh and nouriſh me. Thou makeſt me delight
In woods and ſolitary grounds. Now would to God I might
Receiue continuall at my mouth this pleaſant breath of thine.
Some man (I wote not who) did heare theſe doubtfull words of mine,
And taking them amiſſe ſuppoſde that this ſame name of Aire
The which I cal'd ſo oft vpon, had bẽn ſome Lady faire:
He thought that I had loude ſome Nymph, And therevpon ſtraight way
He runnes me like a Harebraind blab to Procris, to bewray
This fault as he ſurmiſed it: and there with lauas tung.
Reported all the wanton words that he had heard me ſung
A thing of light beliefe is loue. She (as I ſince haue hard)
For ſodaine ſorrow ſwounded downe: and when long afterward
She came againe vnto her ſelfe, ſhe ſaid ſhe was accurſt
And borne to cruell deſtinie: and me ſhe blamed wurſt
For breaking faith: and fretting at a vaine ſurmized ſhame
She dreaded that which nothing was: ſhe fear'd a headleſſe name.
She wiſt not what to ſay or thinke. The wretch did greatly feare
Deceit: yet could ſhe not beleue the tales that talked were.
Vnleſſe ſhe ſaw her huſbands fault apparant to her eie,
She thought ſhe would not him condemne of any villanie.
Nert day as ſoone as Morning light had driuen the night away,
I went abroad to hunt againe: and ſpeding, as I lay
Vpon the graſſe, I ſaid come aire and eaſe my paine full heat.
And on the ſodaine as I ſpake, there ſeemed for to beat
A certaine ſighing in mine eares, of what I could not geſſe.

But

But ceasing not for that I still proceeded natheleſſe:
And ſaid, O come moſt pleaſant Aire: with that I heard a ſound
Of ruſſling ſoftly in the leaues that lay vpon the ground.
And thinking it had beene ſome beaſt, I threw my flying Dart.
It was my wife who being now ſore wounded at the hart,
Cride out alas. Anone as I perceiued by the shrieke
It was my faithfull ſpouſe, I ran me to the voyce-ward like
A mad-man that had loſt his wits. There found I her halfe dead,
Her ſcattred garments ſtayning in the blood that ſhee had bled.
And (wretched creature as I am) yet drawing from the wound
The gift that ſhe her ſelfe had giuen. Then ſoftly from the ground
I lifted vp that body of hers of which I was more chare
Than of mine owne, and from her breſt her clothes in haſt I tare,
And binding vp her cruell wound I ſtriued for to ſtay
The blood, and prayd ſhe would not thus by paſſing ſo away,
Forſake me as a murtherer. She waxing weake at length
And drawing to her death apace, enforced all her ſtrength
To vtter theſe few words at laſt. I pray thee humbly by
Our bond of wedlocke: by the Gods as well aboue the skie,
As thoſe to whom I now muſt paſſe: as euer I haue ought
Deſerued well by thee, and by thy loue which hauing brought
Me to my death, doth euen in death vnfaded ſtill remaine,
To neſtle in thy bed and mine let neuer ayre obtaine.
This ſaid, ſhe held her peace, and I perceiued by the ſame,
And told her alſo how ſhe was beguiled in the name.
But what auailed telling then? ſhe quoath'd and with her blood
Her little ſtrength did fade. Howbeit as long as that ſhe could
See ought, ſhe ſtared in my face, and gaſping ſtill on mee,
Euen in my mouth ſhee breathed forth her wretched ghoſt. But ſhee
Did ſeeme with better cheere to die, for that her conſcience was
Diſcharged quite and cleere of doubts. Now in concluſion as
Duke Cephal weeping told this tale to Phocus and the reſt,
Whoſe eyes were alſo moiſt with teares to heare the piteous ieſt,
Behold, King Aecus and with him his eldeſt ſons both twaine
Did enter in, and after them there followed in a traine
Of well appointed men of warre new leuied: which the king
Deliuered vnto Cephalus to Athens Towne to bring.

Finis ſeptimi Libri.

The

THE EIGHT BOOKE OF Ouids Metamorphosis.

The day-starre now beginning to
disclose the morning bright,
And for to clense the dewpie skie
from darkenesse of the night,
The Easterne wind went down, and flakes
of foggy cloudes garne show,
And from the South a merry gale
on Cephals sailes did blow.
The which did hold so fresh and large,
that he and all his men
Before that he was loked for,
arriued safe agen
In wished Hauen. In that while king Mynos with his fleete
Did wast the Coast of Megara. And first he thought it meete
To make a tryall of the force and courage of his men
Against the Towne Alcathoë where Nysus raigned then,
Among whose honorable haire that was of colour gray,
One scarlet haire did grow vpon his crowne, whereon the stay
Of all his kingdome did depend. Six times did Phœbe fill
Her hornes with borrowed light, and yet the warre hung wauering still
In fickle fortunes doubtfull scales: and long with fleeting wings
Betweene them both flew victory. A Turret of the kings
Stood hard adioyning to the wall, which being touched, rings.
For Phœbus (so men say) did lay his golden Viall there,
And so the strings the sound thereof did euer after beare.
King Nisus daughter oftentimes resorted to this Wall
And strake it with a little stone to raise the sound withall,
In time of peace. And in the warre she many a time and oft
Beheld the sturdy stormes of Mars from that same place aloft.
And by continuance of the siege the Captaines names she knew,

There.

Their armes, horſe, armor and aray in euery band and crew.
But ſpecially aboue the reſt ſhe noted Minos face,
She knew inough and more than was inough as ſtood the caſe,
For were it that he did his head in Helme with feathered creſt,
To her opinion in his Helme he ſtained all the reſt.
Or were it that he toke in hand of ſtele his Target bright,
She thought in wielding of his ſhield he was a comely Knight.
Or were it that he raiſde his arme to throw the piercing Dart,
The Lady did commend his force and manhood ioynd with Art.
Or drew he with his arrow nockt his bended Bow in hand,
She ſware that ſo in all reſpects was Phœbus wont to ſtand.
But when he ſhewde his viſage bare, his Helmet layd aſide,
And on a Pilke white Stæd braue trapt, in Purple Robe did ride,
She ſcarce was Miſtreſſe of her ſelfe her wits were almoſt ſtraught.
A happy Dart ſhe thought it was that he in fingers caught,
And happy called ſhe thoſe reynes that he in hand had raught
And if ſhe might haue had her will, ſhe could haue found in hart,
Among the enmies to haue gone: ſhe could haue found in hart,
From downe the higheſt Turret there her body to haue throwne,
Among the thickeſt of the Tents of Gnoſſus to haue flowne,
Or for to ope the brazen gates and let the enmie in,
Or whatſoeuer elſe ſhe thought might Minos fauour win.
And as ſhe ſat beholding ſtill the King of Candies Tent,
She ſaid: I doubt me whether that I rather may lament,
Or of this wofull warre be glad. It grieues me at the heart
That thou O Minos, vnto me thy louer enmie art,
But had not this ſame war-fare bēn, I neuer had him knowne:
Yet might he leaue this cruell warre, and take me as his owne,
A Wife, a Feere, a pledge for peace he might receiue of me.
O flowre of Beautie, O thou Prince moſt pereleſſe: if that ſhe
That bare thee in her wombe were like in beauty vnto thee,
A right good cauſe had Ioue on her enamored for to bee.
O happy were I if with wings I through the aire might flee,
And ſafely to King Minos tent from this ſame Turret ſlide.
Then would I vtter who I am, and how the fiery flame
Of Cupid burned in my breaſt, deſiring him to name
What dowrie he would aſke with me in loane of his great loue,
Haue onely of my Fathers Realme no queſtion he ſhould moue.

For rather then by traiterous meanes my purpose should take place,
Alone desire of hoped loue. Yet oftentimes such grace
Hath from the gentle conquerour proceded erst that they
Which toke the foyle haue found the same their profite and their stay.
Assurely the warre is iust that Minos takes in hand,
As in reuengement of his sonne late murthred in this land.
And as his quarrel seemeth iust, euen so it cannot fayle,
But rightfull war against the wrong must (I beleeue) preuaile.
Now if this Cittie in the end must needs be taken: why
Should his owne sword and not my loue be meanes to win it by?
Yet were it bettter he should speed by gentle meanes without
The slaughter of his people, yea, and (as it may fall out)
With spending of his owne blod too. For sure I haue a care,
Of Minos, least some souldier wound thee are he be aware.
For who is he in all the world that hath so hard a hart,
That wittingly against thy head would ayme his cruell dart?
I like well this deuise, and on this purpose will I stand,
To yelde my selfe endowed with this cittie to the hand
Of Minos: and in doing so to bring this warre to end,
But smally it auayleth me the matter to entend.
The gates and issues of this towne are kept with watch and ward,
And of the keyes continually my father hath the gard.
My father onely is the man of whom I stand in dred,
My father onely hindreth me of my desired sped.
Would God that I were fatherlesse. Tush euery wight may be
A God as in their owne behalfe, and if their hearts be free
From fearefulnesse. For fortune woorkes against the fond deuise
Of such as through faint hearted nesse attempt not to aspire.
Some other feeling in her heart such flames of Cupids fire.
Already would haue put in proofe some practise to destroy
What thing so euer of her Loue the furtherance might anoy
And why should any woman haue a bolder heart than I?
Through fire and sword I boldly durst aduenture for to flie.
And yet in this behalfe at all their needs no sword nor fire,
There needeth but my fathers heare to accomplish my desire.
That Purple heare of his to me more precious were than golde:
That Purple heare of his would make me blest a thousand folde:
That heare would compasse my desire and set my heart at rest.

Nisæ

Night (chiefest Nurce of thoughts to such as are with care oppreſt.)
Approched while she spake these words, and darkenesse did encreaſe
Her boldnesse. At such time as folke are wont to find releaſe
Of cares that all the day before were working in their heds,
By sleepe which falleth first of all vpon them in their beds,
Her fathers chamber secretly she entered where (alaſſe
That euer Mayden should so farre the bounds of nature paſſe)
She robde her father of the heare vpon the which the fate
Depended both of life and death and of his royall state.
And ioying in her wicked prey, she beares it with her so
As if it were some lawfull spoyle acquited of the so.
And passing through a posterne gate she marched through the mid
Of all her ennmies (such a truſt she had in that she did)
Vntill she came before the King, whom troubled with the sight,
She thus bespake. Enioyſt O King by Loue against all right
I *Scylla* Nyſus daughter doe present vnto thee heere
My native soyle, my houshold Gods, and all that elſe is deere,
For this my gift none other thing in recompence I craue
Than of thy person which I Loue, fruition for to haue.
And in assurance of my Loue receaue thou here of mee
My fathers Purple heare: and thinke I giue not vnto thee
A heare, but euen my fathers head. And as these words she spake,
The curſed gift with wicked hand she proffered him to take.
But Minos did abhorre her gift: and troubled in his minde
With strangenesse of the heynous act so sore against her kinde,
He answerd. O thou flaunder of our age, the Gods expell
Thee out of all this world of theirs, and let thee no where dwell.
Let reſt on neither Sea nor land be graunted vnto thee,
Assure thy selfe that as for me I neuer will agree
That Candie, Ioues owne foſter place (as long as I there raine)
Shall vnto such a monſtrous wight a harborough place remaine.
This sayd, he like a righteous iudge among his vanquiſht foes
Set order vnder paine of death. which done he willed those
That serued him to go abroad and anchors for to way.
When Scylla saw the Candian Fleete aflote to go away,
And that the Captaine yelded not so good reward as shee
Had for her lewdnesse loked for. And when in fine she see,
That no intreatance could preuaile: then burſting out in ire

With

With stretched hands and scattered heare as furious as the fire
She shraming cryed out aloud. And whither doost thou flie,
Reiecting me the onely meanes that thou hast conquered by:
O Cankerd Churle preferd before my natiue soyle, preferd
Before me Father, whether flyst O Carle of heart most hard?
Whose conquest as it is my sinne, so doth it well deserue
Reward of thee, for that my fault so well thy turne did serue.
Doth neither thee, the gift I gaue, nor yet my faithfull loue,
Nor yet that all my hope on thee alonely rested, moue?
For whither shall I now resort forsaken thus of thee?
To Megara the wretched soyle of my natiuitie?
Behold it lyeth vanquished and troden vnder foote.
But put the case it florisht still: yet could it nothing boote.
I haue forclosd it to my selfe through treason when I gaue
My fathers head to thee. Whereby my countrey folke I draue
To hate me iustly for my crime. And all the Realmes about
My lewde example do abhorre. Thus haue I shut me out
Of all the world, that onely Crete might take me in: which if
Thou like a Churle denie, and cast me vp without reliefe.
The Lady Europe surely was not mother vnto thee:
But one of Affrick Sirts where none but Serpents fostred bee?
But euen some cruell Tiger bred in Armenor in Inde,
Or els the Gulfe Charibdis raisd with rage of Southerne winde,
Thou wert not got by loue: ne yet thy mother was beguild
In shape of Bull: of this thy birth the tale is false compilde.
But rather some vnweildy Bull euen altogether wilde
That neuer lowed after Cow, was out of doubt thy Sire.
O father Nisus put thou me to pennance for my hire.
Reioyce thou in my punishment thou Towne by me betraid,
I haue deserued (I confesse) most iustly to be paid
With death. But let some one of them that through my lewdnesse smart,
Destroy me: why doost thou that by my crime a gainer art,
Commit like crime thy selfe? admit this wicked act of mee
As to my land and father ward indeed most hainous bee:
Yet oughtest thou to take it as a friendship vnto thee.
But she was mete to be thy wife, that in a cow of tree
Could play the harlot with a Bull, and in her wombe could beare
A barne, in whom the shapes of man and beastes confounded were.

Both

How sayst thou Carle: compell not these my words thine eares to glow?
Or do the winds that drive thy ships in vaine my sayings blow?
In faith it is no wonder though thy wife Pasiphaë
Preferd a Bull to thee, for thou more cruell wert than he:
Now woe is me. To make more haste it standeth me in hand.
The water sounds with ores, and hales from me and from my land.
In vayne thou striuest O thou churle forgetfull quite of my
Deserts: for euen in spight of thee pursue thee still will I.
Upon thy courbed keele will I take hold: and hanging so
Be drawne along the sea with thee where euer thou do go.
She scarce had sayd these words, but that she leaped on the waue,
And getting to the ships by force of strength that loue her gaue,
Upon the King of Candies keele in spite of him she claue.
Whom when her father spide for now he houered in the ayre,
And being made a Hobbi-hauke, did sore betweene a payre
Of nimble wings of iron male) he souced downe amaine
To seaze vpon her as she hung, and would haue borne her faine
With bowing beake. But she for feare did let the Caricke go:
And as she was about to fall the lightsome ayre did so
Vphold her as she could not touch the sea as seamed tho.
Anon all feathers she became, and forth away did flie.
Transformed to a pretty bird that flyeth to the skie.
And for because like clipped heare her head doth beare a marke,
The Greeks it Cyris call, and we do name the same a Larke.
Allone as Minos came a land in Crete, he by and by
Performd his vowes to Iupiter in causing for to die
A hundred Bulles for sacrifice. And then he did adorne
His Pallace with his enmies spoyles by conquest won before.
The slaunder of his house increast: and now appeared more,
The mothers filthie whoredome by the monster that she bore
Of double shape, and vgly thing. This shamefull infamie.
This monster borne him by his wife he mindes by pollicie
To put away, and in an house with many nookes and krinkes
From all mens sightes and speech of folke to shut it vp he thinkes.
Immediatly one Dædalus renowned in that land
For fine deuise and workmanship in building went in hand
To make it. He confounds his worke with sodaine stops and stayes,
And with the great vncertaintie of sundry winding wayes

Leades

Leades in and out, and to and fro, at diuers doores a stray.
And as with trickling streame the Broke Mœander seemes to play
In Phrygia, and with doubtfull race runnes counter to and fro,
And meeting with himselfe doth loke if all his streame or no
Come after, and returing eft cleane backeward to his spring
And marching eft to open Sea as straight as any string,
Indenteth with reuersed streame: euen so of winding wayes
Innumerable Dædalus within his worke conuayes.
Yea scarce himselfe could find the meanes to winde himselfe well out:
So busie and so intricate the house was all about.
Within this Maze did Minos shut the Monster that did beare
The shape of man and Bull. And when he twise had fed him there
With blood of Atticke Princes sonnes that giuen for tribute were,
The third time at the ninth yeares end the lot did chaunce to light
On Theseus King Aegæus sonne: who like a valiant knight
Did ouercome the Minotaur: and by the pollicie
Of Minos eldest daughter (who had taught him for to tie
A clew of Linnen at the dore to guide himselfe thereby)
As busie as the turnings were, his way he out did finde,
Which neuer man had done before. And straight he hauing winde
With Minos daughter sail'd away to Dia: where (vnkinde
And cruell creature that he was) he left her post alone
Vpon the shore. Thus desolate and making dolefull mone,
God Bacchus did both comfort her and take her to his bed.
And with an euerlasting starre the more her Fame to spred,
He toke the Chaplet from her head, and vp to heauen it threw.
The Chaplet thirled through the ayre: and as it glided flew,
The precious stones were turn'd to starres which blazed cleare & bright.
And toke their place (continuing like a Chaplet still to sight)
Amid betweene the kneeler downe, and him that gripes the snake.
Now in this while gan Dædalus a wearinesse to take
Of liuing like a banish't man and prisoner such a time
In Crete, and longed in his heart to see his natiue clime.
But Seas enclosed him as if he had in prison bee,
Then thought he: though both Sea and land King Minos stop from mee,
I am assur'd he cannot stop the ayre and open skie.
To make my passage that way then my cunning will I trie.
Although that Minos like a Lord held all the world beside:

Yet doth the Ayre from Minos yoke for all men free abide.
This ſed: to vncouth arts he bent the force of all his wits
To alter natures courſe by craft. And orderly he knits
A row of feathers one by one, beginning with the ſhort,
And ouermatching ſtill each quill with with one of longer ſort:
That on the ſhoring of a hill a man would thinke them grow.
Euen ſo the country organpipes of Oten reedes in row
Each higher then another riſe. Then faſtned he with flare
The middle quilles, and ioyned in the loweſt ſort with ware.
And when he thus had finiſht them, a little he them bent
In compaſſe, that the very birds the full might repreſent.
There ſtood me by him Icarus his ſonne, a pretie lad:
Who knowing not that he in hands his owne deſtruction had,
With ſmiling mouth did one while blow the feathers to and fro
Which in the ayre on wings of birds did flaſke not long ago:
And with his thumbs another while he chafes the yellow ware,
And lets his fathers wondrous worke with childiſh toyes and knare.
Aſſone as that the worke was done, the workeman by and by
Did peiſe his bodie on his wings, and in the ayre on hie
Hung wauering: and did teach his ſonne how he ſhould alſo flie.
I warne thee (quoth he) Icarus a middle race to keepe:
For if thou hold too low a gate, the dankneſſe of the deepe
Will ouerlade thy wings with wet: and if thou mount too hie
The ſunne will ſindge them: therefore ſet betweene them both thou flie.
I bid thee not behold the ſtarre Boote in the ſhie,
Nor loke vpon the bigger Beare to make thy courſe thereby.
Nor yet on Orions naked ſword: but euer haue an eye
To keepe the race that I do keepe, and I will guide thee right.
In giuing counſell to his ſonne to order well his flight,
He faſtned to his ſhoulders twaine a payre of vncouth wings.
And as he was in dooing it and warning him of things,
His aged cheekes were wet, his hands did quake, in fine he gaue
His ſonne a kiſſe, the laſt that he alme ſhould euer haue.
And then he mounting vp aloft before him toke his way
Right fearefull for his followers ſake: as is the bird the day
That firſt ſhe tolleth from her neſt among the braunches hie
Her tender young ones in the ayre to teach them for to flie,
So heartens he his little ſonne to follow, teaching him

A hurtfull

A hurtfull arte. His owne two wings he waueth very trim,
And loketh back-ward still vpon his sonnes. The fishermen
Then standing angling by the Sea, and Shepeheards leaning then
On shepehookes, and the ploughmen on the handles of their plough,
Beholding them, amazed were: and thought that they that through
The ayre could flie, were Gods. And now did on their left side stand
The Iles of Paros, and of Dele, and Samos *Iunos* land:
And on the right Lebinthos, and the faire Calydna fraught
With store of honie. When the boy a frolicke courage caught
To flie at random: whereupon forsaking quite his guide,
Of fond desire to flye to heauen, aboue his bounds he stide.
And there the nerenesse of the sonne which burn'd more hote aloft,
Did make the ware (with which his wings were glewed) lyth, and soft.
As sone as that the ware was molt, his naked armes he shakes,
And wanting wherewithall to waue, no helpe of ayre he takes:
But calling on his father loude, he drowned in the waue,
And by this chaunce of his, those seas his name for euer haue.
His wretched father (but as then no father) cry'd in feare:
O Icarus, O Icarus, where art thou? tell me where,
That I may finde thee Icarus. He saw the feathers swimme
Vpon the waues, and curst his arte that so had spited him.
At last he toke his bodie vp, and layde it in a graue,
And to the Ile the name of him then buried in it gaue.
And as he of his wretched sonne the corse in ground did hide,
The crakling Partrich from a thicke and leauie thorne him spide.
And clapping with his wings for ioy, aloude to call began.
There was of that same kinde of bird no moe but he as than.
In times forepast had none bene seene. It was but late anew
Since he was made a bird: and that thou Dædalus maist rew:
For while the world doth last, thy shame shall thereupon ensew:
For why thy sister ignorant of that which after hapt
Did put him to thee to be taught full twelue yere olde, and apt
To take instruction. He did marke the middle bone that goes
Through fishes, and according to the patterne tane of those
He filed teeth vpon a pece of iron one by one,
And so deuised first the saw, where erst was neuer none.
Moreouer, he to iron shanks so ioyn'd in one round head,
That opening an indifferent space the one point downe shall tread,

And t'other draw a circle round. The finding of these things,
The spitefull heart of Dædalus with such a malice stings,
That head-long from the holy towre of Pallas downe he thrue
His Nephew: faining him to fall by chance, which was not true.
But Pallas (who doth fauour wits) did stay him in his fall,
And changing him into a bird, did clad him ouer all
With feathers soft amid the ayre. The quickenesse of his witte
(Which erst was swift) did shed it selfe among his wings and feete.
And as he Partrich hight before, so hights he Partrich still,
Yet mounteth not this bird aloft, ne seemes to haue a will
To build her nest in tops of trees among the boughs on hie.
But flocketh neere the ground, and layes her egges in hedges drie.
And for because her former fall she ay in mind doth beare,
She euer since all foltie things doth warely shunne for feare.
And now forwearied Dædalus alighted in the land,
Within the which the burning hilles of fierie Aetna stand.
To safe whose life King Cocalus did weapon take in hand,
For which men thought him mercifull: and now with high renowne
Had Theseus ceast the wofull pay of tribute in the Towne
Of Athens. Temples decked were with garlands euery where,
And supplications made to Ioue, and warlicke Pallas were,
And all the other Gods. To whom more honour for to show,
Gifts, blod of beasts, and frankinsense the people did bestow,
As in performance of their vowes The right redoubted name
Of Theseus through the land of Greece was spread by flying Fame.
And now the folke that in the land of rich Achaia dwelt,
Pray'd him of succour in the harmes and perils that they felt.
Although the land of Calydon had then Meleager:
Yet was it faine in humble wise to Theseus to preferre
A supplication for the ayde of him. The cause wherefore
They made such humble suite to him, was this. There was a Bore
The which Diana for to wreake her wrath conceiu'd before,
Had thither as her seruant sent the country for to waste.
For men report that Oenie, when he had in store-house plaste
The full encrease of former yeare, to Ceres did assigne
The firstlings of his corne and fruites: to Bacchus, of the Vine:
And vnto Pallas Olive oyle. This honoring of the Gods
Of graine & fruites who put their helpe to toyling in the clods,

Ambitiously

Ambitiously to all, euen those that dwell in heauen did clime.
Dianaas Altars (as it hapt) alonly at that time
Without reward of Frankincense were ouerskipt (they say)
Euen Gods are subiect vnto wrath. He shall not scape away
Vnpunisht. Though vnworshipped he passed me with spight:
He shall not make his vaunt he scapt me vnreuenged quight,
Quoth Phœbe. And anon she sent a Boare to Oenies ground
Of such a hugenesse as no Bull could euer yet be found,
In Epyre: But in Cicilie are Bulles much lesse than hee,
His eyes did glitter blood and fire: right dreadfull was to see
His brawned necke, right dreadfull was his heare which grew as thicke
With pricking points as one of them could well by other sticke.
And like a front of armed Pikes set close in battell ray
The sturdy bristles on his backe stode staring vp alway.
The scalding fome with gnashing hoarse which he did cast aside,
Vpon his large and brawned shield did white as Curdes abide.
Among the greatest Oliphants in all the land of Inde,
A greater tuske than had this Boare, ye shall not lightly finde,
Such lightning flashed from his chappes, as seared vp the grasse.
Now trampled he the spindling corne to ground where he did passe,
Now ramping vp their riped hope he made the Ploughmen weepe,
And thankt the kernel in the eare, In vaine their floores they sweepe:
In vaine their Barnes for Harnest long, the likely store to keepe,
The spreaded Vines with clustred Grapes to ground he rudely sent,
And full of Berries loden bowes from Olyse trees he rent.
On cattell also did he rage. The shepeheard nor his dog,
Nor yet the Bulles could saue the herds from outrage of this Hog.
The folke themselues were faine to flie. And yet they thought them not
In safetie when they had themselues within the Cittie got.
Vntill this Prince Meleager, and with their Prince a knot
Of Lords and lustie Gentlemen of hand and courage stout,
With chosen fellowes for the nonce of all the Lands about,
Inflamed were to win renowne. The chiefe that thither came * *Castor &*
Were both the * twinnes of Tindarus, of great renowne and fame. *Pollux*
The one in all actiuitie of manhood, strength, and force,
The other for his cunning skill in handling of a horse.
And Iason he that first of all the Galley did inuent:
And Theseus with Pirithous betwene which two there went

A happie league of amitie: and * two of Thestios race: * *Plexippus, and Toxeus,*
And Lynce the sonne of Apharie and Idas swift of pace.
And fierce Leucyppus and the brave Acastus with his Dart,
In handling of the which he had the perfect skill and Art.
And Cæny who by birth a wench, the shape of man had wonne
And Dryas and Hyppothous: and Phœnix eke the sonne
Of olde Amintor: and a * paire of Actors ympes: and Phyle * *Eurytus*
Who came from Elis. Telamon was also there that while: *& Cteatus.*
And so was also Peleus the great Achilles Sire:
And * Phereta sonne: and Iolay the Thebane who with fire * *Admetus.*
Helpt Hercules the monstrous heads of Hydra off to seare.
The lively lad Eurytion and Echion who did beare
The pricke and prize for swiftmanship, were present also there.
And Lelex of Narytium tw. And Panopie beside:
And Hyle: and cruell Hippasus: and Nestor who that tide
Was in the prime of lustie youth: moreover thither went
* Three children of Hippocoon from olde Amycle sent. * *Enesimus.*
And ‡ he that of Penelope the fatherinlaw became. *Alcon, & Dexippus.*
And eke the sonne of Parrhasius Ancæus cald by name.
There was * the sonne of Ampycus of great forecasting wit: ‡ *Laërtes.*
And ‡ Oeclies sonne who of his wife was unbetrayed yit. * *Mopsus.*
And from the Cittie Tegea, there came the Paragone ‡ *Amphiaratus.*
Of Lycey Forrest, Atalant a goodly Lady, one
Of Schœneys daughters, then a maid: the garment she did weare
A brayded button fastned at her gorget. All her heare
Untrimmed in one onely knot was trussed. From her left
Side hanging on her shoulder was an Ivorie quiver deft:
Which being full of arrowes, made a clattring as she went,
And in her right hand she did beare a bow already bent.
Her furniture was such as this. Her countnance and her grace
Was such as in a Boy might well be cald a Wenches face,
And in a Wench be cald a Bopes. The Prince of Calydon
No sooner cast his eye on her, but being caught anon
In loue, he wish't her to his wife. But unto this desire
God Cupid gaue not his consent. The secret flames of fire
He hating inward still did say: O happie man is hee
Whom this same Lady shall vouchsafe her Husband for to bee.
The shortnesse of the time and shame would giue him leaue to say

No

No more: a worke of greater weight did draw him then away.
A wood thicke growne with trees which stood vnfelled to that day,
Beginning from a plaine, had thence a large prospect throughout
The falling grounds that euery way did muster round about.
As soone as that the men came there, some pitched vp the toyles,
Some tooke the couples from the Dogs, and some pursude the foyles
In places where the Swine had trac't: desiring for to spie
Their owne destruction. Now there was a hollow bottom by,
To which the watershots of raine from all the hie grounds drew.
Within the compasse of this pond great store of Dyfyers grew:
And Sallowes lithe, and slackring Flags, and moorish rushes eke,
And lazie Reedes on little shankes, and other baggage like.
From hence the Boare was rowzed out, and fiercely forth he flyes
Among the thickest of his foes like thunder from the Skies.
When clouds in meeting force the fire to burst by violence out.
He beates the trees before him downe, and all the wood about
Doth sound of crashing. All the youth with hideous noyse and shout
Against him bend their Boarespeare points with hand and courage stout,
He rushes forth among the Dogs that held him at a bay,
And now on this side, now on that, as any come in way,
He rippes their skins & spitteth them, and chaseth them away.
Echion first of all the rout a Dart at him did throw,
Which mist and in a Maple tree did giue a little blow.
The nert (if he that threw the same had vsed lesser might)
The backe at which he aymed it was likely for to smight.
It ouerflew him. Iason was the man that cast the Dart.
With that the sonne of Ampycus, sayd: Phœbus (if with hart *Mopsus.*
I haue, and still do worship thee) now graunt me for to hit
The thing that I do leuell at. Apollo graunts him it
As much as lay in him to graunt. He hit the Swine indeed.
But neither entred he his side, nor caused him to bleed.
For why Diana (as the Dart was flying) tooke away
The head of it: and so the Dart could headlesse beare no sway.
But yet the moody beast thereby was set the more on fire,
An chafing like the lightning swift he vttreth forth his ire.
The fire did sparkle from his eyes: and from his boyling brest
He breathed flaming flakes of fire conceiued in his chest.
And loke with what a violent brunt a mightie Bullet goes

From engines bent against a wall, or Bulwarks full of foes:
With euen such violence rush't the Swine among the Hunts amaine,
And ouerthrew Eupalamon and Pelagon, both twaine
That on the right wing placed were. Their fellowes stoping to
And drawing them away, did saue their liues with much ado.
But as for poore *Enesimus* Hippocoons sonne, had not
The lucke to scape the deadly dint. He would away haue got,
And trembling, turn'd his backe for feare. The Swine him ouertoke
And cut his hamstrings, so that straight his going him forsoke.
And Nestor to haue lost his life was like by fortune ere
The siege of Troy, but that he toke his rift vpon his speare:
And leaping quickly vp vpon a tree that stod hard by,
Did safely from the place behold his foe whom he did flie.
The Boare then whetting sharpe his tuskes against the Oken wood,
To mischiefe did prepare himselfe with fierce and cruell mood.
And trusting to his weapons which he sharpened had anew,
In great Orithyas thigh a wound with hooked groyne he drew.
The valiant brothers those same twinnes of Tindarus (not yet *Castor & Pollux.*
Celestiall signes) did both of them on goodly coursers sit
As white as snow: and each of them had shaking in his fist
A lightsome Dart with head of steele to throw it where he list.
And for to wound the bristled Boare they surely hay not mist
But that he still recouerd so the coucrts of the wood,
That neither horse could follow him, nor Dart doe any good.
Still after followed Telamon, whom taking to his feete
No harde at all for egernesse, a Maple rote did mete,
Which tripped vp his heeles, and flat against the ground him laide.
And while his brother Peleus relieued him, the Maide
Of Tegea toke an arrow swift, and shot it from her bow.
The arrow lighting vnderneath the hauers eare bylow,
And somewhat rasing of the skin, did make the bloud to show.
The Maide her selfe not gladder was to see that luckie blow,
Than was the Prince Meleager. He was the first that saw,
And first that shewed to his Mates the bloud that she did draw:
And sayd, for this thy valiant act due honor shalt thou haue.
The men did blush, and chearing vp each other courage gaue
With shouting, and disorderly their Dartes by heapes they threw.
The number of them hindred them, not suffring to ensew

That

That any lighted on the marke at which they all did ame.
Behold, enrag'd against his end the hardie knight that came
From Arcadie, rusht rashly with a Pollax in his fist
And sayd: you younglings learne of me what differens is betwixt
A wenches weapon and a mans: and all of you giue place
To my redoubted force. For though Diana in this chase
Should with her owne shield him defend, yet should this hand of mine
Euen maugre Dame Dianaas heart, confound this orped Swine.
Such boasting words as these through pride presumtuously he crakes:
And streyning out himselfe vpon his tiptoes, straight he takes
His Pollax vp with both his hands. But as this bragger ment
To fetch his blow, the cruell beast his malice did preuent:
And in his coddes (the speeding place of death) his tuskes he puts,
And rippeth vp his paunch. Downe falles Ancæus, and his guts
Come toumbling out besmear'd with blod, and foyled all the plot.
Pirithous, Ixions sonne at that abashed not:
But shaking in his valiant hand his hunting staffe, did goe
Full stoutly forward face to face t'encounter with his foe.
To whom Duke Theseus cryde a farre. O dearer vnto me
Then is my selfe, my soule I say, stay: lawfull wo it se
For valiant men to kepe a loue. The ouer hardy hart
In rash aduentring of himselfe hath made Ancæus smart.
This sed: he threw a weightie Dart of Cornell with a head,
Of brasse: which being leuel'd well was likely to haue sped,
But that a bough of Chestnut tree thicke leaued, by the way
Did latch it, and by meanes thereof the dint of it did stay.
Another Dart that Iason threw, by fortune mist the Bore.
And light betweene a Nattiles chaps, and through his guts did gore:
And nayld him to the earth. The hand of Prince Meleager
Playd hit ymisse. Of two Darts his first did flye too far,
And lighted in the ground: the nert amid his backe stickt fast.
And while the Bore did play the fiend and turned round again,
And grunting flang his fome about together mixt with blod,
The giuer of the wound (the more to kirre his enemies mood)
Crept in, and vnderneath his shield did thrust his Boarespare through.
Then all the hunters shouting out demeaned ioy inough.
And glad was he that first might come to take him by the hand.
About the ogly beast they all with gladnes gazing stand.

And

And wondring what a field of ground his carcalle did possesse.
There durst not any be so bold to touch him. Nœretheless,
They euery of them with his blud their hunting staues made red.
Then stepped forth Meleager, and treading on his hed
Said thus: O Lady Atalant receiue thou here my fee,
And of my glory vouch thou safe partaker for to bee.
Immediately the vgly head with both the tushes braue
And eke the shinne with bristles stur right grisly, he her gaue.
The Lady for the giuers sake, was in her heart as glad
As for the gift. The rest repinde that she such honor had.
Through all the rout was murmuring. Of whom with roaring feare
And armes displayde that all the field might easily see and heare,
The Thestïes cryed, Dame come off and lay vs downe with geare,
And thou a woman offer not vs men so great a shame,
As we to toyle, and thou to take the honor of our game.
Ne let that faire smoth face of thine beguile thee, least that hee
That being doted in thy loue did giue thee this our fee.
We ouer farre to rescue thee. And with that worde they take
The gift from her, and right of gift from him. He could not brooke
This wrong: but gnashing with his teeth for anger that did boyle
Within, sayd fiercely: learne ye, you that other folkes dispoyle
Of honor giuen, what difference is betweene your threats, and deedes.
And therewithall Plexippus brest (who no such matter dreads)
With wicked weapon he did perce. As Toxey doubting stood
What way to take, desiring both t'auenge his brothers blood,
And fearing to be murthered as his brother was before,
Meleager (to dispatch all doubts of musing any more)
Did heate his sword for company in blud of him againe,
Before Plexippus blud was cold that did thereon remaine.
Althæa going toward Church with presents for to yild
Due thankes and worship to the Gods, that for her sonne had kild
The Boare, beheld her brothers brought home dead: and by and by
She beate her brest and fild the Towne with shrieking pitcously,
And shifting all her rich aray, did put on mourning weede,
But when she vnderstood what man was doer of the deede,
She left all mourning and from teares to vengance did proceede.
There was a certaine firebrand which when Oenies wife did lie
In childebed of Meleager, she chaunced to espie

The Destinies putting in the fire: and in the putting in,
she heard them speake these words as they his fatall threed did spin.
Lately borne, like time we giue to thee and to this brand:
And when they so had spoken, they departed out of hand.
Immediately the mother caught the blazing bough away,
And quenched it. This bough she kept full charely many a day:
And in the keeping of the same she kept her sonne aliue.
But now entending of his life him clearely to depriue
She brought it forth, and causing all the coales and imiers to
Be layd by, she like a foe did kindle fire thereto.
Fowre times she was about to cast the firebrand in the flame:
Fowre times she pulled backe her hand from doing of the same.
As mother and as sister both she stroue what way to go:
The diuers names drew diuerslie her stomache too and fro.
Her face wext often pale for feare of mischiefe to ensew:
And often red about the eyes through heate of ire she grew.
One while her looke resembled one that threatned cruelnesse:
Another while ye would haue thought she minded pitousnesse.
And though the cruell burning of her heart did drie her teares,
Yet burst out some. And as a boate which Tyde contrary beares
Against the winde, forces double forces and is compeld to yeld
To both: So Thestius daughter now vnable for to wielde
Her doutfull passions, diuerslie is caryed off and on,
And changeably she weres calme, and stormes againe anon.
But better sister ginneth she than mother for to be.
And to th'intent her brothers Ghosts with blood to honor, she
Intending to be one way kinde, doth worke another way
Against kinde. When the plagny fire wext strong, she thus did say:
Let this same fire my bowels burne. And as in cursed hands
The fatall wood she holding at the hellish Altar stands:
She sayd: ye triple Goddesses of wreake, ye helhounds thee,
Behold ye all this furious fact and sacrifice of mee.
I wreake and do against all right: with death must death be payd:
To mischiefe mischiefe must be heapt: on corse must corse be layd.
Confounded let this wicked house with heaped sorrowes be:
Shall Oenie ioy his happy sonne in honor for to see,
And Thestie mourne bereft of his? Nay, better yet it were,
That erhe with other companie in mourning you should beare.

Ye brothers Ghosts and soules new dead I wish no more, but you
To fæle the the solemne obsequies which I prepare as now:
And that mine offring you accept, which dearely I haue bought
The issue of my wretched wombe. Alas, alas, what thought
I for to do? O brothers I beseech you beare with me.
I am his mother: so to do my hands vnable be.
His trespasse I confesse deserues the stopping of his breath:
But yet I do not like that I be author of his death.
And shall he then with life and limme, and honor too, scape frée?
And vaunting in his good successe the King of Calydon bee?
And you deare soules lie raked vp but in a little dust?
I will not surely suffer it. But let the villaine trust
That he shall die, and draw with him to ruine and decay
His Kingdome, Countrey, and his Sire, that doth vpon him stay.
Why, where is now the mothers heart and pittie that should raine
In parents? and the ten moneths paines that once I did sustaine?
O would to God thou burned had a baby in this brand,
And that I had not tane it out and quencht it with my hand.
That all this while thou liued hast, my goodnesse is the cause.
And now most iustly vnto death thine owne desert thee drawes.
Receiue the guerdon of thy deede and render thou agen
Thy twice giuen life, by bearing first, and secondarly when
I caught this firebrand from the flame: Orels come deale with me
As with my brothers, and with them let me entumbed be.
I would, and cannot. What then shall I stand to in this case?
One while my brothers corses seeme to preasse before my face,
With liuely image of their deaths. Another while my minde
Doth yéld to pittie, and the name of mother doth me blinde:
Now woe is me. To let you haue the vpperhand is sinne:
But nœretheleſſe the vpperhand, O brothers do you win.
Condicionly that when that I to comfort you withall
Haue wrought this feate my selfe to you resort in person shall.
This sed, she turnde away her face and with a trembling hand
Did cast the deathfull brand amid the burning fire. The brand
Did either sigh or seeme to sigh in burning in the flame,
Which sorie and vnwilling was to fasten on the same.
Meleager being absent, and not knowing ought at all,
Was burned with this flame: and felt his bowels to appall

With

With ſecret fire. He bare out long the paine with courage ſtout.
But yet it grieued him to die ſo cowardly without
The ſhedding of his blood. He thought Ancæus for to bee
A happie man that dide of wound. With ſighing called hee
Vpon his aged father, and his ſiſters, and his brother,
And laſtly on his wife two, and by chaunce vpon his mother.
His paine increaſed with the fire, and fell therewith againe:
And at the ſelfe ſame inſtant quite extinguiſht were both twaine.
And as the aſhes ſoft and hore by leaſure ouergrew
The glowing coales: ſo leaſurely his ſpirit from him drew.
Then drouped ſtately Calydon. Both yong and old did mourne
The Lords and Commons did lament: and married wiues with horne
And tattred haire did cry alas. His father did beray
His hoarie head and face with duſt, and on the earth flat lay,
Lamenting that he liued had to ſee that wofull day,
For now his mothers giltie hand had for that curſed crime
Done execution on her ſelfe by ſword before her time.
If God to me a hundred mouthes with ſounding tongues ſhould ſend,
And reaſon able to conceiue, and thereunto ſhould lend
Me all the grace of eloquence that ere the Muſes had,
I could not ſhew the woe where with his ſiſters were beſtad.
Unmindfull of their high eſtate, their naked breſts they ſmit,
Untill they made them blacke and blew. And while his bodie yet
Remained, they did cheriſh it, and cheriſh it againe.
They kiſt his bodie: yea, they kiſt the chiſt that did containe
His corſe. And after that the corſe was burnt to aſhes, they
Did preſſe his aſhes with their breſts: and downe along they lay
Vpon his toombe, and there embraſte his name vpon the ſtone,
And filde the letters of the ſame with teares that from them gone.
At length Diana ſatiſfied with ſlaughter brought vpon
The houſe of Oenie, lifts them vp with feathers euerichone,
(Saue Gorge and the daughter in law of noble Alemene) and
Makes wings to ſtretch along their ſides, and horned nebs to ſtand
Vpon their mouthes. And finally the altring quight their fayre
And natiue ſhape, in ſhape of Birds doth ſend them through the Ayre.
The noble Theſeus in this while with others hauing donne
His part in killing of the Boare, to Athens ward begonne
To take his way. But Acheloy then being ſwolne with raine

Did

Did stay him of his iourney, and from passage him restraine.
Of Athens valiant Knight (quoth he) come vnderneath my roofe,
And for to passe my raging streame as yet attempt no proofe.
This Broke is wont whole trees to beare, and side-long stones to carry
With hideous roaring downe his streame. I oft haue seene him harrie
Whole sheepecotes standing neere his bankes with flocks of sheepe therin:
Nought boted Buls their strength, nought stedes by swiftnes there could win
Pea many lusty men this broke hath swallowed, when the snow
From mountaines molten, caused him his bankes to ouerflow.
The best is for you for to rest vntill the Riuer fall
Within his boundes: and run againe within his channell small.
Content (quoth Theseus:) Acheloy, I will not sure refuse
Thy counsell nor thy house. And so he both of them did vse.
Of Pommy hollowed diuerslie, and ragged pebble Stone
The walles were made. The floore with Rosse was soft to tread vpon.
The roofe thereof was chekerwise with shels of purple wrought,
And Pearle. The Sunne then full two parts of day to end had brought,
And Theseus downe to table sate with such as late before
Had friendly borne him company at killing of the Bore.
At one side late Ixions sonne, and on the other sate
The Prince of Troyzen Lelex with a thin heard hoarie pate,
And then such other as the brooke of Acarnania did
Vouchsafe the honour to his bord and table for to bid,
Who was right glad of such a guest. Immediatly there came
Bare-foted Nymphs, who brought in meate. And when that of the same
The lords had taken their repast, the meate away they toke,
And set downe wine in precious stones. Then Theseus who did loke
Vpon the sea that vnderneath did lie within their sight,
Sayd: Tell vs what is yon same place (and with his finger right
He pointed thereunto) I pray, and what that Iland hight,
Although it seemeth mo than one. The Riuer answerd thus,
It is not one maine land alone that kenned is of vs:
There are vpon a fiue of them. The distance of the place,
Doth hinder to discerne betweene each Ile the perfect space.
And that the lesse ye wonder may at Phœbees act alate,
To such as had neclected her vpon contempt or hate,
These Iles were sometime water-nimphes, who hauing killed neate
Twice fiue, and called to their feast the countrey Gods to eate,

Forgetting

Forgetting me, kept frollicke chære. At that gan I to swell,
And ran more large than euer erst: and being ouer fell
In stomacke and in streame, I rent the wood from wood, and fild
From fald, and the ground the Nimphs as then with stomakes mild
Remembring me, I tumbled to the Sea. The waues of mæ
And of the sea the ground that erst all whole was wont to bæ,
Did rend a sunder into all the Iles you yonder sæ,
And made a way for waters now to passe betweene them frée.
They now of Vrchin shaue their name. But of these Ilands, one
A great way off (behold yæ) stands a great way off alone,
As you may sæ. The Mariners do callit Perimell.
With her (the was as then a Nymph) so farre in loue I fell,
That of her maidenhood I her spoyld: which thing displeasd so sore
Her father Sir Hippodamas, that from the craggie shore
He threw her headlong downe to drowne her in the sea But I
Did catch her straight, and bearing her aflote did lowd thus crie.
O Neptune with thy threetynde Mace who hast by lot the charge
Of all the waters wilde that bound vpon the earth at large,
To whome we wholy streames do runne, in whom we take our end.
Draw nære, and gently to my bone effectually attend.
This Lady whom I beare aflote, my selfe hath hurt. Be mærke
And vpright. If Hippodamas perchaunce were father lake,
Or if that he extremitie through outrage did not sake,
He oughted to haue pityed her, and for to beare with me:
Now helpe vs Neptune I thee pray, and condiscend that she
Whome from the land her fathers wrath and cruelnesse doth chace,
Who through her fathers cruelnesse is drownd, may find the grace
To haue a place: or rather let her selfe become a place:
And I will still embrace the same. The King of Seas did moue
His head, and as a token that he did my sute approue,
He made his surges all to shake. The Nymph was sore afrayd.
Howbeit she swam, and as she swam, my hand I softly layd
Vpon her brest which quiuered still. And while I touchd the same,
I sensibly did feele how all her body hard became:
And how the Earth did ouergrow her bulke. And as I spake,
New Earth encloside her swimming limbes, which by and by did take
Another shape, and grew into a mighty Ile. With that
The Riuer ceast, and all men there did woonder much thereat.

Pirythous.

Pirythous being ouer hault of minde, and such a one
As did despise both God and man, did laugh them euerychone
To scorne for giuing credite, and sayd thus, The wordes thou spakst
Are feyned fancies Acheloy: and ouerstrong thou makst
The Gods: to say that they can giue and take way shapes. This scoft
Did make the hearers all amazde, for none did like thereof.
And Lelex of them all the man most ripe in yeres and wit,
Sayd thus: Unmeasurable is the power of heauen, and it
Can haue none end. And loke what God doth minde to bring about
Must take effect. And in this case to put ye out of doubt,
Upon the hilles of Phrygye neere a Teyle there stands a tree
Of like enclosed with a wall. My selfe the place did see.
For Pitchey vnto Pelop fields did send me where his father
Did sometime raigne. Not farre from thence there is a pole which rather
Had beene dry ground inhabited. But now it is a meare
And Woodcocks, Cootes, and Cormorants do breed and nestle there.
The mightie Ioue and Mercurie his sonne, in shape of men,
Resorted thither on a time. A thousand houses when
For roome to lodge in they had sought, a thousand house bard
Their doores against them. Neretheless one cotage afterward
Receiued them, and that was but a pelting one in deede.
The rose thereof was thatched all with straw and fennish reede.
Howbeit two honest ancient folke, (of whom she Baucis hight
And he Philemon) in that Cote their faith in youth had plight:
And in that Cote had spent their age. And for they patiently
Did beare their simple pouertie, they made it light thereby,
And shewed it nothing to be repined at at all.
It skilles not whether there for Hindes or Master you do call,
For all the household were but two: and both of them obayd,
And both commaunded. When the Gods at this same Cotage stayd,
And ducking downe their heads within the low made wicket, came
Philemon bringing each a stole, bade rest vpon the same
Their limmes: and busie Baucis brought them Cushions homely gay,
Which done, the embers on the harth she gan abroade to stere,
And layd the coales together that were raakt vp ouer night.
And with the brandes and dryed leaues did make them gather might.
And with the blowing of her mouth did make them kindle bright.
Then from an inner house she fetcht seare sticks and clifted brands,

And

And put them broken vnderneath a skillet with her hands.
Her husband from their Garden-plot fetcht Colewoorts. Of the which
She shreaded small the leaues, and with a Forke tooke downe a flitch
Of cuttie Bacon from the Balke made blacke with smoke, and cut
A peece thereof, and in the Pan to boyling did it put.
And while this meate a seething was, the time in talke they spent,
By meanes whereof away without much tediousnesse it went.
There hung a Bowle of Beech vpon a spirget by a ring.
The same with warmed water filde, the two old folke did bring
To bath their guestes soule feete therein. Amid the house there stood
A Couch whose bottome, sides, and feete were all of Sallow wood,
And on the same a Mat of Sedge. They cast vpon this bed
A couering which was neuer wont vpon it to be spred,
Except it were at solemne Feastes: and yet the same was olde
And of the coursest, with a bed of Sallow meete to holde.
The Gods sate downe. The aged wife right chare and busie as
A Bee, set out a table: of the which the third foote was
A little shorter then the rest. A tylesherd made it euen
And tooke away the shortingnesse: and when they had it dryuen
To stand vp leuell, with greene Mintes they by and by it wipt,
Then set they on it * Pallas fruite with double colour stript. *Obsi
And Cornels kept in pickle moyst, and Endiue, and a roote
Of Radish, and a iolly lumpe of Butter fresh and soote,
And egges reare rosted. All these Cates in earthen dishes came.
Then set they downe a grauen Cup made also of the same
Selfe kinde of Plate, and Mazers made of Beech, whose inner side
Was rubd with yellow Ware. And when they pawsed had a tide,
Hotte meate came piping from the fire. And shortly thereupon
A cup of greene hedge Wine was brought. This tane away, anon
Came in the latter course, which was of Nuts, Dates, dryed Figges,
Sweete smelling Apples in a Maunde made flat of Oysier twigges,
And Prunes and Plums and purple Grapes cut newly from the tree,
And in the midst a Honny-combe new taken from the Bee.
Besides all this, there did ensue good countnance ouermore,
With will not peere nor niggardly. Now all the while before,
As often as Philemon and dame Baucis did perceiue
The emptie Cup to fill alone, and Wine still to receiue,
Amazed at the strangenesse of the thing, they gan straight way

With fearefull hearts and hands hild vp to frame them selues to pray.
Desiring for their slender chære and fare to pardoned bæ.
They had but one poore Gose which kept their little Tennantrie,
And this to offer to the Gods their guestes they did intende.
The Gander wight of wing did make the slow old folke to spende
Their paynes in vayne, and mockt them long. At length he sæm'd to flye
For succour to the Gods themselues, who bade he should not dye.
For we be Gods (quoth they) and all this wicked townеship shall
Abye their guilt. On you alone this mischiefe shall not fall.
No more but giue you vp your house, and follow vp this hill
Togither, and vpon the top thereof abide our will.
They both obay'd, And as the Gods did leade the way before,
They lagged slowly after with their staues, and labored sore
Againſt the rising of the hill. They were not mickle more
Than full a flight shot from the top, when looking back they saw
How all the towne was drowned saue their little shed of straw.
And as they wondred at the thing, and did bewaile the case
Of those that had their neighbours beene: the olde poore Cote so base,
Whereon they had bæne owners erſt, became a Church. The proppes
Were turned into pillars huge. The straw vpon the tops
Was yellow so that all the roſe did seeme of burnisht gold:
The flowre with Marble paued was. The dores on either fold
Were grauen. At the sight hereof Philemon and his Make
Began to pray in feare. Then Ioue thus gently them bespake:
Declare thou righteous man: and thou O woman mæte to haue
A righteous husband: what yee would most chiefly, with or craue.
Philemon taking conference a little with his wife,
Declared both their meanings thus. We couet during life
Your Chaplaines for to be to kæpe your Temple. And because
Our yeeres in concord we haue spent, I pray when death nære drawes,
Let both of vs togither leaue our liues: That neither I
Behold my wiues decease, nor she see mine when I doe die.
Their wish had sequele to their will. As long as life did last,
They kept the Church. And being spent with age of yeeres forepast,
By chance as standing on a time without the Temple dore
They told the fortune of the place, Philemon old and poore
Saw Baucis florish græne with leaues, and Baucis saw likewise
Philemon branching out in boughs and twigs before her eyes.

And

And as the Barke did ouergrow the heads of both, each spake
To other while they might. At last they each of them did take
Their leaue of other both at once, and therewithall the barke
Did hide their faces both at once. The Phrygians in that parke
Do at this present day still shew the trees that shaped were
Of their two bodies, growing yet together ioyntly there.
These things did ancient men report of credite very good.
For why, there was no cause why they should lye. As I there stood
I saw the garlands hanging on the boughs, and adding new
I sayd: let them whom God doth loue be Gods; and honor due
Be giuen to such as honor him with feare and reuerence trew.
He held his peace, and both the thing and he that did it tell,
Did moue them all, but Theseus most. Whom being minded well
To heare of wondrous things, the Broke of Calydon thus bespake:
There are O valiant Knight, some folke that had the power to take
Strange shape for once, and all their liues continue in the same.
And othersome to sundry shapes haue power themselues to frame.
As thou, O Protew, dwelling in the sea that clepes the land.
For now a Poonker, now a Boare, anon a Lyon, and
Straightway thou didst become a Snake, and by and by a Bull,
That people were afraid of thee to see thy horned skull.
And oftentimes thou seemed a stone, and now and then a tree,
And counterfeiting water sheere thou seemedst oft to bee
A Riuer: and anotherwhile contrary thereunto.
Thou wart a fyre. Noleſſer power than also thus to do
Had Erisicthons daughter whom Awtolychus toke to wife.
Her father was a person that despised all his life
The power of Gods, and neuer did vouchsafe them sacrifice.
He also is reported to haue hewen in wicked wise
The groue of Ceres, and to fell her holy woods which ay
Had vndiminish't and vnhack't continued to that day.
There stood in it a warry Oke which was a wood alone.
Vpon it round hung fillets, crownes, and tables many a one.
The votes of such as had obtain'd their hearts desire. Full oft
The woodnymphs vnderneath this tree did fetch their frisks aloft,
And oftentimes with hand in hand they daunced in a round
About the Trunke, whose bignes was of timber good and sound
Full fifteene fadom. All the trees within the wood beside,

Were vnto this, as wœds to them: so farre it did them hide.
Yet could not this moue Triops sonne his are there fro to hold.
But bade his seruants cut it downe. And when he did behold
Them stunting at his hest, he snatch't an Are with furious mood
From one of them, and wickedly sayd thus. Although this wood
Not onely were the dearling of the Goddesse, but also
The Goddesse euen her selfe: yet would I make it ere I go
To kisse the flowers with her top that pranks with branches so.
This spoken, as he sweak't his are aside to fetch his blow,
The manast Oke did quake and sigh, the Acornes that did grow
Thereon together with the leaues to were full pale and began,
And shrinking in for feare, the boughes and branches loked wan.
As sone as that his cursed hand had wounded once the tree,
The blood came spinning from the carke, and freshly as ye see
It issue from a Bullockes necke whose throate is newly cut
Before the Altar, when his flesh to sacrifice is put.
They were amazed euerychone. And one among them all
To let the wicked act, durst from the tree his hatchet call.
The lewd Thessalian facing him, sayd: Take thou here to thee
The guerdon of thy godlynesse: and turning from the tree,
He chopped off the fellowes head. Which done, he went agen
And heatwed on the Oke: streight from amid the tree as then
There issued such a sound as this: Within this tree dwell I
A Nymph to Ceres very deere, who now before I die,
In comfort of my death doe giue thee warning thou shalt buy
Thy dooing deere within a while: he goeth wilfully
Still thorow with his wickednesse, vntill at length the Oke
Pull'd partly by the force of ropes, and cut with ares stroke
Did fall, and with his weight bare downe of vnder-wood great store.
The Woodnymphs with the losses of the Woods and theirs right sore
Amazed, gathered on a knot, and all in mourning wede
Went sad to Ceres, praying her to wreake that wicked deede
Of Erisicthons. Ceres was content it should be so.
And with the moning of her head in nodding to and fro,
She shooke the fieldes which laaden were with fruitefull Harnest tho.
And therewithall a punishment most pitteous she procedes
To put in practise: were it not that his most heynous deedes,
No pittie did deserue to haue at any bodyes hand.

With

With helpeleſſe hunger him to pine, in purpoſe ſhe did ſtand.
And for asmuch as ſhe her ſelfe and famine might not mate,
(For ſate forbiddeth famine to abide within the late
Where plentie is) ſhe thus beſpake a Fayrie of the hill.
There lyeth in the vtmoſt bounds of Tartarie the chill
A dreerie place, a wretched ſoyle, a barraine plot: no grayne,
No fruite, no tree, is growing there: but there doth aye remayne
Unwældſome cold, with trembling feare, and paleneſſe white as clout,
And fooliſh famine. Will thou her immediatly without
Delay to ſhed herſelfe into the ſtomacke of the wretch,
And let no plentie ſtaunch her force: but let her working ſtretch
Aboue the power of me. And leaſt the longneſſe of the way
May make thee wearie, take thou here my Chariot: take I ſay
My Dragons for to beare thee through the Ayre. In ſaying ſo,
She gaue her them. The Nymph mounted vp, and flying thence as tho
Alights in Scythy land, and vp the cragged top of hie
Mount Caucaſus did cauſe her Snakes with much a do to ſtie.
Where ſeeking long for famine, ſhe the gap-toothd elfe did ſpie
Amid a barren ſtonie field a ramping vp the graſſe
With vgly nayles and chanking it. her face pale coloured was.
Her heare was harſh and thrill, her eyes were ſunken in her head.
Her lips were hore with filth, her teeth were furd and ruſtie read.
Her ſkin was ſtarched and ſo theare, a man might well eſpie
The very bowels in her bulke how euery one doth lie.
And eke aboue her courbed loynes her withered hippes were leane.
In ſtead of bellie was a ſpace where bellie ſhould haue beene.
Her breſt did hang ſo ſagging downe as that a man would weene
That ſcarcely to her ridgebone had her ribs beene faſtned well.
Her leanneſſe made her ioynts bolne big, and knee-pannes for to ſwell.
And with ereeding mighty knubs her heeles behind boynd out.
Now when the Nymph beheld this elfe a farre (ſhe was in dout
To come too neere her:) ſhe declarde her Ladies meſſage. And
In that ſame little while although the Nymph aloſe did ſtand,
And though ſhe were but newly come, yet ſeemed ſhe to feele
The force of famine. Whereupon ſhe turning backe her wheele
Did reyne her Dragons vp aloft: who ſtreight with courage free
Conuay'd her into Theſſaly. Although that famine bee
Aye contrary to Ceres worke, yet did ſhe then agree

To do her will. And gliding through the Ayre supported by
The winde she found th'appointed house: and entring by and by
The catyfes chamber where he slept (it was in time of night)
She hugged him betweene her armes there snorting bolt vpright.
And breathing her into him, blew vpon his face and brest,
That hunger in his emptie veines myght worke as he did rest.
And when she had accomplished her charge, she then forsoke
The fruitefull Clymates of the world, and home againe betoke
Her selfe, vnto her fruitlesse fields and former dwelling place.
The gentle slepe did all this while with feathers soft embrace
The wretched Erisicthons corse. Who dreaming straight of meate,
Did stirre his hungry iawes in vaine as though he had to eate,
And chanking teeth on teeth apace he grinds them in his head,
And occupies his empty throat with swallowing, and in stead
Of food deuoures the lither ayre. But when that slepe with night
Was shaken off, immediatly a furious appetite
Of feeding gan to rage in him, which in his greedy gummes,
And in his meatlesse maw doth raigne vnstancht. Anon there commes
Before him whatsoeuer liues on sea, in aire, or land:
And yet he cryeth still for more. And though the platters stand
Before his face full furnished, yet doth he still complayne
Of hunger, craning meate at meale. The food that would sustaine
Whole householdes, Townes hips, Shyres, and Realmes suffice not him.
The more his pampred paunch consumes, ỹ more it maketh mone, (alone.
And as the Sea receiues the Brookes of all the worldly Realmes,
And yet is neuer satisfied for all the forraine Streames:
And as the fell and rauening fire refuseth neuer wood,
But burneth faggots numberlesse, and with a furious mood,
The more it hath, the more it still desyreth euermore,
Encreasing in deuouring through encreasment of the store:
So wicked Erisicthons mouth in swallowing of his meate,
Was euer hungry more and more, and longed ay to eate.
Meate tolde in meate: and as he ate, the place was emptie still:
The hunger of his brinkelesse Maw the gulfe that nought might fill,
Had brought his fathers goods to nought. But yet continued aye:
His cursed hunger vnappeas'd: and nothing could alay
The flaming of his starued throte. At length when all was spent,
And into his vnfilled Maw both goods and lands were sent,

An

An onely daughter did remaine vnworthy to haue had
So lewd a father. Her he sold, so hard he was bestad.
But she of gentle courage could no bondage well abyde.
And therefore stretching out her hands to sea-ward there beside,
Now saue me (quoth she) from the yoke of bondage I thee pray,
O thou that my virginitie enioyest as a pray:
Neptunus had it. Who to this her prayer did consent.
And though her maister looking backe (for after him she went)
Had newly seene her: yet he turnd her shape and made her man,
And gaue her loke of Fisherman. Her maister looking than
Upon her, sayd. Good fellow thou that on the shore doost stand
With angling rod and bayted hooke and hanging line in hand,
I pray thee as thou doost desire the Sea aye calme to thee,
And Fishes for to byte thy bayte, and striken still to bee,
Tell where the frizzle topped Wench in course and sluttish gere
That stood right now vpon this shore (for well I wot that here
I saw her standing) is become. For further then this place
No foote step is appearing. She perceiuing by the cace
That Neptunes gift made well with her, and being glad to see
Her selfe enquird for of her selfe, sayd thus: who ere you bee
I pray you for to pardon mee. I turned not mine eye
A toneside ne a tother from this place, but did apply
My labour hard. And that you may the lesser stand in doubt,
So Neptune further still the Art and craft I goe about,
As now a while no liuing Wight vpon this leuell sand
(My selfe excepted) neither man nor woman here did stand.
Her maister did beleeue her words: and turning backward went
His way beguyld; and straight to her her native shape was sent:
But when her father did perceiue his daughter for to haue
A body so transformable, he oftentimes her gaue
For money. But the Damsel! still escaped now a Mare,
And now a Cow, and now a Bird, a Hart, a Hynd, or Hare,
And euer fed her hungry Syre with vndeserued fare.
But after that the malady had wasted all the meates
As well of store as that which she had purchaste by her feates:
Most cursed Caytife as he was with byting hee did rend
His flesh, and by diminishing his body did intend
To fede his body, till that death did spede his fatall end.

But what meane I to buſie me in forrayne matters thus?
To alter ſhapes within precinct is lawfull euen to vs
My Lords, For ſometime I am ſuch as you do now me ſée,
Sometime I winde me in a Snake: and oft I ſeeme to bée
A Captaine of the heard with hornes. For taking hornes on mée
I loſt a tyne which heretofore did arme me as the print
Doth plainely ſhew. Whith that ſame word he ſighed and did ſtint.

Finis Octaui Libri.

THE NINTH BOOKE OF Ouids Metamorphoſis.

WHat ayleth thée (quoth Theſeus) to ſigh ſo ſore? and how
Befell it thée to get this mayme that is vpon thy brow?
The noble ſtreame of Calydon made anſwere, who did weare
A garland made of Reedes and Flags vpon his ſedgie heare.
A greeuous penaunce you enioyne. For who would gladly ſhow
The combats in the which himſelfe did take the ouerthrow?
Yet will I make a iuſt report in order of the ſame.
For why? two haue the woorſer hand was not ſo great a ſhame,
Als was the honor ſuch a match to vndertake. And much
It comforts me that he who did me ouercome, was ſuch
A valiant Champion. If perchance you erſt haue heard the name
Of Deyanyre, the fayreſt maide that euer God did frame
She was in mine opinion. And the hope to winne her loue
Did mickle enuie and debate among her woers moue.
With whom I entring to the houſe of him that ſhould haue bée
My fathrilaw, Parthaons ſonne (I ſayd) accept thou mée
Thy ſonnilaw. And Hercules in ſelfe ſame ſort did woo.

And

And all the other suitors straight gaue place vnto his two.
He vaunted of his father Ioue, and of his famous deeds,
And how against his stepdames spight his prowesse still proceeds.
And I againe a tother side, sayd thus, it is a shame
That God should yeld to man: (this strife was long ere he became
A God.) Thou seest me a Lord of waters in thy realme
Where I in wide and winding bankes do beare my flowing streame.
No stranger shalt thou haue of me sent farre from forraine land:
But one of household, or at least a neighbour heere at hand.
Alonely let it be to me no hinderance that the wife
Of Ioue abhorres me not, ne that vpon the paine of life
She lets me not to taske. For where thou boastest thee to bee
Alcmenas sonne, Ioue either is not father vnto thee:
Or if he be, it is by sinne. In making Ioue thy father,
Thou maakst thy mother but a whore. Now chose thee whether rather
Thou had to grant this tale of Ioue surmyzed for to bee,
Or else thy selfe begot in shame and borne in basterdee.
At that he grimly bendes his browes, and much ado he hath
To hold his hands, so sore his heart inflamed is with wrath,
He sayd no more but thus. My hand doth serue mee better than
My tong. Content I am (so I in fighting vanquish can)
That thou shalt ouercome in words, And therewithall he gan
Me fiercely to assayle. Mee thought it was a shame for mee
That had euen now so stoutly talkt, in doings faint to bee.
I casting off my greenish cloke, thrust stiffely out at length
Mine armes, and straynd my pawing hands to hold him out by strength,
And framed euery limme to cope. With both his hollow hands
Hee caught vp dust and sprinkled mee: and I likewise with sands
Made him all yellow too. One while he at my necke doth snatch,
Another while my cleere crispe legges he striueth for to catch,
Or trippes at mee: and euery where the vauntage he doth watch,
My weightinesse defended mee, and cleerly did disseate
His stout assaults, as when a waue with hideous noyse doth beate
Against a Rocke, the Rocke doth still both safe and sound abyde
By reason of his massinesse. We drew a while aside.
And then incountring freshly againe, we kept our places stout
Full minded not to yeeld an inch, but for to hold it out.
Now were wee standing foote to foote, And I with all my brest

Was

Was leaning forward, and with head against his head did rest,
And with my griping fingers I against his fingers thrust.
So haue I seene two mightie Bulles together fiercely iust
In setting as their prize to haue the fayrest Cow in all
The field to be their make, and all the heerd both great and small
Stand gazing on them fearefully, not knowing vnto which
The conquest of so great a payne shall fall. Three times a twich
Gaue Hercules and could not winch my leaning breast him fro
But at the fourth he shoke me off and made me to let go
My hold: and with a pully (I will tell truth) hee had a knacke
To turne me off, and heauily he hung vpon my backe.
And if I may beleeued be (as sure I meane not I
To vaunt my selfe vaine glorioully by telling of a lye,)
Me thought a mountaine whelmed me. But yet with much a doo
I wrested in my sweating armes, and hardly did vndoo
His griping hands. He following still his vantage, suffred not
Mee once to breath or gather strength: but by and by he got
Me by the necke. Then was I fayne to sinke with knee to ground,
And kisse the dust. Now when in strength to weake my selfe I found,
I toke me to my slights, and slipt in shape of Snake away
Of wondrous length. And when that I of purpose him to fray
Did bend my selfe in swelling rolles, and made a hideous noyse
Of hissing with my forked tongue, he smiling at my toyes,
And laughing them to scorne, sayd thus: It is my cradle game
To vanquish Snakes, O Acheloy, Admit thou ouercame
All other Snakes, yet what art thou compared to the Snake
Of Lerna, who by cutting off did still encreasment take.
For of a hundred heads not one so soone was paarde away,
But that vpon the stump thereof there budded other tway.
This sprouting Snake whose branching heads by slaughter did reuiue
And grow by cropping, I subdewd, and made it could not thriue.
And thinkest thou (who being none would seeme a Snake) to scape?
Who doost with forged weapons fight, and vnder borrowed shape?
This sayd, his fingers of my necke he fastned in the nape.
Me thought he gripte my throate as though he did with pinsons nip,
I struggled from his churlish thumbes my pinched chappes to slip,
But do the best and worst I could, he ouercame me so.
Then thirdly did remaine the shape of Bull. And quickly tho

I turning to the shape of Bull, rebell'd against my fo,
He stepping to my left side close, did fould his armes about
My watteld necke, and following me then running mainely out
Did drag me backe and made me pitch my hornes against the ground,
And in the deepest of the sand he ouerthrew me round.
And yet not so content, such hold his cruell hand did take
Upon my wheiked horne, that he asunder quite it brake,
And pulld it from my maimed brow. The Water-fayries came
And filling it with fruit and flowers did consecrate the same,
And so my horne the treasory of plenteousnes became.
Assoone as Acheloy had told this tale, a waiting Mayde
With flaring haire that lay on both her shoulders, and arayde
Like one of Dame Dianas Nymphs with solemne grace forth came
And brought that rich and precious horne, and heaped in the same
All kinde of fruites that Harueft sends, and specially such fruit
As serues for latter course at meales of euery sort and suit.
Assoone as daylight came againe, and that the Sunny rayes
Did shine vpon the tops of things, the Princes went their wayes.
They would not tarry till the flood was altogether falne,
And that the Riuer in his banks ran low againe and calme.
Then Acheloy amid his waues his Crabtree face did hide,
And head disarmed of a horne. And though he did abide
In all parts else both safe and sound, yet this deformitie
Did cut his combe: and for to hide this blemish from the eie,
He hides his hurt with Sallow leaues, or else with sedge and rude.
But of the selfe-same Maide the loue kil'd the fierce Nesse in deede,
When piercing swiftly through thy backe an arrow made thee bleed.
For as Loues issue with his wife was onward on his way
In going to his countreyward, enforst he was to stay
At swift Euenus banke, because the streame was risen sore
Aboue his bounds through rage of raine that fell but late before,
Againe so full of Whowlepooles and of gulles the channell was,
That scarce a man could any where finde place of passage. As
Not caring for himselfe but for his wife, he there did stand,
This Nessus came vnto him (who was strong of body, and
Knew well the Foords) and sayd: vse thou thy strength, O Hercules
In swimming. I will finde the meanes this Lady shall with ease
Be set vpon the further banke. So Hercules betooke.

His

His wife to Neſſus, ſhe for feare of him and of the brooke
Lokt pale. Her huſband as he had his quiuer by his ſide
Of arrowes full, and on his backe his beauie Lyons hide,
(For to the further banke he erſt his club and bow had caſt)
Said, ſith I haue begun, this broke both muſt and ſhalbe paſt.
He neuer caſteth further doubts, nor ſeekes the calmeſt place,
But through the roughest of the ſtreame he cuts his way apace.
Now as he on the further ſide was taking vp his bow,
He heard his wedlocke ſhreeking out, and did her calling know:
And cryde to Neſſe, (who went about to deale vnfaithfully
In running with his charge away) Ho, whither doſt thou fly
Thou Royſter thou, vpon vaine hope by ſwiftnes to eſcape
My hands? I ſay, giue eare thou Neſſe for all thy double ſhape,
And meddle not with that thats mine. Though no regard of mee
Might moue thee to reſtraine from rape, thy father yet might bee
A warning, who for offring ſhame to Iuno now doth feele
Continuall torment in his limbes by turning on a wheele,
For all that thou haſt horſes feete which do ſo bolde the make,
Yet ſhalt thou not eſcape my hands. I will thee ouertake
With wound and not with feete. He did according as he ſpake.
For with an arrow as he fled, he ſtrake him through the backe,
And out before his breaſt againe the hooked iron ſtake.
And when the ſame was pulled out, the blood amaine enſewd
At both the holes, with poyſon foule of Lerna Snake embrewd,
This blood did Neſſus take, and ſayd within himſelfe: Well, ſith
I needs muſt die, yet will I not dye vnreuendg'd. And with
The ſame he ſtaind a ſhirt, and gaue it vnto Deyanyre,
Aſſuring her it had the power to kindle Cupids fire.
A great while after when the deeds of worthy Hercules
Were ſuch as filled all the world and alſo did appeaſe
The hatred of his ſtepmother: as he vpon a day
With conqueſt from Oechalia came, and was about to pay
His vowes to Ioue vpon the Mount of Cenye: tatling Fame
(Who in reporting things of truth delights to cauſe the ſame
With tales, and of a thing of naught doth euer greater grow
Through falſe and newly forged lies that ſhe her ſelfe doth ſow)
Told Deyanyre that Hercules did caſt a liking to
A Lady called Iolee. And Deyanyre (who

Was

Was iealous ouer Hercules) gaue credit to the ſame.
And when that of a Leman firſt the tydings to her came,
She being ſtricken to the heart did fall to teares alone,
And in a lamentable wiſe did make moſt wofull mone.
Anon ſhe ſayd: what meane theſe teares thus guſhing from mine eine?
My huſbands Leman will reioyce at theſe ſame teares of mine.
Nay, ſith ſhe is to come, the beſt it were to ſhun delay,
And for to worke ſome new deuiſe and practize while I may,
Before that in my bed her limmes the filthie ſtrumpet laie.
And ſhall I then complaine? or ſhall I hold my toong with ſkill?
Shall I returne to Calydon? or ſhall I tarrie ſtill?
Or ſhall I get me out of doores, and let them haue their will?
What if that I (Meleager) remembring me to bee
Thy ſiſter, to attempt ſome act notorious did agree:
And in a harlots death did ſhow (that all the world might ſee)
What griefe can cauſe the woman kinde to enterprize among,
And ſpecially when thereunto they forced are by wrong. (long,
With wauering thoughts right violently her minde was toſſed
At laſt ſhe did preferre before all others, for to ſend
The ſhirt beſtained with the blood of Neſſus, to the end
To quicken vp the quailing loue. And ſo not knowing what
She gaue, ſhe gaue her owne remorſe and griefe to Lycas that
Did know as little as her ſelfe: and wretched woman, ſhee
Deſyrd him gently to her Lord preſented it to ſee.
The noble Prince receyuing it without miſtruſt therein,
Did weare the poyſon of the Snake of Lerna next his ſkin.
To offer incenſe and to pray to loue hee did begin,
And on the Marble Altar he full bowles of wine did ſhed,
When as the poyſon with the heate reſoluing, largely ſpred
Through all the limbes of Hercules. As long as ere he could,
The ſtoutneſſe of his heart was ſuch, that ſygh no whit he would.
But when the miſchiefe grew ſo great all patience to ſurmount,
He thruſt the altar from him ſtraight, and filled all the mount
Of Oeta with his roring out. He went about to teare
The deathfull garment from his backe, but where he pulled, there
He pulld away the ſkin: and (which is lothſome to report)
Together cleaued to his limbes and members in ſuch ſort
As that he could not pull it off, or elſe it tare away

The

The flesh, that bare his mightie bones and grisly sinewes lay.
The scalding venom boylyng in his blod, did make it hisse,
As when a gad of steele red hot in water quenched is.
There was no measure of his paine. The frying venom hent
His inwards, and a purple sweate from all his body went.
His singed sinewes shrinking crackt, and with a secret strength
The poyson euen within his bones the marow melts at length.
And holding vp his hands to heauen, he sayd with hideous reare.
O Saturnus daughter fede thy selfe on my distresses heare.
Yea fede, and cruell wight this plague behold thou from aboue
And glut thy sauage heart therewith. Or if thy so may moue
Thee vnto pittie, (for to thee I am an vtter so)
Bereaue me of my hatefull soule distrest with helpelesse wo,
And borne to endlesse toyle. For death shall vnto me be sweete,
And for a cruell stepmother is death a gift most meete.
And is it I that did destroy Busiris, who did foyle
His temple floores with strangers blod? Is't I that did dispoyle
Antæus of his mothers helpe? Is't I that could not bee
Abashed of the Spaniard, who in one had bodies three
Nor at the triple-headed shape O Cerberus of thee?
Are you the hands that by the hornes the Bull of Candie drew?
Did you king Augies stable cleanze whom afterward ye slew?
Are you the same by whom the fowles were scard from Stymphalie?
Caught you the Stag in maiden-wood which did not run but flie?
Are you the hands whose puissance receiued for your paie
The golden belt of Thermodon? did you conuey awaie
The apples from the Dragon fell that waked night and daie?
Against the force of me, defence the Centaures could not make:
Nor yet the boare of Archadie: Nor yet the vgly snake
Of Lerna, who by losse did grow, and double force still take,
What? is it I that did behold the pampred Jades of Thrace,
With maungers full of flesh of men on which they fed a pace?
Is't I that downe at sight thereof their greazie maungers threw,
And both the fatted Jades themselues and eke their maister slew?
The Nemean Lyon by these armes lyes dead vpon the ground.
These armes the monstrous Giant Cake by Tiber did confound.
Vpon these shoulders haue I borne the weight of all the skie.
Ioues cruell wife is weary of commanding me, yet I

Vnweary

Vnweary am of doing still: but now on me is light
And vncouth plague, which neither force of hand, nor vertues might,
Nor art is able to resist: like wasting fire it spreades
Among mine inwards, and throughout on all my bodie fedes
But all this while Eurystye liues in health: and some men may
Beleeue there be some Gods indeed. Thus much did Hercule say.
And wounded ouer Oeta high he stalking gan to stray,
As when a Bull in maymed bulke, a deadly dart doth beare,
And that the doer of the deed is thrunke aside for feare,
Oft sighing might you him haue seene, oft trembling, oft about
To teare the garment with his hands from top to toe throughout.
And throwing downe the mightie trees, and chafing with the hilles,
Or casting vp his hands to heauen where Ioue his father dwels,
Behold, as Lychas trembling in a hollow rocke did lurke,
He spyed him, and as his griefe did all in furie worke,
He sayd: art thou sir Lychas he that brought'st vnto mee
This plaugie present? of my death must thou the worker bee?
He quakt and shakt, and looked pale, and fearefully gan make
Excuse. But as with humbled handes he kneeling to him spake,
The furious Hercule caught him vp, and swinging him about
His head full halfe a dozen times or more, he flung him out
Into th' Euboyan sea with force surmounting any sling.
He hardned into pibble stone as in the aire he hing.
And euen as raine congeald by wind is said to turne to snow,
And of the snowe round rolled vp a thicker masse to grow
Which falleth downe in haile: so men in ancient time report,
That Lycas being swingd about by violence in that sort,
(His blood then being drained out, and hauing left at all
So moysture) into pibble stone was turned in his fall,
Now also in th' Euboyan sea appeares a high short rocke
In shape of man, against the which the shipmen shun to knocke,
As though it could them feele, and they doe call it by the name
Of Lychas still. But thou Ioues impe of great renowne and fame,
Didst fell the trees of Oeta high, and making of the same
Ayple, didst giue to * Poeans sonne thy quiuer and thy bow, * *Philoctetes*
And arrowes which should helpe againe Troy towne to ouerthrow.
He put to fire, and as the same was kindled in the pyle,
Thy selfe didst spread thy Lyons skinne vpon the wood the while,

And

And leaning with thy head against thy club, thou laidst thée downe
As thérefully as if with flowers and garlands on thy crowne
Thou hadst bene set at a banquetting among full cups of wine.
Anon on euery side about those careleſſe limbes of thine
The fire began to gather ſtrength, and crackling noiſe did make,
Allaying him whoſe noble heart for dalliance did it take.
The Gods for this defender of the earth were ſore afrayd.
To whome with thérefull countnance Ioue perceiuing it, thus ſayd:
This feare of yours is my delight, and gladly euen with all
My heart I do reioyce, O Gods that mortall folke me call
Their King and father, thinking me ay mindfull of their weale,
And that mine of ſpring ſhould do well your ſelues do ſhow ſuch zeale.
For though that you do attribute your fauour to deſart,
Conſidring his moſt wondrous acts: yet I to for my part
Am bound vnto you, Nérethelеſſe, for that I would not haue
Your faithfull hearts without iuſt cauſe in fearefull paſſions waue,
I would not haue you of the flames in Oeta make account,
For as he hath all other things, ſo ſhall he them ſurmount.
Saue onely on that part that he hath taken of his mother,
The fire ſhall haue no power at all. Eternall is the tother
The which he takes of me, and cannot die, ne yéld to fier.
When this is rid from earthly droſſe, then will I lift it hier
And take it into heauen: and I beléeue this déed of mine
Will gladſome be to all the Gods. If any do repine,
If any doe repine I ſay, that Hercule ſhould become
A God, repine he ſtill for me, and loke he ſowre and glum.
But let them know that Hercules deſerueth this reward,
And that he ſhall againſt his will allow it afterward.
The Gods aſſented euerychone. And Iuno ſéemde to make
No euill countnance to the reſt, vntill her husband ſpake
The laſt: for then her loke was ſuch as well they might perceiue,
She did her husbands noting her, in euill part conceiue.
While Ioue was talking with the Gods, as much as fire could waſte
So much had fire conſumde. And now O Hercules thou haſte,
No carcaſſe for to know thée by. That part is quite bereft
Which of thy mother thou didſt take. Alonly now is left
The likeneſſe that thou tookſt of Ioue. And as the Serpent ſlie
In caſting of his withered slough, renewes his yéres thereby,

And

And wareth luſtier then before, and loketh criſpe and bright
With ſcoured ſcales: ſo Hercules as ſone as that his ſpright
Had left his mortall limbes, gan in his better part to thriue,
And for to ſeeme a greater thing then when he was aliue,
And with a ſtately maieſtie right reuerend to appeare.
His mightie father take him vp aboue the cloudy ſphere,
And in a chariot placed him among the ſtreaming ſtarres.
Howge Atlas felt the waight thereof. But nothing this diſbarres
Eurythyes malice. Cruelly he proſecutes the hate
Vpon the offpring, which he bare againſt the father late.
But yet to make her mone vnto, and waple her miſerie
And tell her ſonnes great workes which all the world could teſtifie,
Old Alcmen had Dame Iolee. By Hercules laſt will
In wedlocke and in hartie loue ſhe ioyned was to Hill,
By whom ſhe then was big with child: when this Alcmena ſayd:
The Gods at leaſt be mercifull and ſend thee then their ayd,
And ſhort thy labor, when the fruite the which thou goſte withall
Now being ripe inforceth thee with fearefull voyce to call
Vpon Ilithya preſident of child-births, whom the ire
Of Iuno at my trauelling made deafe to my deſire.
For when the Sun through twiſe fiue ſignes his courſe had fully runne,
And that the painefull day of birth approched of my ſonne,
My burthen ſtreyned out my wombe, and that that I did beare
Became ſo great, that of ſo howge a maſſe ye well might sweare
That Ioue was father. Neither was I able to endure
The trauell any lenger time. Euen now I you aſſure
In telling it a ſhudring cold through all my limmes doth ſtrike,
And partly it renewes my paines to thinke vpon the like.
I being in moſt cruell throwes nightes ſeuen and dayes eke ſeuen,
And tyred with continuall panges, did lift my hands to heauen,
And crying out aloud did call Lucina to mine ayde,
To loſe the burthen from my wombe, She came as I had prayde:
But ſo corrupted long before by Iuno my moſt foe,
That for to martir me to death with paine ſhe purpoſde tho.
For when ſhe heard my piteous plaints and gronings, downe ſhe ſate
On yon ſame alter which you ſee there ſtanding at my gate.
Vpon her left knee ſhe had pitcht her right ham, and beſyde
She ſtayd the birth with fingers one within another tyde

In lattis wise. And secretly she whisperd witching spells
Which hindred my deliuerance more then all her doings ells,
I labord still: and forst by payne and tormentes of my fittes,
I rayld on Ioue (although in vaine) as one beside her witts.
And ay I wished for to die. The words that I did speake,
Were such as euen the hardest stones of very flint might breake.
The wiues of Thebee being there, for safe deliuerance prayd,
And giuing cheerefull wordes, did bid I should not be dismayd.
Among the other women there that to my labor came,
There was an honest yeomans wife, Galantis was her name.
Her heare was yellow as the gold, she was a iolly Dame,
And stoutly serued me, and I did loue her for the same.
This wife (I know not how) did smell some packing gone about
On Iunos part. And as she oft was passing in and out,
She spide Lucina set vpon the altar holding fast
Her armes together on her knees, and with her fingers cast
Within ech other on a knot, and sayd vnto her thus,
I pray you who so ere you be, reioyce you now with vs,
My Lady Alcmen hath her wish, and safe is brought abed,
Lucina leaped vp amazde at that that she had sed,
And let her hands asunder slip. And I immediately
With losening of the knot, had safe deliuerance by and by.
They say that in deceiuing Dame Lucina Galant taught.
And therefore by the yellow lockes the Goddesse wroth her caught
And dragged her. And as she would haue risen from the ground,
She kept her downe, and into legges her armes she did confound.
Her former stoutnesse still remaines: her bache doth kepe the hew
That erst was in her haire: her shape is onely altred new.
And for with lying mouth she helpt a woman labouring thee
Doth kindle also at her mouth. And now she haunteth free
Our houses as she did before: a Weazell as we see.
With that she sighes to thinke vpon her seruants hap, and then
Her daughter in law immediately replyed thus agen:
But mother she whose altred shape doth moue your heart so sore,
Was neither kith nor kin to you. What will you say therefore,
If of mine owne dere sister I the wondrous fortune show
Although my sorrow and the teares that from mine eyes do flow
Do hinder me and stop my speach? Her mother (you must know

My father by another wife had me) bare neuer mo
But this same Lady Dryopee the fayrest Lady tho
In all the land of Oechalie, whom being then no mayde
(For why? the * God of Delos and of Delphos had her frayde)
Andræmon taketh to his wife and thinkes him well appayde.
There is a certaine leaning Lake, whose bowing bankes do shew
A likenesse of the salt sea shoare, vpon the brimme do grow
All round about it Mirtle trees. My sister thither goes
Vnwares what was her destinie, and (which you may suppose
Was more to be disdained at) the cause of comming there
Was to the Faires of the Lake fresh garlands for to beare.
And in her armes a baby, her swéete burthen she did hold,
Who sucking on her brest, was yet not full a twelue month old.
Not farre from this same Pond did grow a Lote trée flourisht gay
With purple flowers and berries swéete, and leaues as gréene as Bay.
Of these same flowers to please her Boy, my sister gathered some
And I had thought to do so too: for I was thither come.
I saw how from the sliuered flowers red drops of blod did fall,
And how that shudring horribly the branches quakt withall.
You must perceiue that (as to late the countrey folke declare)
A Nymph cald Lotos flying from foule Pryaps filthy ware,
Was turned into this same trée, reserning still her name.
My sister did not know so much: who when she backward came
Afraid at that that she had séene, and hauing sadly prayd
The Nymphs of pardon, to haue gone her way agen assayd:
Her féete were fastned downe with rootes, She striued all she might
To plucke them vp, but they so sure within the earth were pight,
That nothing saue her vpper partes she could that present moue:
A tender barke growes from beneath vp leasurely aboue,
And softly ouer spreads her loynes, which when she saw she went
About to teare her haire, and full of leaues her hand she hent.
Her head was ouer-growne with leaues: and little Amphise (so
Had Furius his grandsire nam'd her sonne not long ago)
Did féele his mothers dugges ware hard: and as he still them drew,
In sucking not a whit of milke nor moysture did ensew.
I standing by thée did behold thy cruell chance; but nought
I could relieue thée sister mine: yet to my power I wrought
To stay the growing of thy trunke and of thy branches, by

* *Apollo.*

Embracing thee. Yea, I protest I would right willingly
Haue in the selfe same barke with thee beene closed vp. Behold,
Her husband good Andræmon and her wretched father old
Sir Eurytus came thither and enquyrde for Dryope.
And as they askt for Dryopee, I shew'd them Lote the tree.
They kist the wood which yet was warme, and falling downe below,
Did hug the rootes of that their tree. My sister now could shew,
No part which was not wood except her face. A dew of teares
Did stand vpon the wretched leaues late formed of her haires.
And while she might, and while her mouth did giue her way to speake.
With such complaint as this, her mind at last of all did breake.
If credit may be giuen to such as are in wretchednesse,
I sweare by God, I neuer yet deserued this distresse.
I suffer paine without desert. My lyfe hath guiltlesse beene.
And if I lye, I would these boughs of mine which now are greene,
Might withered be, and I hewen downe and burned in the fire.
This infant from his mothers wombe remoue you I desire:
And put him forth to nurse, and cause him vnderneath my tree
Oft times to sucke, and oftentimes to play. And when that hee
Is able for to speake I pray you let me greet me heere,
And sadly say in this same trunke is hid my mother deere.
But learne him for to shun all Ponds, and pulling flowres from trees,
And let him in his heart beleeue that all the shrubs he sees,
Are bodies of the Goddesses. Adew deere husband now,
Adew deere father, and adew deere sister. And in yow
If any loue of me remayne, defend my boughes I pray
From wound of cutting hooke and axe, and bit of beast for ey.
And for I cannot stoope to you, rayse you your selves to me,
And come and kisse me while I may yet toucht and kissed be,
And lift me vp my little boy. I can no longer talke,
For now about my tillie necke as if it were a stalke
The tender rind begins to creepe and ouergrowes my top.
Remoue your fingers from my face: the spreading barke doth stop
My dying eyes without your helpe. She had no sooner left
Her talking, but her life therewith together was bereft.
But yet a good while after that her natiue shape did fade,
Her new made boughes continued warme. Now while that Iole made
Report of this same wondrous tale, and while Alcmena (who

Did

Did weepe) was drying vp the teares of Iole weeping tw.
By putting to her thumbe there hapt a ſudden thing ſo ſtrange,
That vnto mirth from heauineſſe their hearts it ſtraight did change.
For at the doore in manner euen a very boy as then
With ſhort ſoft downe about his chinne, reuoked backe agen
To youthfull yeares, ſtood Iolay with countenance ſmooth and trim.
Dame Hebee Iunos daughter had beſtowed this gift on him,
Entreated at his earneſt ſute. Whom minding fully there
The giuing of like gift againe to any to forſwere,
Dame Themis would not ſuffer. For (quoth ſhe) this preſent howre
Is cruell warre in Thebee towne, and none but Ioue hath powre
To vanquiſh ſtately Canapee. The brothers ſhall alike
Wound either other: and aliue a prophet ſhall go ſeeke
His owne quicke ghoſt among the dead: the earth him ſwallowing in.
The ſonne by taking vengeance for his fathers death, ſhall win
The name of kind and wicked man, in one and ſelf-ſame caſe
And flaight with miſchiefes, from his wittes, & from his native place,
The furies and his mothers ghoſt ſhall reſtleſly him chace.
Vntill his wife demand of him the fatall gold for mede
And that his couſin Phegies ſword do make his ſides to bleede.
Then ſhall the fayre Callirrhoee Achelous daughter pray
The mightie Ioue in humble wiſe to graunt her children may
Retyre againe to youthfull yeares, and that he will not ſee
The death of him that did reuenge vnrenged for to bee.
Ioue moued at her ſute ſhall cauſe his daughter in law to giue
Like gift, and backe from age to youth Callirrhoes children driue.
When Themis through foreſight had ſpoke theſe words of prophecie,
The Gods began among themſelues vaine talke to multiplie.
They mooyld why others might not giue like gift as well as ſhee.
Firſt Pallants daughter grudged that her husband old ſhould bee.
The gentle Ceres murmurde that her Iaſions haire was hore.
And Vulcane would haue cald againe the yeares long ſpent before
By Erichthonius. And the nyce Dame Venus hauing care
Of time to come, the making young of olde Anchiſes ſware:
So euery God had one to whom he ſpeciall fauour bare.
And through this partiall loue of theirs ſeditiouſly encreaſt
A hurly-burly, till the time that Ioue among them preaſt,
And ſayd: So ſmally do you ſtand in awe of me this howre,

As thus to rage? Thinkes any of you himselfe to haue such powre,
As for to alter Destinie: I tell you Iolay
Recouered hath by Destinie his yeares erst past away.
Callirrhoës children must returne to youth by Destinie,
And not by force of armes, or suite susteind ambitiously.
And to th'entent with milder mindes ye may this matter beare,
Euen I my selfe by Destinies am ruled. Which if I were
Of power to alter, thinke you that our Aeacus should stoope
By reason of his feeble age? or Radamanth should droope?
Or Minos, who by reason of his age is now disdaind,
And lives not in so sure a state as heretofore he reygnd?
The words of Ioue so mooued the Gods that none of them complayn'd,
Sith Radamanth and Aeacus were both with age constrayn'd:
And Minos also: who (as long as lustie youth did last)
Did euen with terrour of his name make mightie Realmes agast.
But then was Minos weakned sore, and greatly stood in feare
Of Miles one of Deyons race: who proudly did him beare
Upon his father Phœbus, and the stoutnesse of his youth.
And though he feard he would rebell: yet durst he not his mouth
Once open for to banish him his Realme: vntill at last
Departing of his owne accord, Miletus swiftly past
The Goteséa, and did build a towne vpon the Asian ground,
Which still reteynes the name of him that first the same did found.
And there the daughter of the Broke Mæander which doth go
So often backward, Cyanee a Nymph of body so
Exceeding comely as the like was seldome heard of, As
She by her fathers winding banks for pleasure walking was,
Was knowne by Miles: vnto whom a payre of twinnes she brought:
And of the twinnes the names were Caune and Byblis. Byblis ought
To be a mirrour vnto Maydes in lawfull wise to loue.
This Byblis cast a minde to Caune, but not as did behoue
A sister to her brotherward. When first of all the fire
Did kindle, she perceiued it not. She thought in her desire
Of kissing him so often times no sinne, ne yet no harme
In clæping him about the necke so often with her arme.
The glittering drosse of goodlinesse beguild her long. Her loue
Began from euill vnto worse by little to remoue.
She comes to sée her brother dect in braue and trim attyre,

And

And for to seeme exceeding faire it was her whole desyre.
And if that any fairer were in all the flocke than shee,
It spights her. In what case she was as yet she did not see.
Her heate exceeded not so farre as for to vow: and yit
She suffred in her troubled brest full many a burning fit.
Now calleth she him maister, now she vtter hateth all
The names of kin. She rather had he should her Byblis call
Than sister. Yet no filthy hope she durst permit to creepe
Within her minde awake. But as she lay in quiet sleepe,
She oft beheld her loue: and oft she thought her brother came
And lay with her and (though a sleepe) she blushed at the same,
When sleepe was gone she long lay dumbe still musing on the sight,
And sayd with wauering minde. Now woe is me most wretched wight.
What meanes the image of this dreame that I haue seene this night?
I would not wish it should be true. Why dreamed I then so?
Sure he is faire although he should be iudged by his foe.
He likes me well. And were he not my brother, I might set
My loue on him, and he were me right worthy for to get:
But vnto this same match the name of kinred is a let.
Well: so that I wake do still me vndefiled keepe,
Let come as often as they will such dreamings in my sleepe.
In sleepe there is no witnesse by. In sleepe yet may I take
As great a pleasure (in a sort) as if I were awake.
Oh Venus and thy tender sonne Sir Cupid, what delight,
How present seeling of your sport hath touched me this night?
How lay I as it were resolu'd both marée, flesh and bone?
How glads it me to thinke thereon? Alas too soone was gone
That pleasure, and too hastie and despightfull was the night
Inbreaking off my ioyes. O Lord if name of kinred might
Betwéene vs two remoued be, how well it would agrée
O Caune, that of thy father I the daughtrinlaw should bée?
How fitly might my father haue a sonneinlaw of thée?
Would God that all saue auncesters were common to vs twaine
I would thou were of nobler stocke than I. I cannot sayne
O Pearle of beautie what she is whom thou shalt make a mother,
Alas how ill befals it me that I could haue none other
Than those same parents which are thine? So onely still my brother
And not my husband mayst thou be. The thing that hurts vs both

Is one, and that betweene vs aye inseperably goth.
What meane my dreams the? what effect haue dreams? may there be
Effect in dreames? The Gods are farre in better case than wee.
For why? the Gods haue matched with their sisters as we see.
So Saturne did alie with Ops the nearest of his blood.
So Tethys with Oceanus: So Ioue did thinke it good
To take his sister Iuno to his wife. What then? the Goddes
Haue lawes and charters by themselues. And sith there is such oddes
Betweene the state of vs and them, why should I sample take,
Our worldly matters equall with the heauenly things to make?
This wicked loue shall eyther from my heart be driuen away,
Or if it cannot be expulst, God graunt I perish may,
And that my brother kisse me layd on Herce to go to graue.
But my desire the full consent of both of vs doth craue.
Admit the matter liketh me. He will for sinne it take.
But yet the sonnes Aeolus no scrupulousnesse did make
In going to their sisters beds. And how come I to know
The feates of them? To what intent these samples do I show?
Ah whither am I headlong driuen? auaunt foule filthy fire:
And let me not in otherwise than sister-like desire
My brothers loue. Yet if that he were first in loue with mee.
His forwardnesse to incline vnto perchaunce I could agree.
Shall I therefore who would not haue reiected him if hee
Had sude to me, go sue to him? and canst thou speake in deede?
And canst thou vtter forth thy minde? and tell him of thy needs?
My loue will make me speake. I can. Or if that shame do stay
My toung, a sealed letter shall my secret loue bewray.
This likes her best, vpon this point now rests her doubtfull mind
So raysing vp her selfe vpon her left side, she enclynd,
And leaning on her elbow, sayd. Let him aduise him what
To do, for I my franticke loue will vtter playne and flat.
Alas to what vngraciousnesse intend I for to fall?
What furie raging in my heart my senses doth appall?
In thinking so with trembling hand she framed her to wright
The matter that her troubled mind in musing did endight.
Her right hand holds the pen, her left doth hold the emptie ware.
She ginnes. She doubts, she wrights: she in the tables findeth lacks.
She notes, she blurres, dislikes, and likes: and changeth this for that.

She

She layes away the booke, and takes it vp. She wotes not what
She would her selfe. What euer thing she mindeth for to do,
Displiketh her. A shamefastnesse with boldnesse mixt thereto
Was in her countnance. She had once writ Sister: But agen
The name of Sister for to raze she thought it best. And then
She snatcht the Tables vp, and did these following words engraue.
The health which if thou giue her not she is not like to haue
Thy Louer wisheth vnto thee. I dare not ay for shame
I dare not tell thee who I am, nor let thee heere my name.
And if thou do demaund of me what thing I do desire,
Would God that nameles I might pleade the matter I require,
And that I were vnknowne to thee by name of Byblis, till
Assurance of my sute were wrought according to my will.
As tokens of my wounded heart might these to thee appeere:
My colour pale, my body leaue, my heauie mirthlesse cheere,
My watry eyes, my sighes without apparant causes why,
My oft embracing of thee: and such kisses (if pardy
Thou marked them) as very well thou might haue felt and found
Not for to haue beene Sister-like. But thou with grieuous wound
I then were stricken to the heart. Although the raging flame
Did burne within: yet take I God to witnesse of the same,
I did as much as lay in me this outrage for to tame.
And long I striued (wretched wench) to scape the violent Dart
Of Cupid. More I haue endurde of hardnesse and of smart
Than any wench (a man would thinke) were able to abide.
Force forceth me to shew my case which faine I still would hide,
And mercie at thy gentle hand in fearefull wise to craue.
Thou onely mayst the life of me thy loner spill, or saue.
Chose which thou wilt. No enmy craues this thing: but such a one
As though she be alyde so sure as surer can beene none.
Yet couets she more surely yet alyed for to bee,
And with a nearer kinde of bande to linke her selfe to thee.
Let aged folkes haue skill in law: to age it doth belong.
To keepe the rigor of the lawes and search out right from wrong,
Such youthfull yeeres as ours are yet rash folly doth beseeme.
We know not what is lawfull yet And therefore we may deeme
That all is lawfull that we list: ensewing in the same
The doings of the mightie Gods. Not dread of worldly shame,

For:

Nor yet our fathers roughnesse, no nor fearefulnesse should let
Our purpose. Onely let all feare aside be wholy set.
We vnderneath the name of kin our pleasant scapes may hide.
Thou knowest I haue libertie to talke with thee aside.
And openly we kisse and cull. And what is all the rest
That wants? Haue mercie on me now who plainely haue exprest
My case: which thing I had not donne, but that the vtter rage
Of loue constraines me thereunto the which I cannot swage.
Deserue not on my Tombe thy name subscribed for to haue,
That thou art he whose cruelnesse did bring me to my graue.
Thus much she wrote in vaine, and ware did want her to endight,
And in the margent she was faine the latter verse to wright.
Immediately to seale her shame she takes a precious stone,
The which she moysts with teares: from tongue the moysture quite was gone
She cal'd a seruant shamefastly, and after certaine faire
And gentle words, my trusty man I pray thee beare this paire
Of tables (quoth she) to my (and a great while afterward
She added) brother. Now through chaunce, or want of good regard
The table slipped downe to ground in reaching to him ward.
The handsell troubled sore her minde. But yet she sent them. And
Her seruant spying time did put them into Caunyes hand.
Mæanders Nephew sodainely in anger flang away
The tables ere he halfe had read, (scarce able for to stay
His sillocke from the seruants face who quaakt) and thus did say.
Auaunt thou baudy ribawd while thou mayst. For were it not
For shame, I should haue killed thee. Away afrayd he got,
And tolde his mistresse of the fierce and cruell answere made
By Caunye. By and by the hew of Byblis gan to fade,
And all her body was benumd with yce cold for feare
To heare of this repulse. Assone as that her sences were
Return'd againe, her furious flames returned with her wits.
And thus she sayd so oft that scarce her tongue the ayer hittes.
And worthyly. For why was I so rash as to discouer
By hastie wrighting this my wound which most I ought to couer.
I should with doubtfull glansing words haue felt his humor furst
And made a traine to trie him if pursue or no he durst.
I should haue viewed first the coast to see the weather clere,
And then I might haue launched safe and boldly from the pere.

But

But now I hoyst vp all my sayles before I tryde the winde:
And therefore am I driuen vpon the rockes against my minde,
And all the Sea doth ouerwhelme me. Neither may I finde
The meanes to get to harborough, or from danger to retyre.
Why did not open tokens warne to bridle my desire?
Then when the tables falling in deliuering them declaard
My hope was vaine: and ought not I then eyther to haue spaard
From sending them as that day, or haue changed whole my minde:
Nay, rather shifted off the day? for had I not beene blinde
Euen God himselfe by soothfast signes the sequell sam'd to hit.
Yea, rather then to wrighting thus my secrets to commit,
I should haue gone and spoke my selfe, and presently haue shew'd
My feruent loue. He should haue seene how teares had from me flow'd.
He should haue seene my piteous loke, right louer-like I could
Haue spoken more then into those my tables enter would.
About his necke against his will, mine armes I might haue wound,
And had he shaken me off, I might haue seemed for to swound.
I humbly might haue kist his feete and kneeling on the ground
Besought him for to saue my life: all these I might haue prooued
Whereof, although no one alone his stomacke could haue moued,
Yet altogether might haue made his hardned heart relent.
Perchaunce there was some fault in him that was of message sent,
He slept vnto him bluntly (I beleeue) and did not watch
Conuenient time in merry kew at leasure him to catch.
These are the things that hinder me. For certainely I know
No sturdy stone nor massie steele doth in his stomacke grow.
He is not made of Adamant, he is no Tygers whelpe,
He neuer sucked Lyoneſſe, he might with little helpe
Be vanquisht. Let vs giue fresh charge vpon him. While I liue
Without obtaining victorie I will not ouer giue.
For firstly (if it lay in me my doings to reuoke)
I should not haue begunne at all. But seeing that the stroke
Is giuen, the second point is now to giue the push to win.
For neither he (although that I mine enterprise should blin)
Can euer while he liues forget my deede: and sith I thinke,
My loue was light, or else I meant to trappe him he shall thinke.
Or at the least he may suppose that this my rage of loue
Which boyleth so within my breast, proceedes not from aboue

By

By Cupids stroke, but of some soule and filthy lust. In fine
I cannot but to wickednesse, now more and more incline.
By writing is my sute commenst: my meaning doth appeare:
And though I cease: yet can I not accounted be for cleare.
Now that that doth remaine behinde is much as in respect
My fond desire to satisfie: and little in effect
To aggrauate my fault withall. Thus much she sayd. And so
Unconstant was her wauering minde still floting to and fro,
That though it yke her for to haue attempted, yet proceedes
She in the selfe same purpose of attempting, and exceedes
All measure. And vnhappy wench, she takes from day to day
Repulse vpon repulse, and yet she hath not grace to stay.
Some after when her brother saw there was with her no end,
He fled his countrey, for because he would not so offend,
And in a forraine land did build a Cittie. Then men say
That Byblis through dispaire and thought all wholy did dismay.
She tare her garments from her brest, and furiously she wrong
Her hands, and beate her armes, and like a bedlem with her tong
Confessed her vnlawfull loue. But being of the same
Dispoynted, she forsoke her land and hatefull house for shame,
And followed after flying Caune. And as the Froes of Thrace
In doing of the thrée yéres Rites of Bacchus in like cace
The maried wiues of Bubasie saw Byblis howling out
Through all their Champion fields. The which she leauing, ran about
In Caria to the Lelegs who are men in battell stout,
And so to Lycia. She had past Crag, Limyre, and the Broke
Of Xanthus, and the countrey where Chymæra that same poke
Hath Goatish body. Lions head and brist, and Dragons tayle,
When woods did want: and Byblis now beginning for to quayle
Through wearinesse in following Caune, sanke downe and layd her hed
Against the ground, and kist the leaues that winde from trées had shed.
The Nymphs of Caria went about in tender armes to take
Her often vp. They oftentimes perswaded her to slake
Her loue. And words of comfort to her deafe eard minde they spake.
She still lay dumbe: and with her nayles the grénish heabs she hild,
And moysted with a streame of teares the grasse vpon the field.
The Water-nymphs (so folke report) put vnder her a spring,
Wich neuer might be dryde: and could they giue a greater thing?

Immediately

Immediately euen like as when ye wound a Pitchtree rind,
The gum doth issue out in droppes: or as the Westerne wind
With gentle blast, together with the warmth of Sunne vnbind
The yce: or as the clammy kinde of Cement which they call
Bitumen, issueth from the ground full fraughted therewithall:
So Phœbus neece Dame Byblis then consuming with her teares,
Was turnde to a fountaine, which in those same vallyes beares
The title of the founder still, and gusheth freshly out
From vnderneath a Sugarcheste as if it were a spowt.
The fame of this same wondrous thing perhaps had filled all
The hundred townes of Candye had a greater not befall
More neerer home by Iphys meanes transformed late before.
For in the Shire of Phestos hard by Gnossus dwelt of yore
A Peoman of the meaner sort that Lyctus had to name:
His stocke was simple and his wealth according to the same.
Howbeit his life so vpright was, that no man could it blame.
He came vnto his wife then big and ready downe to lye,
And sayd: two things I wish thee. The one that when thou out shalt crye,
Thou mayst dispatch with little paine: the other that thou haue
A Boay. For Girles to bring them vp a greater cost do craue.
And I haue no abilitie. And therefore if thou bring
A wench (it goes against my heart to thinke vpon the thing)
Although against my will, I charge it straight destroyed be.
The bond of nature needs must beare in this behalfe with me.
This sed: both wept exceedingly, aswell the husband who
Did giue commandement, as the wife that was commanded to.
Yet Telethusa earnestly at Lyct her husband lay,
(Although in vaine) to haue good hope, and of himselfe more stay.
But he was full determined. Within a while the day
Approched that the fruit was ripe, and she did loke to lay
Her belly euery minute: when at midnight in her rest
Stood by her (or did seeme to stand) the Goddesse Isis, drest
And trayned with the solemne pompe of all her Rites. Two hornes
Vpon her forehead like the Moone, with eares of ripened cornes
Stood glistring as the burnisht gold. Moreouer she did weare
A rich and stately Diademe. Attendant on her were
The barking bug Anubis, and the saint of Bubast, and
The pydecote Apis, and the God that giues to vnderstand

By

By finger holden to his lippes that men ſhould ſilence kæpe,
And Libian Wormes whoſe ſtinging doth enforce continuall ſlæpe,
And thou Oſyris whom the folke of Aegypt euer ſæke,
And neuer can haue ſought enough, and Kittlerattles eke.
Then euen as though that Telethuſa had fully bene awake.
And ſæne theſe things with open eyes, thus Iſis to her ſpake.
My ſeruant, Telethuſa, ceaſe this care, and breake the charge
Of Lyct. And when Lucina ſhall haue let thy fruite at large,
Bring vp the ſame what ere it be I am a Goddeſſe who
Delights in helping folke at næde. I hither come to do
Thée good. Thou ſhalt not haue a cauſe hereafter to complaine
Of ſeruing of a Goddeſſe that is thankeleſſe for thy paine.
When Iſis had this comfort giuen, ſhe went her way againe.
A ioyfull wight roſe Telethuſa, and lifting to the ſkie
Her hardned hands, did pray her dreame might worke effectually.
Her throwes increaſt, and forth alone anon the burthen came,
A Wench was borne to Lyctus, who knew nothing of the ſame.
The mother making him beléeue it was a boy, did bring
It vp, and none but ſhe and nurce were priuie to the thing.
The father thanking God, did giue the child the Grandſires name,
The which was Iphys. Joyfull was the mother of the ſame,
Becauſe the name did ſerue alike to man and woman both,
And ſo the lye through godly guile forth vnperceiued goth.
The garments of it were a boyes. The face of it was ſuch
As either in a boy or girle of beautie vttered much.
When Iphys was of thirtéene yeares, her father did inſure
The browne Ianthee vnto her a wench of loke demure,
Commended for her fauor and her perſon more then all
The maydes of Phæſtos : Teleſt, men her fathers name did call.
He dwelt in Dyctis. They were both of age and fauor léeke,
And vnder both one Schoolmaſter they did for nurture ſéeke.
And héerevpon the hearts of both the dart of Loue did ſtrooke,
And wounded both of them alike. But vnlike was their hope.
Both longed for the wedding day together for to rope.
For whom Ianthee thinkes to be a man, thée hopes to ſée
Her husband. Iphys loues whereof ſhe thinkes ſhe may not bée
Partaker, and the ſelfe ſame thing augmenteth ſtill her flame.
Her ſelfe a mayden with a mayde (right ſtrange) in loue became.

Iphis

She scarce could stay her teares. What end remaines for me (quoth she)
How strange a loue? how vncoth? how prodigious raignes in me?
If that the Gods did fauour me, they should destroy me quight.
Or if they would not me destroy, at least wise yet they might
Haue giuen me such a maladie as might with nature stond
Or nature were acquainted with. A Cow is neuer fond
Upon a Cow, nor Hare on Hare, The Ram delights the Ewe,
The Stag the Hinde, the Cock the Hen. But neuer man could shew,
That female yet was tane in loue with female kinde. O would
To God I neuer had beene borne. Yet least that Candye should
Not bring forth all that monstrous were, the daughter of the Sonne
Did loue a Bull. Howbeit there was a Male to dote vppon.
My loue is furiouser then hers, if truth confessed bee.
For she was fond of such a lust as might be compast. She
Was serued by a Bull, beguild by Arte in Cow of tree,
And one there was for her with whom aduowtrie to commit.
If all the cunning in the world and slights of suttle wit
Were here, or if that Dædalus himselfe with vncouth wing
Of wax, should hither flye againe, what comfort should he bring?
Could he with all his cunning crafts now make a Boy of mee?
Or could hee, O Ianthee change the native shape of thee?
Nay, rather Iphys settle thou thy minde and call thy wits
About thee: shake thou off these flames that follishly by fits,
Without all reason reigne. Thou seest what nature hath thee made
(Vnlesse thou wilt deceiue thy selfe.) So farre forth wisely wade,
As right and reason may support, and loue as women ought.
Hope is the thing that breedes desire, hope feedes the amorous thought.
This hope thy sex denieth thee. Not watching doth restraine
Thee from embracing of the thing whereof thou art so faine.
Nor yet the Husbands iealousie, nor roughnesse of her Sire,
Nor yet the coynesse of the Wench doth hinder thy desire.
And yet thou canst not her enioy. No though that God and man
Should labor to their vttermost and do the best they can
In thy behalfe, they could not make a happie wight of thee.
I cannot with the thing but that I haue it. Franke and free
The Gods haue giuen me what they could. As I will so will hee:
That must become my father inlaw. So wils my father too.
But nature stronger then them all, consenteth not thereto.

This

This hindereth me and nothing els. Behold the blissfull time,
The day of mariage is at hand, Ianthee shall be mine,
And yet I shall not her enioy. Amid the water wee
Shall thirst. O Iuno president of marriage, why with thee
Comes Hymen to this wedding, where no bridgrome you shall see,
But both are Birds that must that day together coupled bee?
This spoken she did hold her peace. And now the tother Mayde
Did burne as hot in loue as she. And earnestly she prayd
The bridale day might come with speede. The thing for which she longd
Dame Telethusa fearing sore, from day to day prolongd
The time, oft feining sicknes, oft pretending she had seene
Ill tokens of successe: At length all shifts consumed beene.
The wedding day so oft delayd was now at hand. The day
Before it, taking from her head the kerchefe quite away.
And from her daughters head likewise, with scattered haire she layd
Her hands vpon the Alter, and with humble voyce thus prayd.
O Isis who dost haunt the towne of Paretonie, and
The fieldes by Maræotis Lake, and Pharos which doth stand
By Alexandria, and the Nile diuided into seuen
Great channels, comfort thou my feare, and send me helpe from heauen,
Thy selfe O Goddesse, euen thy selfe and these thy relickes I
Did once behold, and knew them all: as well thy companie
As eke thy sounding rattles, and thy cressets burning by,
And mindfully I marked what commandement thou didst giue.
That I escape vnpunished that this same wench doth liue,
Thy counsell and thy helt it is. Haue mercie now on twaine,
And helpe vs. With that word the teares ran downe her cheekes amayne.
The Goddesse seemed for to moue her Alter: and in deede
She moued it the temple dores did tremble like a reede.
And hornes in likenesse to the Moone about the Church did shine.
And Rattles made a raughtish noyse. At this same luckie signe,
Although not wholy careles, yet right glad she went away.
And Iphys followed after her with larger pace then aye
She was accustomd. And her face continued not so whight.
Her strength encreased, and her loke more sharper to the sight.
Her Haire grew shorter, and she had a much more liuely spright,
Then when she was a wench. For thou O Iphys who right now
A mother wert, art now a Boay. With offrings both of yow

To

To Church retyre, and there reioyce with faith vnfearefull. They
With offrings went to church againe, and there their vowes did pay.
They also set a table vp, which this breefe matter had.
The Vowes that *Iphys* vowde a wench, he hath perfourme'd a Lad.
Next morrow ouer all the world did shine with lightsome flame,
When Iuno and Dame Venus, and Sir Hymen ioyntly came
To Iphys marriage, who as then transformed to a boy,
Did take Ianthee to his wife, and so her loue enioy.

Finis Noni Libri.

THE TENTH BOOKE OF Ouids Metamorphosis.

From thence in saffron coloured robe
flew Hymen through the ayre,
And into Thracia being called
by Orphy did repayre.
He came in deede at Orphyes call:
but neither did he sing
The words of that solemnitie,
nor merry countnance bring,
Nor any handsell of good lucke.
His torch with dizling smoke
Was dim: the same to burne out cleare no stirring could prouoke.
The ende was worser then the signe. For as the Birde did come
Abrode, accompanyed with a traine of Nymphs to bring her home,
A serpent lurking in the grasse did sting her in the ancle:
Whereof she dyde incontinent, so swift the bane did rancle.

Whom when the Thracian Poet had bewayld sufficiently
On earth, the Ghostes departed hence he minding for to try,
Downe at the gate of Tænarus did go to Limbo lake.
And thence by gastly folke and soules late buried he did take
His iourney to Persephonee and to the King of Ghosts
That like a Lordly tyrant raignes in those vnpleasant coasts.
And playing on his tuned Harpe he thus began to sound.
O you the Soueraignes of the world set vnderneath the ground,
To whome we all (what euer thing is made of mortall kinde)
Repayre: if by your leaue, I now may freely speake my minde,
I come not hither as a spie the shadie Hell to see:
For yet the fowle three headed Curre whose haires all Adders bee
To tie in chaines. The cause of this my voyage is my wife,
Whose fote a Viper stinging did abridge her youthfull life.
I would haue borne it patiently: and so to do I straue.
But loue surmounteth power. This God is known great force to haue
Aboue on earth. And whether he reigne here or no I dout,
But I beleeue he reignes here to. If Fame that flies about
Of former rape report not wrong. Loue coupled also yow.
By these same places full of feare: by this howdge Chaos now.
And by the stilnesse of his waste and emptie Kingdome, I
Beseech ye of Eurydicee vnrecle the Destinie
That was so swiftly rolled vp. All things to you belong.
And though we lingring for a while our pageants do prolong,
Yet sone or late we all to one abyding place do come:
We haste vs hither all: this place becomes our latest home:
And you do ouer humaine kind reigne longest time. Now when
This woman shall haue lived full her tyme, she shall agen
Become your owne. The vse of her but for a while I craue.
And if the Destinyes for my wife denie me for to haue
Release, I fullie am resolu'd for euer here to dwell,
Reioyce you in the death of both. As he this tale did tell,
And played on his instrument, the bloodlesse ghostes shed teares:
To tyre on Tityus growing heart the greedy Gripe forbeares:
The shunning water Tantalus endeuoreth not to drink:
And Danaus daughters cease to fill their tubs that haue no brink.
Ixions wheele stood still: and downe sate Sisyphus vpon
His rolling stone. Then first of all (so fame for truth hath gone)

Th

The Furies being ſtriken there with pittie at his ſong
Did weepe. And neither Pluto nor his Lady were ſo ſtrong,
And hard of ſtomacke to withhold his iuſt petition long.
They called forth Eurydice who was as yet among
The new-come Ghoſts. And limped of her wound. Her husband toke
Her with condition that he ſhould not backe vpon her looke,
Vntill the tyme that he were paſt the bounds of Limbo quight:
Or elſe to loſe his gift. They toke a path that ſteepe vpright
Roſe darke and full of foggie miſt. And now they were within
A kenning of the vpper earth, when Orphye did begin
To doubt him leaſt ſhe followed not, and through an eager loue
Deſyrous for to ſee her, he his eyes did backward moue.
Immediately ſhe ſlipped backe. He retching out his hands,
Deſyrous to be caught, and for to ketch her graſping ſtands.
But nothing ſaue the ſlippry aire (vnhappy man) he caught.
She dying now the ſecond time, complaind of Orphye naught.
For why what had ſhe to complaine, vnleſſe it were of loue?
Which made her husband backe agen his eyes vpon her moue?
Her laſt farewell ſhe ſpake ſo oft, that ſcarce he heard the ſound,
And then revolted to the place in which he had her found.
This double dying of his wife, ſet Orphye in a ſtound,
No leſſe than him who at the ſight of Plutos dreadfull Hound
That on the middle necke of three doth beare an iron chaine,
Was ſtriken in a ſudden feare and could it not reſtraine,
Vntill the time his former ſhape and nature being gone,
His body quight was ouergrowne, and turned into ſtone.
Or than the ſelfiſh Olenus, who on himſelfe did take
Anothers fault, and guiltleſſe nede him ſelfe would guilty make,
Togither with his wretched wife Lethæa, for whoſe pride
They both becomming ſtones, do ſtand euen yet on watry Ide,
He would haue gone to hell againe, and earneſt ſute did make,
But Charon would not ſuffer him to paſſe the Stygian lake.
Seuen daies he ſate forlorne vpon the banke and neuer eate
A bit of bread. Care, Teares, and thought and ſorrow were his meate
And crying out vpon the Gods of hell as cruell, hee
Withdrew to loftie Rodopee and Heme which beaten bee
With northern winds. Three times the Sun had paſſed through ỹ ſheere
And watrie ſigne of Piſces, and had finiſht full the yeere.

And Orphy (were it that his ill successe he still did rew,
Or that he vowed so to do) did vtterly eschew
The woman kinde. Yet many a one desirous were to match
With him, but he them with repulse did all alike dispatch.
He also taught the Thracian folke a stewes of males to make,
And of the flouring prime of boyes the pleasure for to take.
There was a hill, and on the hill a very leuell plot
Faire greene with grasse: but as for shade or couert was there not.
Allone as that this Poet borne of Gods in that same place
Sate downe, and toucht his tuned stringes, a shadow came apace.
There wanted neither Chaons tree, nor yet the trees to which
Fresh Phaetons sisters turned were, nor Beeche, nor Holme, nor Wich,
Nor gentle Aspe, nor winelesse Bay, nor loftie Chestnuttree,
Nor hazel spalt, nor Ash whereof the shafts of speares made bee,
Nor knotlesse Firre, nor cheerefull Plane, nor Maple flecked graine,
Nor Lote, nor Sallow which delights by waters to remaine,
Nor slender twigged Tamariske, nor Box aye greene of hew,
Nor Fig-trees loden with their fruit of sondrie browne and blew,
Nor double coloured Myrtle-trees. Moreouer thither came
The writhing Iuie, and the Vine that runnes vpon a frame:
Elmes clad with Vines, and Ashes wilde, and Pitchtrees blacke as cole,
And full of trees with goodly fruit red striped, Orchyards whole,
And Palme-trees lith, which in reward of conquest men do beare,
And Pine-apple with tufted top, and harsh and prickling heare,
The tree to Cybele mother of the Gods most deare: for why?
Her minian Atis putting off the shape of man, did die,
And hardned into this same tree. Among this companee
Was present with a piked top the Cypresse, now a tree,
Sometime a boy beloued of the God that with a string
Doth arme his bow, and with a string in tune his Viall bring.
For, hallowed to the Nymphs, that in the fieldes of Charthie were
There was a goodlie mightie Stag, whose hornes such breadth did beare,
As that they shadowed all his head. His hornes of gold did shine,
And downe his breast hong from his neske, a chaine with iewels fine.
Amid his front with pretie stringes a tablet being tiue,
Did wauer as he went: and from his eares on either side
Hung pearles of all one growth about his hollow temples bright.
This goodlie spitter being voyd of dread, as hauing quight

Forgot

Forgot his natiue fearefulnesse did haunt mens houses, and
Would suffer folke (yea though vnknowne) to coy him with their hand,
But more than vnto all folke else he dearer was to thée
O Cyparisse, the faireſt wight that euer man did sée
In Cœa. Thou to pastures, thou to water-springs him led,
Thou wreathedſt sundry flowres betwéene his hornes vpon his hed.
Sometime a horseman thou his backe for pleasure didſt bestride.
And haltring him with silken bit from place to place didſt ride.
In summer time about high none when Tytan with his heate
Did make the hollow crabbed cleis of Cancer for to sweate,
Unwéeting Cyparissus with a dart did strike this Hart
Quight through: and when that of the wound he sawe he muſt depart,
He purposed for to die himselfe. What words of comfort spake
Not Phœbus to him? willing him the matter light to take,
And not more sorrow for it than was requisite to make,
But still the lad did sigh and sob, and as his laſt requeſt,
Desired God he might thencefwrth from morning neuer reſt.
Anon through wéeping ouermuch his blod was drained quite:
His limbs wert grœne: his haire which hung vpon his forehead white
Began to be a brisled bush: and taking by and by
A stiffenesse with a sharpened top did face the starrie skie,
The God did sigh, and sadly sayd: My selfe shall morne for thée,
And thou for others: and aye one in mourning thou shalt bée.
Such wod as this had Orphie drawne about him: as among
The Herds of beaſts and flocks of birds he sate amids the throng.
And when his thumbe sufficiently had tryed euery string,
And found that though they seuerally in sundry sounds did ring,
Yet made they all one harmonie, he thus began to sing:
O Muſe, my mother frame my song of Ioue: for euery thing
Is subiect vnto royall Ioue. Of Ioue the heauenly King,
I oft haue shewed the glorious power, I erſt in grauer verſe
The giants slaine in Phlægra fields with thunder, did reherse.
But now I nœde a milder stile to tell of prettie boyes,
That were the darlings of the Gods: and of vnlawfull ioyes
That burned in the breſts of girles, who for their wicked luſt,
According as they did deserue, receiued penance iuſt.
The King of Gods did burne ere while in loue of Ganymed
The Phrygian, and the thing was found which Iupiter that sted,

Had rather be then that he was. Yet could he not beseme
The shape of any other bird then Eagle for to seeme:
And so he soring in the ayre with borrowed wings trust vp
The Troiane boy, who still in heauen euen yet doth beare his cup,
And brings him Nectar, though against Dame Iunos will it be.
And thou Amyclys sonne (had not thy heauie Destinie
Abridged thee before thy time) hadst also placed beene
By Phœbus in the Firmament. Howbeit (as is seene)
Thou art eternall so farre forth as may be: for as oft
As watrie Pisces giueth place to Aries, that the soft
And gentle springtide doth succeede the winter sharpe and sowre:
So often thou renewst thy selfe, and on the faire greene clowre,
Dost shoote out flowres. My father bare a speciall loue to thee
Aboue all others: so that while the God went oft to see
Eurotas and vnwalled Spart, he left his noble towne
Of Delphos (which amid the world is situate in renowne)
Without a soueraigne. Neither harpe nor bow regarded were.
Vnmindfull of his Godhead he refused not to beare
The nets, for to hold the hounds, nor as a painefull mate
To trauell ouer craggy hilles, through which continuall gate
His flames augmented more and more. And now the sunne did stand
Well neere midway betweene the nights last past and next at hand.
They stript themselues and noynted them with oyle of Olyse fat.
And fell to throwing of a Sledge that was right howge and flat.
First Phœbus peising it did throw it from him with such strength,
As that the weight draue downe the clouds in flying And at length
It fell vpon substantiall ground, where plainely it did show
As well the cunning as the force of him that did it throw.
Immediately vpon desire himselfe the sport to trie,
The Spartane Lad made haste to take vp vnaduisedly
The Sledge before it still did lie. But as he was in hand
To catch it, it rebounding vp against the hardned land,
Did hit him full vpon the face. The God himselfe did looke
As pale as did the Lad, and vp his swounding body tooke.
Now culles he him, now wypes he from the wound the blod away,
Another while his fading life he stries with heards to stay.
Nought boted Leechcraft. Helpelesse was the wound. And like as one
Brus'd Violet stalkes, or Poppy stalkes, or Lillies growing on

Browne

Browne spindles, straight they withering droope with heauy heads: are
Not able for to hold them vp, but with their toppes to stare
Upon the ground. So Hyacinth in yeelding of his breath,
Chopt downe his head. His necke bereft of strength by meanes of death
Was euen a burthen to it selfe, and downe did lowsely writhe
On both his shoulders, now at tone and new at tother lithe.
Thou fad'st away my Hyacinth defrauded of the prime
Of youth (quoth Phœbus) and I see thy wound my heinous crime.
Thou art my sorrow and my fault: this hand of mine hath wrought
Thy death: I like a murtherer haue to thy graue thee brought.
But what haue I offended thow? vnlesse that to haue playd,
Or if that to haue loued, an offence it may be sayd.
Would God I render might my life with and in stead of thée.
To which sith fatall Destinie denyeth to agrée,
Both in my minde and in my mouth thou euermore shalt bée,
My hand stricken with my hand, my songs shall sound of thée,
And in a new-made flowre thou shalt with Letters represent
Our sighings. And the time shall come ere many yéres be spent,
That in thy flowre a valiant Prince shall ioyne himselfe with thée,
And leaue his name vpon the leaues for men to rede and sée.
While Phœbus thus did prophesie, behold the blod of him
Which dyde the grasse, ceast blod to be, and vp there sprang a trim
And goodly flowre, more oriant than the Purple cloth in grayne,
In shape a Lillie, were it not that Lillies do remayne
Of siluer couler, whereas these of purple hew are séene.
Although that Phœbus had the cause of this great honor béene,
Yet thought he not the same ynough. And therefore did he wryght
His sighes vpon the leaues thereof: and so in colour bryght
The flowre hath a writ thereon, which letters are of grésse.
So small the Sparranes thought the birth of Hyacinth represse
Unto them, that they worship him from that day vnto this.
And as their fathers did before, so they do neuer misse
With solemne pompe to celebrate his feast from yeare to yeare:
But if perchance that Amathus the rich in mettals, were
Demaunded if it would haue bred the Propets it would sweare.
Yea, euen as gladly as the folke whose browes sometime did beare
A paire of welked hornes, whereof they Ceraستes named are.
Before their dore an altar stod of Ioue that takes the care

Of aliens and of trauelers, which lothsome was to see,
For lewdnesse wrought thereon. If one that had a stranger bee
Had lokt thereon, he would haue thought there had on it beene kild
Some sucking calues or lambes. The blood of strangers there was spild,
Dame Venus sore offended at this wicked sacrifice,
To leaue her cities and the land of Cyprus did deuise.
But then bethinking her, she sayd: What hath my pleasant ground,
What haue my cities trespassed? What fault in them is found?
Nay rather let this wicked race by exile punisht beene,
Or death, or by some other thing that is a meane betweene
Both death and exile: what is that? saue onely for to change
Their shape. In musing with her selfe what figure were most strange,
She cast her eie vpon a horne: and therewithall she thought
The same to be a shape right meete vpon them to be brought,
And so she from their mightie limbes their natiue figure toke:
And turnde them into boystrous Bulles with grim and cruell loke.
Yet durst the filthy Propets stand in stiffe opinion, that
Dame Venus was no Goddesse, till she being wroth thereat,
To make their bodies common first, compeld them euerichone,
And after chang'd their former kind. For when that shame was gone,
And that they wered brazen faasle, she turned them to stone,
In which betweene their former shape was difference small or none.
Whom for because Pygmalion saw, to lead their life in sin
Offending with the vice, whereof great store is packt within
The nature of the womankind, he led a single life.
And long it was ere he could finde in hart to take a wife.
Now in the while by wonderous art an image he did graue
Of such proportion, shape, and grace, as nature neuer gaue,
Nor can to any woman giue. In this his worke he toke
A certaine loue. The loke of it was right a Maydens loke,
And such a one as that ye would beleeue had life, and that
Would woed be if womanhod and reuerence letted not:
So artificiall was the worke. He wondreth at his art,
And of his counterfeiting corse conceiueth loue in hart.
He often toucht it, feeling if the worke that he had made,
Were very flesh or Ivorie still. Yet could he not perswade
Himselfe to thinke it Ivorie. For he oftentimes it kist,
And thought it kissed him againe. He hild it by the fist,

And

And talked to it. He beléeued his fingers made a dint
Vpon her fleih, and feared leaſt ſome blacke or bruiſed print
Should come by touching ouer hard. Sometime with pleaſant words,
And wanton toyes he dallyingly doth caſt forth amorous words.
Sometime (the gifts wherein young Maydes are wonted to delight)
He brought her ouches, fine round ſtones, and Lillies faire and whit,
And prétie ſinging birds, and flowres of thouſand ſorts and hew,
And painted balles, and amber from the tree diſtilled new.
In gorgeous garments furthermore he did her alſo decke,
And on her fingers put me rings, and chaines about her necke,
Rich pearles were hanging at her eares, and tablets at her breſt.
All kind of thing became her well: and when ſhe was vndreſt,
She ſeemed not leſſe beautifull. He layd her in a bed.
The which with ſcarlet dide in Tyre, was richly ouerſpred,
And tearming her his bedfellow, he couched downe her hed
Vpon a pillow ſoft, as though ſhe could haue felt the ſame.
The feaſt of Venus hallowed through the ile of Cyprus came,
And bullockes white with gilden hornes were ſlaine for ſacrifice,
And vp to heauen of frankinſence the ſmokie fume did riſe,
When as Pygmalion hauing done his duty that ſame day,
Before the alter ſtanding, thus with fearefull heart did ſay:
If that you Gods can all things giue, then let my wife (I pray)
(He durſt not ſay by ponſame wench of Iuorie, but) bee ſeeke
By wench of Iuorie. Venus (who was nought at all to ſeeke
What ſuch a wiſh as that did meane) then preſent at her feaſt,
For handſell of her friendly helpe did cauſe three times at leaſt
The fire to kindle and to ſpire thrize vpward in the Aire.
Aſſone as he came home, ſtraight way Pygmalion did repaire
Vnto the Image of his wench, and leaning on the bed,
Did kiſſe her. In her body ſtraight a warmeneſſe ſéemd to ſpred
He put his mouth againe to hers, and on her breſt did lay
His hand the Iuorie wered ſoft: and putting quite away
All hardnes, yelded vnderneath his fingers as we ſée
A piece of wax made ſoft againſt the Sunne, or drawen to bée
In diuers ſhapes by chafing it betwéene ones hands, and ſo
To ſerue to vſes. He amazde ſtood wauering to and fro
T'wéene ioy and feare to be beguild: againe he burnt in loue:
Againe with feéling he began his wiſhed hope to proue.

He felt it very flesh in deede. By laying on his thumbe,
He felt her pulses beating. Then he stood no longer dumbe,
But thanked Venus with his heart. And at the length he layd
His mouth to hers who was as then become a perfit Mayd.
She felt the kisse, and blusht thereat: and lifting fearefully
Her eyelids vp, her louer and the light at once did spy.
The marriage that her selfe had made the Goddesse blessed so,
That when the Mone with fulsum light nine times her course had go,
The Lady was deliuered of a sonne that Paphus hight,
Of whom the Iland takes that name. Of him was borne a knight
Cald Cinyras who (had he had none issue) surely might
Of all men vnderneath the sunne bene thought the happiest wight.
Of wicked and most cursed things to speake I now commence.
Ye daughters and ye parents all go get ye farre from hence.
Or if ye minded be to heare my tale, beleeue me nought
In this behalfe: ne think that such a thing was euer wrought.
Or if yee will beleeue the deede, beleeue the vengeance too
Which lighted on the party that the wicked act did do.
But if that it be possible that any wyght so much
From nature should degenerate, as for to fall to such
A heynous crime as this is, I am glad for Thracia, I
Am glad for this same world of ours, yea glad exceedingly
I am for this my native soyle, for that there is such space
Betweene it and the land that bred a child so voyd of grace,
I would the land Panchaya should of Amomie be rich,
And Cinnamom, and Costus sweete, and Incence also which
Doth issue largely out of trees, and other flowers straunge,
As long as that it beareth Myrrhe: not worth it was the chaunge,
New trees to haue of such a price. The God of loue denies
His weapons to haue hurted thee, O Myrrha, and he tries
Him selfe vngiltie by thy fault. One of the Furies three
With poysond Snakes and hellish brands hath rather blasted thee
To hate ones father is a crime as heynous as may bee.
But yet more wicked is this loue of thine, then any hate.
The youthfull Lords of all the East, and Peeres of cheefe estate
Desyre to haue thee to their wife, and earnest sute do make
Of all (excepting onely one) thy choyce O Myrrha take.
She feeles her filthye loue, and striues against it, and within

Herselfe

Herselfe sayd. Whither runnes my minde? what thinke I to begin?
Ye Gods (I pray) and godlinesse, ye holy rites and awe
Of parents, from this heynous crime my vicious minde withdraw,
And disappoynt my wickednesse. At least wise if it bee
A wickednesse that I intend. As farre as I can see,
This loue infringeth not the bonds of Godlinesse a whit,
For euery other liuing wight dame Nature doth permit
To match without offence of sin. The Heifer thinkes no shame
To beare her Father on her backe: The horse bestrydes the same
Of whom he is the syre: the Goate doth bucke the kid that hee
Himselfe begate: and Birds do tread the selfesame birdes we see
Of whom they hatched were before. In happie case they are
That may do so without offence. But mans malicious care
Hath made a bridle for it selfe, and spightfull lawes restraine
The things that Nature setteth free: yet are there Realmes (men sayne)
In which the mother with the sonne, and daughter with the father
Do match, where through of Godlinesse the bond augments the rather
With doubled loue. Now wo is me it had not borne my lot
In that same country to be borne. And that this luckelesse plot
Should hinder me Why thinke I thus? Auaunt vnlawfull loue.
I ought to loue him I confesse: but so as doth behoue
His daughter: were not Cinyras my father then, I wis
I might obtaine to ly with him. But now because he is
Mine owne, he cannot be mine owne. The nerenesse of our kin
Doth hurt me. Were I further off, perchance I more might win.
And if I wist that I thereby this wickednesse might shunne,
I would forsake my native soyle and farre from Cyprus runne.
This euil heate doth hold me backe, and being present still
I may but talke with Cinyras and loke on him my fill,
And touch, and kisse him, if no more may further graunted bee.
Why wicked wench? and canst thou hope for further? dost not see
How by thy fault thou dost confound the rights of name and kin?
And wilt thou make thy mother bee a Cucqueane by thy sin?
Wilt thou thy fathers lemand be? wilt thou be both the moother
And sister of thy child? shall he bee both thy sonne, and brother?
And stand'st thou not in feare at all of those same sisters three
Whose heads with crawling snakes in stead of heare bematted bee?
Which pushing with their cruell brondes folkes eyes and mouthes, do see

Their

Their ſinfull hearts? but thou now while thy body yet is free,
Let neuer ſuch a wickednesse, once enter in thy minde.
Defile not mightie natures heſt by luſt againſt thy kinde.
What though thy will were fully bent? Yet euen the very thing
Is ſuch as will not ſuffer thee the ſame to end to bring.
For why he being well diſpoſde and godly, minded aye
So much his duty that from right and truth he will not ſtray.
Would God like furie were in him as is in me this day.
This ſayd, her father Cinyras (who doubted what to do
By reaſon of the worthy ſtore of ſuitors which did woo
His daughter,) bringing all their names, did will her for to ſhow
On which of them ſhe had her ſelfe moſt fancie to beſtow.
At firſt ſhe hild her peace awhyle, and loking wiſtly on
Her fathers face, did boyle within: and ſcalding teares anon
Ran downe her viſage. Cinyras (who thought them to proceede
Of tenderharted ſhamfaſtnesſe) did ſay there was no neede
Of teares, and dry'd her chekes, and kiſt her. Myrrha tooke of it
Exceeding pleaſure in herſelfe: and when that he did wit
What huſband ſhe did wiſh to haue, ſhe ſayd: one like to yow:
He vnderſtanding not her thought, did well her words allow.
And ſayd: in this thy godly minde continew. At the name
Of godlyneſſe, ſhe caſt me downe her loke for very ſhame.
For why her giltie heart did knowe ſhe well deſerued blame.
High midnight came, and ſlepe both care and carkaſſes oppreſt,
But Myrrha lying broad awake could neither ſlepe nor reſt,
She fryes in Cupids flames, and workes continually vpon
Her furious loue. One while ſhe ſinkes in depe diſpaire, anon
She fully minds to giue attempt, but ſhame doth hold her in,
She wiſhes and ſhe wots not what to do, nor how to gin,
And like as when a mightie tree with ares hewed round,
Now ready with a ſtripe or twaine to lie vpon the ground,
Vncertaine is which way to fall, and tottereth euery way:
Euen ſo her minde with doubtfull wound effebled then did ſtray
Now here now there vncertainely, and tooke of both increaſe.
No meaſure of her loue was found, no reſt nor yet releaſe,
Saue onely death, death likes her beſt. She riſeth, full in minde
To hang herſelfe. About a poaſt her girdle ſhe doth binde,

Ans

And sayd. Farewell deere Cinyras, and vnderstand the cause
Of this my death. And with that word about her necke she drawes
The noze. Her trustie nurse that in another Chamber lay,
By fortune heard the whispring sound of these her words (folke say)
The aged woman rising vp vnbolts the doze, and whan
She saw her in that plight of death she shrieking out began
To smight her selfe and scratcht her brest, and quickly to her ran
And rent the girdle from her necke. Then weeping bitterly,
And holding her betweene her armes, she askt the question why
She went about to hang her selfe so vnaduisedly.
The Lady held her peace, as dumbe, and loking on the ground
Unmoueably, was sozie in her heart for being found
Before she had dispatcht her selfe. Her nurse still at her lay,
And shewing her her emptie dugs and naked head all gray,
Besought her for the paines she toke with her both night and day
In rocking and in feeding her, she would vouchsafe to say
What ere it were that greeued her. The Lady turnde away
Displeasde and fetcht a sigh. The nurse was fully bent in mind
To boult the matter out: for which not onely she did binde
Her faith, in secret things to keepe, but also sayd: Put mee
In trust to finde a remedie, I am not (thou shalt see)
Yet altogether duld by age. If furiousnesse it bee
I haue both charmes and chaunted heards to helpe. If any wight
Bewitcheth thee by witchcraft, I will purge and set thee quight.
Or if it be the wrath of God, we shall with sacrifice
Appease the wrath of God right well. What may I more surmise?
No thernes haue broken in vpon this house and spoylde the wealth,
Thy mother and thy father both are lyuing and in health.
When Myrrha heard her father nam'd, a greeuous sigh she fet,
Euen from the bottome of her heart. Howbeit the Nurse as yet
Misdeem'd not any wickednesse, but nerethelesse she gest
There was some loue: and standing in one purpose, made request
To breake her minde vnto her, and she set her tenderly
Vpon her lap. The Lady wept and sobbed bitterly.
Then culling her in feeble armes, she sayd: I well espie
Thou art in loue. My diligence in this behalfe I sweare
Shall seruiceable be to thee. Thou shalt not need to feare
That ere thy father shall it know. At that same word she kept

From

From Nurses lap like one that had bẽn past her wits, and stept
With furie to her bed, at which she leaning downe her face,
Sayd: Hence I pray thee, force me not to shew my shamefull case.
And when the Nurse did vrge her still, she answered, either get
Thee hence and cease to aske me why my selfe I thus do fret?
The thing that thou desyr'st to know his wickednesse. The old
Poore Nurse gan quake, and trembling both for age and feare, did hold
Her hands to her. And kneeling downe right humbly at her feete,
One while she faire intreated her with gentle words and sweete,
Another while (vnlesse she made her priuie of her sorrow)
She threatned her, and put her in a feare she would next morrow
Bewray her how she went about to hang her selfe. But if
She told her, she did plight her fayth and helpe to her release.
She lifted vp her head, and then with reares fast gushing out
Beslobbered all her Nurses breest: and going oft about
To speake, she often stayd: and with her garments hid her face
For shame, and lastly sayd: O happie is my mothers case
That such a husband hath. With that, a greuous sigh she gaue,
And hild her peace. These words of hers a trembling chilnesse draue
In Nurses limbes, which pierst her bones: (for now she vnderstood
The case) and all her horie haire vp stiffely staring stood,
And many things she talkt to put away her cursed loue,
If that it had bẽn possible the madnesse to remoue.
The Mayd her selfe to be full true the counsell doth espie:
Yet if she may not haue her loue, she fully mindes to die.
Liue still (quoth Nurse) thou shalt obtaine (she durst not say thy father,
But stayd at that.) And for because that Myrrha should the rather
Beleeue her, she confirmde her words by oth. The yearely feast
Of Gentle Ceres came, in which the Wiues both most and least
Appareld all in white, are wont the firstlings of the fielde
Fiue Garlands made of eares of Corne to Ceres for to yelde,
And for the space of thrice three nights they counted it a sinne
To haue the vse of any man, or once to touch his skinne.
Among these women did the Quẽne frequent the secret rights.
Now while that of his lawfull wife his bed was voyd a nights,
The Nurse was double diligent: and finding Cinyras
Well washt with Wine, she did surmise there was a prettie lasse
In loue with him: and highly she her beautie setteth out.

And

And beeing asked of her yeeres, she sayd she was about
The age of Myrrha. Well (quoth he) then bring her to my bed.
Returning home, she sayd: Be glad my nurce-child we haue sped.
Not all so wholly in her heart was wretched Myrrha glad,
But that her foremisgiuing minde did also make her sad.
Howbeit she also did reioyce as in a certaine kinde,
Such discords of affections was within her combred minde.
It was the time that all things rest. And now Bootes bright,
The driuer of the Oxen seuen about the North-pole pight,
Had somewhat turnd his Wayne aside, when wicked Myrrha sped
About her businesse. Out of heauen the golden Phæbe fled
With clouds more blacke then any pitch, the Starres did hide their hed,
The night becommeth vtter voyd of all her wonted light.
And first before all other hid their faces out of sight
Good Icar and Erigonee his daughter, who for loue
Most vertuous to her fatherward, was taken vp aboue,
And made a Starre in Heauen. Thrée times had Myrrha warning giuen
By stumbling, to retyre Thrée times the deathfull Owle that euen
With dolefull noyse prognosticates vnhappy lucke: Yet came
She forward still: the darkenesse of the night abated shame.
Her left hand held her Nurce, her right the darke blinde way did grope.
Anon she to the chamber came: anon the doore was ope:
Anon she entred in: with that, her foltring hammes did quake,
Her colour dide, her blood and heart did cléerely her forsake.
The néerer she approched to her wickednesse, the more
She trembled: of her enterprise it irketh her full sore,
And faine she would she might vnknowne haue turned backe. Nurce led
Her pausing forward by the hand, and putting her to bed:
Héere take this Damsell Cinyras, she is thine owne she sed:
And so she layd them brest to brest. The wicked father takes
His bowels into filthy bed, and there with words aslakes
The maydens feare, and chéeres her vp. And lest this crime of theirs
Might want the rightfull tearmes, by chance as in respect of yeares
He daughter did her call, and she him father. Being sped
With cursed séede in wicked wombe, she left her fathers bed:
Of which soone after she became great bagged with her shame,
Next night the lewdnesse doubled, and no end was of the same,
Untill at length that Cinyras desirous for to know

His

His louer that so many nights vpon him did bestow,
Did fetch a light: by which he saw his owne most heynous crime.
And eke his daughter: Natheless his sorrow at that time
Repressed his speach. Then hanging by he drew a rapier bright,
Away ran Myrrha, and by meanes of darkenesse of the night
She was deliuered from the death: and straying in the broade
Date-bearing fields of Arabye, she through Panchaya rode,
And wandring full nine months, at length she rested being tyrde
In Saba land. And when the time was nere at hand expyrde,
And that vnneath the burden of her wombe she well could beare,
Not knowing what she might desire, distrest betweene the feare
Of death, and tediousnesse of life, this prayer she did make:
O Gods, if of repentant folke you any mercy take,
Sharpe vengeance I confesse I haue deserv'd, and content
I am to take it patiently. Howbeit to th'intent
That neither with my life the quicke, nor with my death the dead
Annoyed be, from both of them exempt me this same stead,
And altring me, denie to me both life and death. We sée
To such as do confesse their faults some mercie shewde to bée.
The Gods did graunt her this request, the last that she should make.
The ground did ouergrow her féete and ankles as she spake.
And from her bursten toes went rootes, which wrything héere and there,
Did fasten so the tronke within the ground, she could not steare,
Her bones did into timber turne whereof the marie was
The pith, and into watrish sap the blood of her did passe.
Her armes were turnde to greater boughs, her fingers into twig,
Her skin was hardned into barke. And now her bellie big
The eatching trée had ouergrowne, and ouer-tane her brest,
And hasted for to win her necke, and hide it with the rest.
She made no tariance nor delay, but met the comming trée,
And shrunke her face within the barke thereof. Although that shee
Together with her former shape her senses all did lose,
Yet weeping she, and from her tree warme drops do softly woose.
The which her teares are had in prise and honour. And the Myrrhe
That issueth from her gummy barke doth beare the name of her,
And shall do while the world doth last. The misbegotten child
Grew still within the tree, and from his mothers wombe defild
Sought meanes to be deliuered. Her burthened wombe did swell

Amid

Amid the trée, and ſtretcht her out, but woꝛds wherewith to tell
And vtter foꝛth her griefe did want. She had no vſe of ſpéech
With which Lucina in her thꝛowes ſhe might of helpe beſéech.
Yet like a woman labꝛing was the trée, and bowing downe
Gaue often ſighs, & ſhed foꝛth teares as though ſhe there ſhould dꝛowne.
Lucina to this wofull tréé came gently downe, and layd
Her hand thereon, and ſpeaking woꝛds of eaſe, the midwife playd.
The trée did crany, and the barke diuiding made away,
And yéelded out the child aliue, which cry'd and wayld ſtraight way.
The water-nymphs vpon the ſoft ſwéet heaꝛbs the child did lay,
And bath'd him with his mothers teares. His face was ſuch as ſpight
Muſt néeds haue pꝛayſd. Foꝛ ſuch he was in all conditions right,
As are the naked Cupids that in tables picturde bée.
But to th'intent he may with them in euery poynt agrée,
Let either him be furniſhed with wings and quiuer light,
Oꝛ from the Cupids take their wings and bowes and arrowes quight.
Away ſlippes fléeting time vnſpyde, and mockes vs to our face,
And nothing may compare with yéeres in ſwiftneſſe of their pace.
That wꝛetched impe whom wickedly his grandfather begate,
And whom his curſed ſiſter bare, who hidden was a late
Within the trée, and lately boꝛne, became immediatly
The beautifullyſt babe on whom man euer ſet his eye.
Anon a ſtripling he became, and by and by a man,
And euery day moꝛe beautifull than other he becam.
That in the end Dame Venus fell in loue with him: whereby
He did reuenge the outrage of his mothers villanie.
Foꝛ as the armed Cupid kiſt Dame Venus, vnbeware
An arrow ſticking out did raze her bꝛeaſt vpon the bare.
The Goddeſſe being wounded, thꝛuſt away her ſonne. The wound
Appeared not to be ſo déepe as afterward was found.
It did deceiue her at the firſt. The beauty of the lad
Inflam'd her. To Cythera Ile no mind at all ſhe had.
Noꝛ vnto Paphos where the ſea beats round about the ſhoꝛe,
Noꝛ filthie Guyde, noꝛ Amathus that hath of mettals ſtoꝛe,
Yea euen from heauen ſhe did abſtayne. She lou'd Adonis moꝛe
Then Heauen. To him thée clinged ay, and bare him company.
And in the ſhadow wont ſhe was to reſt continually,
And foꝛ to ſet her beautie out moſt fémely to the eye

By trimly decking of her selfe. Through bushie grounds and groues,
And ouer Hills and Dales, and Lawndes, and stonie Rockes she roues,
Bare knee'd with garment tucked vp according to the wont
Of Phœbe, and she cheer'd the hounds with hallowing like a hunt,
Pursuing game of huntlesse sort, as Hares made low before,
Or Stagges with loftie heads, or Buckes. But with the sturdy Boare
And rauening Woolfe, & Beare whelps arm'd with vgly pawes, and eke
The cruell Lyons which delight in blood, and slaughter seeke,
She meddled not. And of these same she warned also thee
Adonis for to shunne them, if thou wouldst haue warned bee.
Be bold on cowards (Venus sayd) for who so doth aduance
Himselfe against the bold, may hap to meete with some mischaunce.
Wherefore I pray thee my sweete boy forbeare too bold to bee,
For feare thy rashnesse hurt thy selfe, and worke the woe of mee.
Encounter not the kind of beastes whom nature armed hath,
For doubt thou buy thy prayse to deare procuring thee some scath.
Thy tender youth, thy beautie bright, thy countnance faire and braue,
Although they had the force to win the heart of Venus, haue
No powre against the Lyons, nor against the bristled Swine,
The eyes and hearts of sauage beastes do nought to these incline.
The cruell Boares beare thunder in their hooked tuskes, and
Exceeding force and fiercenesse is in Lyons to withstand:
And sure I hate them at my heart. To him demaunding why?
A monstrous chaunce (quoth Venus) I will tell thee by and by,
That hapned for a fault. But now vnwoonted toyle hath made
Me mercie: and behold in time this Poplar with his shade
Allureth and the ground forcowch doth serue to rest vpon.
I pray thee let vs rest vs here. They sate them downe anon.
And lying vpward with her head vpon his lap along,
She thus began: and in her tale she bussed him among.
Perchaunce thou hast or this time hard of one that ouercame
The swiftest men in footemanship, no fable was that fame.
She ouercame them out of doubt. And hard it is to tell
Thee whither she did in footemanshippe or beautie more excell.
Vpon a season as she askt of Phœbus, what he was
That should her husband be, he sayd. For husband do not passe
O Atalanta, thou at all of husband hast no neede
Shonne husbanding. But yet thou canst not shonne it; I thee reede.

Alas

Alive thou shall not be thy selfe. She being sore afraide
Of this Apollos Oracle, did keepe her selfe a Mayde,
And liued in the shady woods. When wooers to her came,
And were of her importunate, she draue away the same
With boystrous words, and with sore condition of the game.
I am not to be had (quoth she) vnlesse ye able be
In running for to vanquish me. Ye must contend with me
In footemanship. And who so winnes the wager, I agree
To bee his wife. But if that he be found too slowe, then hee
Shall lose his head. This of your game the very law shall be.
Shee was indeede vnmercifull. But such is beauties powre,
That though the sayd condition were extreame and ouer sowre,
Yet many suters were so rash to vndertake the same.
Hippomenes as a loker on of this vncurteous game,
Sat by, and sayd: Is any man so mad to seeke a wife
With such apparant perill and the hazard of his life?
And vtterly he did condemne the youngmens loue. But when
He saw her face and body bare, (for why the Lady then
Did strippe her to her naked skin) the which was like to mine,
Or rather (if that thou wert made a woman) like to thine:
He was amazd. And holding vp his hands to heauen he sayth:
Forgiue me you with whom I found such fault euen now: In faith
I did not know the wager that ye ran for. As he prayseth
The beautie of her, in himselfe the fire of loue he rayseth.
And through an enuie fearing least she should away be wonne,
He wisht that nere a one of them so swift as she might ronne.
And wherefore (quoth he) put not I my selfe in preace to try
The fortune of this wager? God himselfe continually
Doth helpe the bolde and hardy sort. Now while Hippomenes
Debates these things within himselfe and other like to these,
The Damzell runnes as if her feete were wings And though that she
Did flie as swift as Arrow from a Turkie bow: yet he
More woondred at her beautie, then at swiftnesse of her pace,
Her running greatly did augment her beautie and her grace.
The Winde aye whisking from her feete the Labels of her sockes,
Upon her backe as white as snow did tosse her golden lockes:
And eke th'embroydred Garters that were tyde beneath her haun.
A rednesse mixt with white vpon her tender body came,

As when a scarlet Curtaine straynd against a playstred wall
Doth cast like shadow, making it seeme ruddy therewithall.
Now while the stranger noted this, the race was fully runne.
And Atalant (as shee that had the wager clearely wonne)
Was crowned with a Garland braue. The vanquisht sighing sore,
Did lose their liues according to agreement made before.
Howbeit nought at all dismayd with these mens luckelesse case
He stepped forth, and loking full vpon the Maydens face,
Sayd: wherefore dost thou seeke renowne in vanquishing of such
As were but bastards: cope with mee. If fortune be so much
My friend to giue me victory, thou needst not hold scorne
To yeeld to such a noble man as I am. I am borne
The sonne of noble Magarce Onchestyes sonne, and hee
Was sonne to Neptune. Thus am I great Graund-child by degree
In right descent, of him that rules the Waters. Neither to
I out of kind degenerate from vertue mest thereto,
Nor if my fortune be so hard as vanquisht for to bee,
Thou shalt obtaine a famous name by ouercomming mee.
In saying thus, Atlanta cast a gentle loke on him,
And doubting whether she rather had to lose the day, or win:
Sayd thus. What God an ennie to the beautifull, is bent
To bring this person to his end, and therefore hath him sent
To seeke a wife with hazard of his life: If I should bee
My selfe the iudge in this behalfe, there is not sure in mee
That doth deserue so deere ly to be earned: neither doth
His beauty moue my heart at all: yet is it such in soth,
As well might moue mee. But because as yet a child he is,
His person moues me not so much as doth his age I wis.
Besides that manhood is in him, and mind vnfrayd of death:
Besides that, of the watry race from Neptune as he seth
He is the fourth: besides that, he doth loue me, and doth make
So great accompt to win mee to his wife, that for my sake
He is contented for to die, if fortune be so sore
Against him, to deny him me. Thou stranger hence therefore:
Away I say now while thou mayst, and shun my bloody bed.
My marriage cruell is, and graues the losing of thy hed.
There is no Wench but that would such a Husband gladly catch.
And she that wise were, might desire to meet with such a match.

But

But why now after hearing of so many, do I care
For thee? Looke thou to that. For sith so many men as are
Already put to slaughter, can not warne thee to be ware,
But that thou wilt be weary of thy life, dye: do no spare.
And shall he perish then because he sought to liue with mee?
And for his loue unworthily with death rewarded bee?
All men of such a victorie will speake too foule a shame:
But all the world can testifie that I am not to blame.
Would God thou wouldst desist. Or else because thou art so mad,
I would to god a little more thy feete of swiftnesse had.
Ah what a maydens countenance is in this childish face?
Ah foolish boy Hippomenes, how wretched is thy case?
I would thou neuer hadst mee seene. Thou worthy art of life.
And if so be I happy were, and that to be a wife
The cruell destinies had not me forbidden, sure thou art
The onely wight with whom I would be matcht with all my hart.
This spoken, she yet raw and but new striken with the dart
Of Cupid, being ignorant, did loue and knew it nat.
Anon her father and the folke assembled, willed that
They should begin their wonted race. Then Neptunes issue prayd
With carefull heart and voyce to mee, and thus deuoutly sayd.
O Venus, fauour mine attempt, and sende me downe thine ayd
To compasse my desired loue which thou hast on me layd.
His prayer moou'd mee (I confesse) and long I not delayd
Before I helpt him. Now there is a certaine fielde the which
The Cyprian folke call Damasene most fertile and most rich
Of all the Cyprian fieldes: the same was consecrate to mee
In auncient time, and of my Church the gleebland wont to bee.
Amid this fielde, with golden leaues there growes a goodly tree
The crackling bowghes whereof are all of yellow gold. I came
And gathered golden Apples thee: and bearing thence the same
Within my hand, immediatly to Hippomen I gat
Inuisible to all wightes else saue him, and taught him what
To do with them. The trumpets blew: and girding forward, both
Set forth and on the houering dust with nimble feete eeh goth.
A man would thinke they able were vpon the sea to go,
And neuer wet their feete, and on the eares of corne also
That still is growing in the field and neuer downe them tred.

The man toke courage at the shout and words of them that sed,
Now, now is time Hippomenes to ply it, hie apace:
Enforce thy selfe with all thy strength: lag not in any case:
Thou shalt obtaine. It is a thing right doubtfull whether he
At these well willing words of theirs reioyced more, or she,
O Lord how often when she might outstrip him did she staie,
And gazed long vpon his face right loath to go her waie?
A weary breath proceedeth from their parched lips, and farre
They had to runne. Then Neptunes impe her swiftnes to disbarre,
Trold downe a tone-side of the way an apple of the thrée.
Amaz'd thereat, and couetous of the goodly apple, shée
Did step aside and snatched vp the rolling fruite of gold,
With that Hippomenes coted her. The folke that did behold,
Made noise with clapping of their hands; she recompenst her sloth
And losse of time with swiftnes: and straight againe out goth
Hippomenes, leauing him behind: and being staid agen
With taking vp the second, she him ouer toke: and when
The race was almost at an end, he sayd: O Goddesse, thou
That art the author of this gift, assist me friendly now.
And therewithall, of purpose, that she might the longer bee
In comming, he with all his might did bowle the last of thrée
A skew a tone-side of the field. The Lady seemd to make
A doubt in taking of it vp. I forced her to take
It vp, and to the apple I did put a heauie weight,
And made it of such mallinesse she could not lift it streight.
And least that I in telling of my tale may longer bee,
Than they in running of their race, out stripped quight was shée,
And he that wan her, marrying her, enioyd her for his fée.
Thinkst thou I was not worthy thanke, A Ioue thinkest thow
I earned not that he to me should frankensence allow?
But he forgetfull, neither thankes nor frankinsence did giue,
By meanes whereof to sudden wrath he iustly did me driue.
For being grieued with the spight because I would not be
Despisd of such as were to come, I thought it best for me
To take such vengeance of them both as others might take hard
By them. And so against them both in anger I proceed.
A temple of the moother of the Gods that vowed was,
And builded by Echion in a darkesome groue, they passe.

Then

There through my might Hippomenes was toucht and stirred so,
That needs he would to venerie though out of season go.
Not farre from this same temple was with little light a den,
With Pommie vaulted naturallie, long conserate ere then
For olde religion, not unlike a caue: where priests of yore
Bestowed had of images of wooden Gods good store.
Hippomenes entring herein into defil'd the holy place
With his unlawfull lust: From which the idols turnd their face.
And Cybill with the towred tops disdaining, doubted whether
She in the lake of Styx might drowne the wicked folke together.
The penance seemed ouerlight: and therefore she did cause
Thinne yellow manes to grow vpon their neckes: and hooked pawes
In stead of fingers to succeed. Their shoulders were the same
They were before: with wondrous force deepe brested they became.
Their looke became fierce, cruell, grim, and sowre: a tusked tayle
Stretcht out in length farre after them vpon the ground doth traile.
In stead of speach they roare: in stead of bed, they haunt the wood:
And dreadfull vnto others: they for all their cruell mood
With tamed teth thanke Cybels bits, in shape of Lyons. Shunne
These beasts deere heart: and not from these alonely see thou runne,
But also from each other beast that turnes not backe to flight,
But offreth with his boystrous brest to trie the chance of fight;
(Adonis) least thy valiantnesse be hurtfull to vs both.
This warning giuen, with yoked swannes away through aire she goth.
But manhood by admonishment restreyned could not bee.
By chaunce his hounds in following of the trace a Boare did see,
And rouzed him. And as the Swine was comming from the wood,
Adonis hit him with a dart afkew, and drew the blood.
The Boare straight with his hooked groine the hunting staffe out drew
Bestained with his blood, and on Adonis did persew,
Who trembling and retyring backe, to place of refuge drew,
And hiding in his cods, his tuskes as farre as he could thrust,
He layd him all along for dead vpon the yellow dust.
Dame Venus in her chariot drawne with Swannes was scarce arriued
At Cyprus, when she knew a farre the sight of him depriued
Of life. She turnd her signets backe, and when she from the skie
Behe'd him dead, and in his blood beweltred for to lie:
She leaped downe, and tare at once her garments from her brist,

And rent her heare, and beat her vp stomacke with her fist,
And blaming sore the Destnys, sayd: Yet shall they not obtaine
Their will in all things. Of my griefe remembrance shall remaine
(Adonis) while the world doth last. From yeare to yeare shall grow
A thing that of my heauinesse and of thy death shall show
The liuely likenesse. In a flowre thy blood I will bestow
Hadst thou the powre Persephonee ranke-sented Mints to make
Of womens limmes? and may not I like power vpon me take
Without disdaine and spite, to turne Adonis to a flowre?
This sed, she sprinkled Nectar on the blood, which through the powre
Thereof did swell like bubbles sheere that rise in weather cleere
On water. And before that full an howre expyred weere,
Of all one colour with the blood a flowre she there did finde
Euen like the flowre of that same tree whose fruite in tender rinde,
Haue pleasant graines enclosde. Howbeit the vse of them is short.
For why the leaues do hang so loose through lightnesse in such sort,
As that the windes that all things pierce with euery little blast
Do shake them off, and shed them so, as that they cannot last.

Finis Decimi Libri.

THE ELEVENTH BOOKE of Ouids Metamorphosis.

NOw while the Thracian Poet with
this song delightes the minds
Of sauage beastes, and drawes both stones
and trees against their kinds,
Behold the Wiues of Ciconie
with red-Deere-skinnes about
Their furious brestes, as in the fielde they gadded on a rout,
Espide him from a hillocks toppe still singing to his Harpe:

Of

Of whom one shoke her head at him, and thus began to carpe.
Behold (sayes she) behold yon same is hee that doth disdaine
Vs Women. And with that same word she sent her Launce amaine
At Orphyes singing mouth. The Launce arm'd round about with leaues,
Did hit him, and without a wound a marke behind it leaues.
Another threw a Stone at him, which vanquisht with his sweete
And most melodious harmonie, fell humbly at his feete
As sorry for the furious act it purposed. But rash
And heady Ryot out of frame all Reason now did dash,
And franticke Outrage reygnd. Yet had the sweetenesse of his song
Appeasd all weapons, sauing that the noyse now growing strong
With blowing Shalmes, and beating Drummes, & bedlem howling out,
And clapping hands on euery side by Bacchus drunken rout,
Did drowne the sound of Orphyes Harpe. Then first of all Stones were
Made ruddy with the Prophets blood, and could not giue him eare.
And first the flocke of Bacchus Froes by violence brake the ring
Of Serpents, Birdes, and sauage beastes, that for to heare to him sing
Sate gazing round about him there. And then with bloody hands
They ran vpon the Prophet, who among them singing stands.
They flocke about him like as when a sort of Birds haue found
An Owle a day-times in a tod: and hem him in full round,
As when a Stagge by hungry Hounds is in a morning found,
The which forestalls him round about, and pull him to the ground:
Euen so the Prophet they assayle, and throw their Thyrses greene
At him, which for an other vse then that inuented beene.
Some cast me clods, some boughs of trees, & some threw stones. And least
That weapon where withall to wreake their wodnesse which inreast
Should want, it chaunst that Oren by were tilling of the ground,
And labring men with brawned armes not farre fro thence were found
A digging of the hardned earth, and earning of their sod
With sweating browes. They seing this same rout, no longer stod,
But ran away and left their tooles behind them. Euery where
Through all the field their mattocks, rakes, and shouels scattred were.
Which when the cruell fends had caught, and had asunder rent
The horned Oren, backe againe to Orphye ward they went,
And (wicked wights) they murthred him, who neuer till that howre
Did vtter words in vaine, nor sing without effectuall powre.
And through the mouth of his (O Lord) which euen the stones had heard,

And

And vnto which the wittelesse Beastes had often giuen regard,
His ghost then breathing into ayre, departed. Euen the Fowles
Were sad for Orphye, and the Beasts with some sighing he wies:
The rugged Stones did mourne for him, the Woods which many a time
Had followed him to heare him sing, bewayled this same crime.
Yea euen the trees lamenting him did cast their leauie heare,
The riuers also with their teares (men say) increased weare.
Yea and the nimphs of brookes and woods vpon their streames did sayle
With scattred heare about their eares, in boates with sable saile.
His members late in sundry steads. His head and harpe boty came
To Hebrus, and (a wondrous thing) as downe the streame they swam,
His Harpe did yeld a mourning sound: his liuelesse tongue did make
A certaine lamentable noyse as though it still yet spake,
And both the banks in mourning wise made answere to the same.
At length adowne their countrie streame to open sea they came,
And lighted on Methymny shore in Lesbos land. And there
No sooner on the forraine coast now cast aland they were,
But that a cruell naturde Snake did streyght vpon them fly,
And licking on his ruffled heare the which was dropping dry,
Did gape to tyre vpon those lippes that had bene wont to sing
Most heauenly hymmes. But Phœbus streight preuenting ỹ same thing
Dispoynts the Serpent of his bit, and turnes him into stone
With gaping chaps. Already was the Ghost of Orphy gone
To Plutos realme, and there he all the places eft behild
The which he heretofore had seene. And as he sought the field
Of faire Elyfion (where the soules of godly folke do wonne)
He found his wife Eurydice, to whom he straight did ronne
And hild her in imbracing armes. There now he one while walkes
Together with her cheeke by cheeke: another while he stalkes
Before her, and another while he followeth her. And now
Without all kinde of forfaiture he safely might auow
His loking backward at his wife. But Bacchus grieued at
The murther of the Chaplaine of his Orgies, suffred not
The mischiefe vnreueng'd to be. For by and by he bound
The Thracian women by the feete with writhen roote in ground,
As many as consenting to this wicked act were found.
And looke how much that each of them the Prophet did pursew
So much he harpening of their toes, within the ground them drew.

And

And as the bird that finds her legge besnarled in the net
The which the fowlers suttlely haue closely for her set,
And seeles she cannot get away, flands flickering with her wings,
And with her fearefull leaping vp drawes closer still the strings:
So each of these, when in the ground they fastned were, assayd
Affaighted sore to flie away. But euery one was stayd
With winding roote which hild her downe, her frisking could not boote,
And while she lookt what was become of toe, of naile, and foote,
She saw her legs grow round in one, and turning into wood,
And as her thighs with violent hand she sadly striking stood,
She felt them tree: her brest was tree: her shoulders eke were tree,
Her armes long boughes yee might haue thought, and not deceiued bee.
But Bacchus was not so content: he quight forsooke their land:
And with a better companie remoued out of hand
Into the Vineyard of his owne mount Tmolus and the riuer
Pactolus though as yet no streames of gold it did deliuer,
Ne spyghted was for precious sands. His olde accustomd rout
Of woodwaros and of frantick froes enuyron him about,
But old Silenus was away. The Phrygian ploughmen found
Him reeling both for drunkennesse and age, and brought him bound
With garlands vnto Midas King of Phrygia, vnto whom
The Thratian Orphey and the Priest Eumolphus comming from
The toune of Athens erst had taught the Orgies When he knew
His fellow and companion of the selfe same badge and crew.
Vpon the comming of this guest, he kept a feast the space
Of twice fiue daies and twice fiue nights together in that place.
And now the leuenth time Lucifer had mustred in the skie
The heauenly hoste, when Midas commes to Lydia iocundly
And yeelds the olde Silenus to his fosterchild. He glad
That he his fosterfather had eftsoones recouered, bad
King Midas aske him what he would: Right glad of that was he,
But not a whit at latter end the better should hee be.
He minding to misuse his gift, sayd: graunt that all and some
The which my body toucheth bare, may yellow gold become.
God Bacchus graunted his request, his hurtfull gift performd,
And that he had not better wisht he in his stomacke stormd.
Reioycing in his harme, away full merry goes the King:
And for to try his promise true he toucheth euery thing.

Scarce

Scarce giuing credite to himselfe, he pulled young greene twigs
From off an Holmetree: by and by all golden were the sprigs.
He tooke a Flintstone from the ground, the stone likewise became
Pure gold. He touched next a clod of earth, and straight the same
By force of touching did become a wedge of yellow gold.
He gathered eares of ripened corne: immediatly behold
The corne was gold. An Apple then he pulled from a tree:
Ye would haue thought the Hesperides had giuen it him. If hee
On pillars high his fingers layd, they glistred like the sunne,
The water where he washt his hands did from his hands so runne,
As Danae might haue beene therewith beguild. He scarce could hold
His passing ioyes within his heart, for making all things gold.
While he thus ioyd, his officers did spread the bord anon,
And set downe sundry sorts of meate and mancheat thereupon.
Then whether his hand did touch the bread, the bread was massie gold:
Or whether he chawd with hungry teeth his meate, ye might behold
The peece of meate betweene his iawes, a plate of gold to bee.
In drinking wine and water mixt, ye might discerne and see,
The liqued gold runne downe his throate. Amazed at the strange
Mischaunce, and being both a wretch and ritch, he wisht to change
His riches for his former state: and now he did abhorre
The thing which euen but late before he chiefly longed for.
No meate his hunger slaakes: his throte is shrunken vp with thirst:
And iustly doth his hatefull gold torment him as accurst.
Then lifting vp his sory armes and hands to heauen he cryde:
O father Bacchus pardon me My sinne I will not hyde.
Haue mercie I beseech thee, and vouchsafe to rid me quight
From this same harme that seemes so good and glorious vnto sight.
The gentle Bacchus straight vppon confession of his crime,
Restored Midas to the state he had in former time.
And hauing made performance of his promise, he bereft him
The gift that he had graunted him. And least he should haue left him
Bedawbed with the dregs of that same gold which wickedly
He wished had: he willed him to get him by and by
To that great River which doth runne by Sardis towne, and there
Along the channell vp the streame his open armes to beare,
Untill he commeth to the spring: and then his head to put
Full vnderneath the fooming spout where greatest was the gut.

And

And so in washing of his limbes to wash away his crime.
The King (as was commaunded him) against the streame did clime,
And straight the power of making gold departing quite from him,
Infects the Riuer, making it with golden streame to swim.
The force whereof the bankes about so soked in their vaines,
That euen as yet the yellow gold vpon the clods remaines.
Then Midas hating riches, haunts the pasture grounds and groues.
And vp and downe with Pan among the launds and mountaines roues,
But still a head more fat than wise, and doltish wit he hath,
The which as erst, yet once againe must worke their maister scath.
The mountaine Tmole from loftie top to seaward loketh downe,
And spreading farre his boorly sides extendeth to the towne
Of Sardis with the tone side, and to Hypep with the tother:
There Pan among the Faynie elues that daunced round togither,
In setting of his cunning out for singing and for play
Vpon his pipe of Reeds and war, presuming for to say
Apollos musicke was not like to his, did take in hand
A farre vnequall match, whereof the Tmole for iudge should stand.
The auncient iudge sits downe vpon his hill: and rids his eares
From trees, and onely on his head an Oken garland weares,
Whereof the Acornes dangling downe about his hollow brow,
And loking on the God of Neat, he sayd: Ye need not now
To tarry longer for your iudge. Then Pan blew loude and strong
His countrey pipe of Reedes, and with his rude and homely song
Delighted Midas eares, for he by chance was in the throng.
When Pan had donne, the sacred Tmole to Phœbus turnde his loke
And with the turning of his head his bushie haire he shoke.
Then Phœbus with a Crowne of Bay vpon his golden heare
Did sweepe the ground with scarlet robe, and in his left hand beare
His Viall made of precious stones and ivorie intermixt,
And in his right hand for to strike his bow was ready fixt:
He was the very patterne of a god musition right.
Anon he gan with cunning hand the tuned strings to smight,
The sweetnesse of the which did so the iudge of them delight.
That Pan was willed for to put his reede-pipe in his case,
And not to fiddle nor to sing where Viols were in place.
The iudgement of the holy hill was liked well of all,
Saue Midas who found fault therewith and wrongfull did it call.

Apollo

Apollo could not ſuffer well his foolish eares to kæpe
Their humaine shape, but drew them wide and made them long and dæpe.
And fild them full of whitish heares, and made them downe to ſagge,
And through too much vnstableneſſe continually to wagge.
His body kæping in the reſt, his manly figure still
Was punisht in the part that did offend for want of skill.
And so a slow-paſt Aſſes eares his head did after beare.
This shame indeuoureth he to hide, and thereſore he did weare
A purple night-cap euer ſince. But yet his Barber who
Was wont to note him ſpyed it: and being eager to
Diſcloſe it, when he neither durſt to vtter it, nor could
It kæpe in ſecret still, he went and digged vp the mould,
And whiſpring ſoftly in the pit, declaarde wat eares he ſpyde
His maiſter haue, and turning downe the clowre againe, did hyde
His blabbed words within the ground, and cloſing vp the pit
Departed thence, and neuer made mo words at all of it.
Soone after there began a tuft of quiuering rædes to growe:
Which being ripe bewrayde their sæde and him that did them ſowe:
For when the gentle Southerne wind did lightly on them blowe,
They vttered forth the words that had bæne buried in the ground,
And so repron'd the Aſſes eares of Midas with their ſound.
Apollo after this reuenge from Tmolus tooke his flight:
And ſwæping through the ayre, did on the ſelfe same syde alight.
Of Helleſpontus, in the realme of King Laomedon.
There ſtood vpon the right syde of Sigæum, and vpon
The left of Rhetye cliffe that time, an Altar built of old
To Ioue that heareth all mens words. Hære Phœbus did behold
The forſayd King Laomedon begining for to lay
Foundation of the walles of Troy: which worke from day to day
Went hard and ſlowly forward, and requirde no little charge.
Then he together with the God that rules the Surges large,
Did put themſelues in shape of men, and bargain'd with the King
Of Phrygia for a ſumme of gold his worke to end to bring.
Now when the worke was done, the King their wages them denay'd
And falſely fac't them downe with othes it was not as they ſayd.
Thou ſhalt not mocke vs vnreuenged (quoth Neptune:) and anon
He cauſed all the ſurges of the ſea to ruſh vpon
The ſhore of couetous Troy: and made the country like the dæpe.

The

The gods of all the husbandmen away he quight did swæpe,
And ouerwhelm'd their fields with waues. And thinking this too small
A penance for the falshod he demaunded, therewithall
His daughter for a monster of the sea; whom being bound
Unto a Rocke, stout Hercules deliuering safe and sound,
Required his steeds which were the hire for which she did compound.
And when that of so great desert the King denyde the hyre,
The twice forsworne false towne of Troy he sacked in his ire.
And Telamon in honour of his seruice did enioy
The Lady Hesion daughter of the couetous King of Troy.
For Peleus had already got a Goddesse to his wife,
And liued vnto both their ioyes a right renowned life.
And sure he was not prouder of his grandsire, than of thée
That wert become his father in law. For many mo than hée
Haue had the hap of mightie Ioue the nephewes for to bée.
But neuer was it heretofore the chaunce of any one
To haue a Goddesse to his wife, saue only his alone.
For vnto watry Thetis thus old Proteus did foretell
Go marrie: thou shalt beare a sonne whose doings shall excell
His fathers farre in feates of armes, and greater he shall bée
In honor, high renowne, and fame, than euer earst was hée.
This caused Ioue the watry bed of Thetis to forbeare,
Although his heart were more then warme with loue of her, for feare
The world some other greater thing than Ioue himselfe should breed,
And wild the sonne of Aeacus this Peleus to succeed
In that which he him selfe would faine haue done, and for to take
The Lady of the sea in armes a mother her to make,
There is a bay of Thessalie that bendeth like a bow
The sides shootes forth, where if the sea of any depth did flowe
It were a hauen: scarcely doth the water hide the sand:
It hath a shore so firme, that if a man thereon do stand,
No print of foote remaines behinde: it hindreth not ones pace,
Ne couered is with houering recke. Adioyning to this place
There is a groue of mirtle trées with fruite of double colour,
And in the mids thereof a Caue. I cannot tell you whether
That nature or the arte of man were maker of the same.
It seemed rather made by arte. Oft Thetis hither came
Starke naked, ryding brauely on a bridled Dolphins backe.

There

There Peleus as he lay a sleepe vpon her often brake.
And for because that at her hands entreatance nothing winnes,
He folding her about the necke with both his armes beginnes
To offer force. And surely if she had not faine to wyles
And shifted often times her shape, he had obtained ere whiles
Wont she became sometimes a bird: he hild her like a bird,
Anon she was a massie log: but Peleus neuer stird
A whit for that: then thirdly she of speckled Tyger toke
The ougly shape: for feare of whose most fierce and cruell looke,
His armes he from her body twitcht. And at his going thence,
In honour of the watry Gods he burned frankincence,
And powred wine vpon the sea, with fat of neate and sheepe:
Untill the Prophet that doth dwell within Carpathian deepe,
Sayd thus. Thou sonne of Aeacus, thy wish thou sure shalt haue
Alonely when she lies a sleepe within her pleasant Caue.
Cast grinnes to trappe her vnbewares: hold fast with snarling knot:
And though she faine a hundreth shapes, deceyue ther let her not.
But sticke vntoo't what ere it be, vntill the time that she
Returneth to the natiue shape she erst was woont to be.
When Protew thus had sed, within the sea he duckt his head,
And suffred on his latter words the water for to spread.
The lightsome Tytan downeward drew, and with declyning chaire
Approched to the western sea, when Neryes daughter faire
Returning from the sea, resorts to her accustomd couch.
And Peleus scarcely had begon her naked limbes to touch.
But that she chaungd from shape to shape, vntill at length she found
Herselfe surprisd. Then stretching out her armes with sighes profound,
She sayd: Thou ouercomest me, and not without the ayde
Of God: and then she Thetis like, appeerde in shape of mayde.
The noble Prince imbracing her obteind her at his will,
To both their ioyes, and with the great Achylles did her fill.
A happy wight was Peleus in his wife: A happy wight
Was Peleus also in his sonne. And if he him acquight
Of murthring Phocus, happy him in all things count ye might:
But giltie of his brothers blood, and banisht for the same
From both his fathers house and realme, to Trachin sad he came.
The sonne of lightsome Lucyfer King Ceyx (who in face
Expreest the liuely beauty of his fathers heauenly grace)

Without

Without all violent rigor and sharpe executions raigned
In Trachin. He right sad that time vnlike himselfe, remaind
Yet mourning for his brothers chance transformed late before,
When Peleus thither came, with care and trauell tyred sore,
He left his cattell and his shæpe (whereof he brought great store)
Behind him in a shady vale not farre from Trachin towne,
And with a little company him selfe went thither downe.
Assone as leaue to come to Court was granted him, he bare
A branch of Olme in his hand, and humbly did declare
His name and linage. Onely of his crime no word he spake,
But of his flight another cause pretensedly did make:
Desiring leaue within his towne or country to abyde
The King of Trachin gently thus to the him againe replyde:
Our bounty to the meanest sort (O Peleus) doth extend,
We are not wont the desolate our country to forfend,
And though I be of nature most enclined good to do:
Thine owne renowne, thy Grandsire loue are forcements therevnto.
Wispend no longer time in sute, I gladly do agree
To grant thee what thou wilt desire. These things that thou dost see
I would thou should account them as thine own, such as they bee
I would they better were. With that he waped. Peleus and
His friends desired of his griefe the cause to vnderstand.
He answered thus. Perchance ye thinke this bird that liues by pray,
And puts all other birds in feare: had wings and feathers: nay
He was a man. And as he was right fierce in feates of armes
And stout and ready both to weake and also offer harmes,
So was he of a constant mind. Dædalion men him hight.
Our father was that noble starre that brings the morning bright,
And in the Welken last of all giues place to Phœbus light.
My study was to maintaine peace, in peace was my delight,
And for to keepe me true to her to whom my faith is plight.
My brother had felicity in warre and bloody fight.
His prowesse and his force which now doth chace in cruel flight.
The Doues of Thisbye since his shape was altred thus of new,
Right puissant Princes and their Realmes did heretofore subdew.
He had a child calde Chyone, whom nature did endew
With beauty so, that when to age of fourteene yeares shee grew,
A thousand Princes liking her did for her fauour sew.

By fortune as bright Phœbus and the sonne of Lady May
Came tone from Delphos, tother from mount Cyllen, by the way
They saw her both at once, and both at once were tane in loue.
Apollo till the time of night deferd his sute to moue.
But Hermes could not beare delay. He stroked on the face
The Mayden with his charmed rod which hath the power to chace
And bring in slepe: the touch whereof did cast her in so dead
A slepe, that Hermes by and by his purpose of her sped.
Assone as night with twinckling starres the welkin had bespent,
Apollo in an old wiues shape to Chyon closely went,
And toke the pleasure which the sonne of Maya had forehent.
Now when she full her time had gone, she bare by Mercurye
A sonne that hight Awtolychus who prou'd a wily Pye,
And such a fellow as in theft and filching had no peare
He was his fathers owne sonne right: he could mens eyes so bleare,
As for to make the blacke things white, & white things blacke appeare.
And by Apollo (for she bare a paire) was borne his brother
Philammon, who in maslicke Art excelled farre all other,
As well in singing as in play. But what auailed it
To beare such twinnes and of two Gods in fauour to haue sit,
And that she to her father had a stout and valiant knight,
Or that her Grandsire was the sonne of Ioue that God of might?
Doth glory hurt to any folke? It surely hurted her,
For standing in her owne conceit she did her selfe prefer
Before Diana and dispraisd her face, who therewithall
Inflaam'd with wrath, sayd: Well, with deeds we better please her shall.
Immediatly she bent her bow and let an arrow go,
Which strake her through the tong, whose spight deserued wounding so.
Her tongue wert dumbe, her speech gan faile that erst was ouer rife,
And as she striued for to speake, away went blood and life.
How wretched was I then O God? how strake it to my hart?
What words of comfort did I speake to ease my brothers smarte?
To which he gaue his eare as much as doth a stony rocke
To hideous roaring of the waues that doth against it knocke.
There was no measure nor none end in making of his mone,
Nor in bewayling comfortlesse his daughter that was gone.
But when he saw her body burne, foure times withall his might
He rushed forth to thrust himselfe amid the fire in sight.

Foure

Foure times he being thence repulst, did put himselfe to flight,
And ran me whereas was no way, as doth a Bullocke when
A hornet stings him in the necke. He thought he was as then
More wyghter farre than any man. He would haue thought his fæt
Had had some wings. So fled he ought from all, and being flæt
Through eagernesse to die, he gat to mount Parnasos knappe
And there Apollo pittying him and rewing his mishappe,
When as Dædalion from the cliffe himselfe had headlong flung,
Transformd him to a bird, and on a sodaine as he hung
Did giue him wings, and bowing beake, and hooked talants kéne,
And eke a courage full as fierce as euer it had béne.
And furthermore a greater strength he lent him therewithall,
Than one would thinke conuayd might be within a reme so small.
And now in shape of Gosshawke he to none indifferent is,
But wreakes his téene on all birds. And because himselfe ere this
Did fæle the force of sorrowes sting within his wounded hart,
He maketh others oftentimes to sorrow and to smart.
As Ceyx of his brothers chance these wondrous stories seth,
Comes running thither all in hast and almost out of breth
Anæor the Phocayan who was Pelies heardman, hée
Said: Pelie Pelie I doe bring sad tydings vnto thée:
Declare it man (quoth Peleus) what euer that it bée.
King Ceyx at his fearefull words did stand in doubtfull stowne.
This nonetide (quoth the heardmand) ich did driue yon cattell downe
To sea, and sum a them did sit vpon the yellow sand,
And lorked on the large maine pole of water nére at hand.
Sum royled softly vp and downe, and sum a them did swim,
And bare their iolly horned heads aboue the water trim.
A Church stands nére the sea not deckt with gold nor marble stone,
But made of wood, and hid with trées that dreeping hang thereon.
A Visherman that sate and dride his nets vpon the shore
Did tels that Nereus and his Nymphs did haunt the place of yore,
And how that they bén Gods a sea. There butts a plot vorgrowne
With sallow trées vpon the same, the which is ouerblowne
With tydes, and is a marsh. Erom thence a Wolfe an orped wight
With hideous noyse of rustling made the grounds nére hand afright.
Anon he comes me buskling out besmeared all his chappes
With blod daubaken and with vome as fierce as thunder-clappes,

Hiz eyen did glaſter red as dyze, and though he raged zoze
Uoz vamin and voz madneſſe both, yet raged he much moze
In madneſſe. Uoz he cared not his hunger voz to zlake,
Uoz I the death of Dren two oz thzee an end to make.
But wounded all the heard and made a hauocke of them all,
And zum of vs tw, in deuence did happen voz to vall
In danger of his deadly chappes, and loſt our liues. The zhoze
And zea is ſtaynd with blod, and all the den is on a roze.
Delay bzeds loſſe. The caſe denyes now doubting voz to ſtond,
While ought remaines let all of vs take weaped in our hond.
Lets arme our zelues, and let vz altogether on him vall.
The heardman hild his peace. The loſſe mouude Peleus not at all.
But calling his offence to mind, he thought that Neryes daughter
The childleſſe Lady Pſamache determind with that ſlaughter.
To kepe an Obit to her ſonne whome he beſoze had kild.
Immediatly vpon this newes the king of Trachin wild
His men to arme them, and to take their weapons in their hand,
And he addzeſt himſelfe to be the leader of the band,
His wife Alcionæ by the noyſe admoniſht of the ſame,
In dzeſſing of her head, beſoze ſhe had it bzought in frame,
Caſt downe her haire, and running fozth caught Ceyx faſt about
The necke, deſiring him with teares to ſend his folke without
Himſelfe, and in the life of him to ſaue the liues of twaine.
O Pzinceſſe, ceaſe your goodly feare (quoth Peleus then againe)
Your offer doth deſeruе great thanks, I mind not war to make
Againſt ſtrange monſters, I as now another way muſt take,
The ſea-gods muſt be pacifide. There was a caſtell hye,
And in the ſame a lofty towze whoſe top doth face the ſkye,
A ioyfull marke foz Marriners to guide their veſſels by.
To this ſame turret vp they went, and there with ſighes beheld
The corcalzing euery where ſtarke dead vpon the feld,
And eke the bloudy ſtroy-god with his blody mouth and heare:
Then Peleus ſtretching fozth his hand to ſeaward pzayd in feare
To watry Pſamath that ſhe would her foze diſpleaſure ſtaye,
And helpe him. She no whit relents to that that he did pzay.
But Thetis foz her huſband made ſuch earneſt ſute, that ſhee
Obtaind his pardon: foz anon the Woolfe (who would not bee
Reuoked from the ſlaughter foz the ſweetneſſe of the blod)

Perſiſted

Perſiſted ſharpe and eager ſtill, vntill that as he ſtood
Faſt byting on a bullockes necke, ſhe turnd him into ſtone
As well in ſubſtance as in hew, the name of Woolfe alone
Reſerued. For although in ſhape he ſeemed ſtill yet one,
The very colour of the ſtone bewrayd him to be none:
And that he was not to be feard. How be it froward Fate
Permits not Peleus in that land to haue a ſetled ſtate.
He wandreth like an Outlaw to the Magnets. There at laſt,
Acaſtus the Theſſalian purgd him of his murther paſt.
In this meane time the Thrachine King ſore vexed in his thought
With ſignes that both before & ſince his brothers death were wrought,
For counſell at the ſacred Spels (which are but toyes to ſuch
Fond fancies, and not counſellers in perill to doe good)
Did make him ready to the God of Claros for to go.
For heathniſh Phorbas and the folke of Phlegia had as tho
The way to Delphos ſtopt, that none could trauell to or fro.
But ere he on his iourney went, he made his faythfull make
Alcyone priuie to the thing. Immediately there ſtrake
A chilneſſe to her very bones, and pale was all her face
Like Box, and downe her beauie chekes the teares did guſh a pace.
Thrice times about to ſpeake, thrice times ſhe waſht her face with teares,
And ſtinting oft with ſobs, ſhe thus complained in his eares.
What fault of mine O huſband deare hath turnd thy hart fro mée?
Where is that care of mée that erſt was wont to be in thée?
And canſt thou hauing left thy deare Alcyone, merry bée?
Do iourneys long delight thee now? doth now my abſence pleaſe
Thée better then my preſence doth? Thinke I that thou at eaſe
Shalt go by land? Shall I haue cauſe but onely for to mourne,
And not to be afrayd? And ſhall my care of thy returne
Be voyde of feare? No no. The Sea mée ſore afrayd doth make.
To thinke vpon the Sea doth cauſe my fleſh for feare to quake.
I ſaw the broken ribbes of Shippes alate vpon the ſhore.
And oft on Tombes I reade their names whoſe bodyes long before
The ſea had ſwallowed. Let not fond vaine hope ſeduce thy minde,
That Aeolus is thy fathrinlaw, who holdes the boyſtrous winde
In priſon, and can calme the ſeas at pleaſure. When the windes
Are once let loſe vpon the ſea, no order then them bindes.
Then neither land hath priuiledge, nor ſea exemption findes.

Yea euen the clouds of heauen they rere, and with their mæting stout,
Enforce the Fire with hideous noyse to burst in flashes out.
The more that I do know them, (for right well I know their powre,
And saw them oft a little wench within my fathers bowre)
So much the more I thinke them to be feard. But if thy will
By no intreatance may be turnd at home to tarrie still,
But that thou nœds wilt goe: then me deare husband with thee take.
So shall the Sea vs equally togither tosse and shake.
So worser then I feele I shall be certaine not to feare.
So shall we whatsoeuer happes, togither ioyntly beare.
So shall we on the broad mayne sea togither ioyntly sayle.
These words and teares wherewith the Impe of Aeolus did assayle
Her husband borne of heauenly race, did make his hart relent.
(For he loud her no lesse then she loud him.) But fully bent
He seemed, neither for to leaue the iourney which he ment
To take by sea, nor yet to giue Alcyone leaue as tho
Companion of his perlous course by water for to go.
He many words of comfort spake her feare away to chace,
But nought he could perswade therein to make her like the cace.
This last allwagement of her griefe he added in the end
Which was the onely thing that made her louing heart to bend.
All tarryance will assuredly seeme ouerlong to me.
And by my fathers blasing beames I make my vow to thee
That at the furthest eare the time (if God thereto agree)
The Mone do fill her circle twise againe I will here be.
When in some hope of his returne this promise had her set,
He wild a ship immediately from harborough to be fet.
And throughly rigged for to be, that neither mast nor sayle,
Nor tackling, no nor other thing should appertaining fayle.
Which when Alcyone did beholde, as one whose heart misgaue
The happes at hand, she quakt againe, and teares out gushing draue:
And streining Ceyx in her armes with pale and piteous lake,
Wore wretched soule her last farewell at length she sadly toke,
And swounded flat vpon the ground. Anen the watermen
(As Ceyx sought delayes and was in doubt to turne agen)
Set hand to Oares, of which there were two rowes on either side,
And all at once with equall stroke the swelling Sea deuide.
She lifting vp her watry eyes beheld her husband stand

Vpon

Vppon the hatches making ſignes by beckening with his hand:
And ſhe made ſignes to him againe. And after that the land
Was farre remoued from the ſhip, and that the ſight began
To be vnable to diſcerne the face of any man,
As long as ere ſhe could ſhe lokt vpon the rowing keele
And when ſhe could no longer time for diſtance ken it weele,
She loked ſtill vpon the ſayles that flaſked with the winde
Vpon the maſt. And when ſhe could the ſailes no longer finde,
She gate her to her emptie bed with ſad and ſorie hart,
And layd her downe. The Chamber did renew a freſh her ſmart
And of her bed did bring to minde the dere departed part.
From harborough now they quight were gone: and now a pleaſant gale
Did blow. The maiſter made his men their ores aſide to haile,
And hoiſed vp the top ſaile on the higheſt of the maſt,
And clapt on all his other ſayles becauſe no winde ſhould waſt.
Scarce full tone halfe (or ſure not much abone) the ſhip had run
Vpon the ſea, and euery way the land did farre them shun.
When toward night the wallowing waues began to waxen white,
And eke the heady eaſterne wind did blow with greater might,
Anon the Maiſter cryed, Strike the topſayle, let the maine
Sheate flie and fardle it to the yard. Thus ſpake he, but in vaine.
For why ſo hideous was the ſtorme vppon the ſodaine brayd,
That not a man was able there to heare what other ſayd,
And lowd the ſea with meeting waues extremely raging rores.
Yet fell they to it of themſelues. Some haald aſide the Ores:
Some fenced in the Gallies ſides, ſome downe the ſayleclothes rend:
Some pumpe the water out, and ſea to ſea againe do ſend.
Another hales the ſayleyards downe. And while they did eche thing
Diſorderly, the ſtorme increaſt, and from each quarter fling
The windes with deadly forde, and bounce the raging waues together.
The Pilot being ſore diſmayd ſaith plaine, he knowes not whether
To wend him ſelfe, nor what to do or bid, nor in what ſtate
Things ſtood. So howge the miſchiefe was, and did ſo ouermate
All arte. For why of ratling ropes, of crying men and boyes,
Of fluſhing waues and thundring ayre, confuſed was the noyſe.
The ſurges mounting vp aloft did ſeeme to mate the ſkie,
And with their ſprinkling for to wet the clouds that hang on hie.
One while the ſea, when from the brinke it rayſd the yellow ſand,

Was like in colour to the same, another while did stand
A coulour on it blacker than the lake of Styx, anon
It lyeth plaine and loweth white with sething froth thereon.
And with the sea the Trachin ship aye alteration toke,
One while as from a mountaines top it seemed downe to loke
To vallies and the depth of hell. Another while beset
With swelling surges round about which neere about it met,
It loked from the bottome of the whirlpole vp aloft,
As if it were from hell to heauen. A hideous flushing oft
The waues did make in beating full against the Gallies side,
The Gallie being striken, gaue as great a sound that tide
As did sometime the battell-rambe of steele, or now the Gun
In making battrie to a towre, and as fierce Lyons run
Full byrst with all their force against the armed men that stand
In order bent to keepe them off with weapons in their hand:
Euen so as often as the waues by force of winde did raue,
So oft vpon the netting of the ship they mainely draue,
And mounting farre aboue the same. Anon off fell the hoopes:
And hauing washt the pitch away, the sea made open loopes
To let the deadly water in. Behold the clouds did melt
And showres large came powring downe. The seamen that them felt
Might thinke that all the heauen had laine vpon them that same time,
And that the swelling sea likewise aboue the heauen would clime.
The sailes were throughly wet with showres, & with the heauenly raine
Was mirt the waters of the sea, no lights at all remaine
Of Sunne or Moone, or Starres in Heauen. The darknes of the night
Augmented with the dreadfull storme, takes double power and might,
Howbeit the flashing lightning oft doe put the same to flight,
And with their glauncing now and then do giue a sudden light.
The lightning sets the waues on fire. Aboue the netting ship
The waues, and with a violent force do light within the ship.
And as a souldior stouter than the rest of all his band
That oft assailes a cities walles defended well by hand.
At length attaines his hope, and for to purchase prayse withall
Alone among a thousand men gets vp vpon the wall:
So when the loftie waues had long the Gallies sides assaid,
At length the tenth wauerysing vp with bowger force and braid,
Did neuer cease assaulting of the weerie ship, till that

Vpon

Upon the hatches like a foe victoriously it gate.
A part thereof did still as yet assault the ship without,
And part had gotten in. The men all trembling ran about,
As in a cittie comes to passe, when of the enmies some
Dig downe the walles without, and some already in are come.
All art and cunning was to seke, their hearts and stomacks faile:
And loke how many surges came their vessell to assayle,
So many deaths did seeme to charge and breake vpon them all.
One warpes, another standes amazd: the third them bleft doth call
Whom buriall doth remaine. To God another makes his vow
And holding vp his hands to heauen the which he sees not now,
Doth pray in vaine for helpe. The thought of this man is vpon
His brother and his parents whom he clearely hath forgon.
Another calles his house and wife and children vnto minde.
And euery man in generall the things he left behinde.
Alcyone moueth Ceyx heart. In Ceyx mouth is none
But onely one Alcione. And though she were alone
The wight that he desired most, yet was he very glad
She was not there. To Trachin-ward to loke desire he had,
And homeward faine he would haue turnde his eyes which neuer more
Should see the land. But when he knew not which way was the shore,
Nor where he was, the raging sea did rowle about so fast:
And all the heaven with clouds as blacke as pitch was ouercast,
That neuer night was halfe so darke. There came a flaw at last.
That with his violence brake the mast, and strake the Sterne away.
A billow proudly pranking vp as vaunting of his pray
By conquest gotten, walloweth whole and breaketh not asunder,
Beholding with a lostie loke the waters working vnder.
And loke as if a man should from the places where they grow
Rend downe the mountaines Athe and Pind, and whole them ouerthrow
Into the open sea: so soft the billow tumbling downe
With waight and violent stroke did sinke and in the bottome drowne
The Galley. And the most of them that were within the same
Went downe therewith and neuer vp to open ayer came,
But dyed strangled in the gulfe. Another sort againe,
Caught peces of the broken shippe. The King himselfe was faine
A shiuer of the sunken shippe in that same hand to hold
In which he erst a royall mace had hild of yellow gold.

His

His father and his fatherinlaw he calles vpon (alas
In vaine) But chiefly in his mouth his wife Alcyone was.
In heart was she: in tongue was she: he wished that his corse
To land where she might take it vp the surges might enforce:
And that by her most louing hands he might be layd in graue.
In swimming still (as often as the surges leaue him gaue
To ope his lippes) he harped still vpon Alcyons name,
And when he drowned in the waues he muttred still the same.
Behold euen full vpon, the waue a flake of water blacke
Did breake, and vnderneath the sea the head of Ceyx stracke.
That night the lightsome Lucifer for sorrow was so dim,
As scarcely could a man discerne or thinke it to be him.
And forasmuch as out of heauen he might not steppe aside,
With thicke and darkesome clouds that night his countenance he did hide.
Alcyone of so great mischaunce not knowing ought as yit,
Did keepe a reckoning of the nights that in the while did flit,
And hasted garments both for him and for her selfe likewise
To weare at his homecomming, which she vainely did surmize.
To all the Gods deuoutly she did offer frankincense:
But most aboue them all the Church of Iuno she did sence.
And for her husband (who as then was none) she kneeld before
The Altar, wishing health and sone arriuall at the shore.
And that none other women might before her be preferd,
Of all her prayers this one peece effectually was herd.
For Iuno could not finde in heart entreated for to bee
For him that was already dead. But to th'intent that shee
From Dame Alcyons deadly hands might keepe her Altars free
She sayd: most faithfull messenger of my commandements, O
Thou Rainebow to the sluggish house of slumber swiftly go,
And bid him send a dreame in shape of Ceyx to his wife
Alcyone, for to shew her plaine the losing of his life.
Dame Iris takes her pall wherein a thousand colours were
And bowing like a stringed bow vpon the cloudy sphere,
Immediately descended to the drowzie house of Slepe,
Whose court the clouds continually do closely ouercrepe.
Among the darke Cimmerians is a hollow mountaine found The house
And in the hill a Caue that farre doth run within the ground, of sleepe.
The Chamber and the dwelling place where slouthfull slepe doth couch.

The

The light of Phœbus golden beames this place can neuer touch.
A foggy miſt with dimneſſe mixt ſtreames vpward from the ground,
And glimmering twilight euermore within the ſame is found.
No watchfull bird with barbed bill and combed crowne doth call
The morning forth with crowing out. There is no noyſe at all
Of waking dog, nor gaggling gooſe more waker then the hound
To hinder ſléepe, of beaſt, ne wilde ne tame there is no ſound.
No boughs are ſtird with blaſts of winde, no noyſe of tatling toong
Of man or woman euer yet within that bowre roong.
Dumbe quiet dwelleth there. Yet from the mountaines foote doth go
The riuer of forgetfulneſſe, which runneth trickling ſo
Vpon the little pœble ſtones which in the channells ly,
That vnto ſléepe a great deale more it doth prouoke thereby.
Before the entry of the Caue, there growes of Poppy ſtore,
With ſéeded heads, and other weedes innumerable more,
Out of the milkie iuice of which the night doth gather ſléepes,
And ouer all the ſhadowed earth with dankiſh dew them dréepes.
Becauſe the craking hinges of the doore no noiſe ſhould make,
There is no doore in all the houſe, nor porter at the gate.
Amid the Caue of Eoonve a bedſted ſtandeth hie,
And on the ſame a bed of downe with couering blacke doth lie:
In which the drowzie God of ſléepe his lither limbes doth reſt.
About him forging ſundry ſhapes as many dreames lie preſt,
As eares of corne do ſtand in fields in harueſt time, or leaues
Doe grow on trées, or ſea to ſhore of ſandie cinder heaues.
Aſſone as Iris came within this houſe, and with her hand
Had put aſide the dazeling dreames that in her way did ſtand,
The brightneſſe of her robe through all the ſacred houſe did ſhine.
The God of ſléepe ſcarce able for to rayſe his heauie eine,
A three or foure times at the leaſt did fall againe to reſt,
And with his nodding head did knock his chinne againſt his breſt.
At length he waking of himſelfe, vpon his elbowe leand.
And though he knew for what ſhe came: he aſkt her what ſhe meand.
O ſléepe (quoth he) the reſt of things: O gentleſt of the Goddes,
Sweete ſléepe, the peace of minde, with whom crookt care is aye at ods:
Which cheriſheſt mens weary limbes appald with toyling ſore,
And makeſt them as freſh to worke and luſtie as before,
Commaund a dreame that in their kinds can euery thing expreſſe,

To

To Trachine Hercles towne himselfe this instant to addresse.
And let him liuely counterfeit to Quéene Alcyonea
The image of her husband who is drowned in the sea
By shipwrecke. Iuno willeth so. Her message being told,
Dame Iris went her way, she could her eyes no longer hold
From slape. But when she felt it come she fled that instant time,
And by the bow that brought her downe, to heauen againe did clime.
Among a thousand sonnes and mo that father slumber had
Ye calld vp Morph the feyner of mans shape, a craftie lad.
None other could so cunningly expresse mans very face,
His gesture and his sound of voyce, and manner of his pace,
Together with his woonted wǽde, and woonted phrase of talke.
But this same Morphye onely in the shape of man doth walke.
There is another who the shapes of beast or bird doth take,
Or els appeareth vnto men in likeneſſe of a snake.
The Gods do call him Icilos, and mortall folke him name
Phobetor. There is also yet a third who from these same
Workes diuerſly, and Phantasos he highteth. Into streames
This turnes himselfe, and into stones and earth, and timber beames,
And into euery other thing that wanteth life. These thrée,
Great kings and Captaines in the night are woonted for to sée.
The meaner and inferiour sort of others haunted bée.
Sir Slumber ouerpast the rest, and of the brothers all
To doe dame Iris message he did onely Morphy call.
Which done, he wering luskith, straight lay downe his drowzie head
And softly shrunke his lazie limmes within his sluggish bed.
Away flew Morphy through the ayre: no flickring made his wings:
And came anon to Thrachin. There his feathers off he flings,
And in the shape of Ceyx stands before Alcyons bed,
Pale, wan, starke nakt, and like a man that was but lately ded.
His beard seemd wet, and of his head the heare was dropping drie,
And leaning on her bed, with teares he seemed thus to crie:
Poore wretched woman, knowest thou thy louing Ceyx now:
Or is my face by death disformd: behold me well, and thow
Shalt know me: for thy husband, thou thy husbands ghost shalt sée.
No god thy prayers and thy vowes haue done at all to mée,
For I am dead. In vaine of my returne no reckning make,
The cloudy south amid the sea our ship did tardy take,

And tolling it with violent blasts a sunder did it shake.
And floods haue fil'd my mouth which cald in vaine vpon thy name.
No person whom thou mayst misdeme brings tyding of the same,
Thou heerest not thereof by false report of flying Fame:
But I my selfe, I presently my shipwrecke to thee show,
Arise therefore, and wofull teares vpon thy spouse bestow.
Put mourning rayment on, and let me not to Limbo go
Vnmourned for. In shewing of this shipwrecke Morphey so
Did fayne the voyce of Ceyx, that she could none other deeme,
But that it should be his indeed. Moreouer he did seeme
To weepe in earnest: and his hands the very gesture had
Of Ceyx. Queene Alcyone did groane, and being sad,
Did stirre her armes, and thrust them forth his body to imbrace.
In stead whereof she caught but aire. The teares ran downe her face,
She cryed, Tarry: whither flyest? together let vs go.
And all this while she was a sleepe. Both with her crying so,
And sleighted with the image of her husbands gastly spright
She started vp: and sought about if find him there she might.
(For why her groanes awaking with the chracke had brought a light)
And when she no where could him find, she gan her face to smight,
And tare her neck-clothes from her breast, and strake it fiercely, and
Not passing to vntie her haire she rent it with her hand.
And when her Nurse of this her griefe desirde to vnderstand
The cause: Alcyone is vndoone, vndoone and cast away
With Ceyx her deare spouse (she said.) Leaue comforting I pray.
By shipwracke he is perisht: I haue seene him, and I knew
His hands. When in departing I to hold him did pursew,
I caught a Ghost, but such a Ghost as well discerne I might
To be my husbands. Nethelesse he had not to my sight
His wonted countnance, neither did his visage shine so bright
As heretofore it had been wont. I saw him wretched wight
Starke naked, pale, and with his haire still wet: euen very heere
I saw him stand. With that she lokes if any print appeare
Of footing where as he did stand vpon the floore behind.
This, this is it that I did feare in farre forecasting mind,
When flying me I thee desirde thou shouldst not trust the wind,
But sith thou wentest to thy death, I would that I had gone
With thee: Ay mate, it meet had been thou shouldst not go alone

With-

Without me. So it should haue come to passe that neither I
Had ouerliued thee, nor yet bene forced twice to dye.
Already, absent in the waues now tossed haue I bee.
Already haue I perished. And yet the sea hath thee
Without me. But the cruelnesse were greater farre of mee
Then of the sea, if after thy decease I still would striue
In sorrow and in anguish still to pine away aliue.
But neither will I striue in care to lengthen still my life,
Nor (wretched wight) abandon thee: but like a faithfull wife
At least wise now will come as thy companion. And the Herse
Shall ioyne vs, though not in the selfesame Toffin: yet in verse.
Although in Tombe the bones of vs together may not couch,
Yet in a grauen Epitaph my name thy name shall touch.
Her Sorrow would not suffer her to vtter any more.
She sobd and sigh't at euery word, vntill her hart was sore.
The morning came, and out she went right pensiue to the shore
To that same place in which she toke her leaue of him before.
Whyle there she musing stood, and sayd: he kissed me euen here:
Here weighed he his Anchors vp: here lowsde he from the peere;
And while she cald to mind the things there marked with her eyes:
In loking on the open seaa great way off shee spyes
A certaine thing much like a corse come houering on the waue.
At first she doubted what it was. As tyde it nerer draue,
Although it were a good way off, yet did it plainly show
To be a corse. And though that whose it was she did not know,
Yet for because it seemd a wreck, her heart thereat did rise:
And as it had some stranger bene with water in her eyes
She sayd: alas, poore wretch who ere thou art, alas for her
That is thy wife, if any be. And as the waues did stirre,
The body floted nerer land: the which the more that shee
Beheld, the lesse began in her of stayed wit to bee.
Anon it did arriue on shore. Then plainely she did see
And know it, that it was her Feere. She shrieked, It is hee.
And therewithall her face, her haire, and garments she did teare,
And vnto Ceyx stretching out her trembling hands with feare,
Said: comst thou home in such a plight to me O husband deere?
Returnst in such a wretched plight? There was a certaine peere
That builded was by hand, of waues the first assaults to breake,

And at the Hauens mouth to cause the tyde to enter weake.
She lept thereon. (A wonder sure it was she could do so)
She flew, and with her new growne wings did beat the ayer as tho.
And on the waues a wretched bird she whisked too and fro.
And with her crocking neb then growen to slender bill and round,
Like one that waylde and mourned still she made a moaning sound.
Howbeit as soone as she did touch his dumbe and bloodlesse flesh,
And had embraast his loued limbes with wings made new and fresh,
And with her hardened neb had kist him coldly, though in vaine,
Folke doubt if Ceyx feeling it to raise his head did straine:
Or whether that the waues did lift it vp. But surely he
It felt: and through compassion of the Gods both he and she
Were turnd to birds. The loue of them eke subiect to their fate,
Continued after: neither did the faithfull bond abate
Of wedlocke in them being birds: but stands in stedfast state.
They tread & lay, & bring forth yong, & now the *Alcyon sits
In winter-time vpon her nest (which on the water flits)
A seuen-night. During all which tune the sea is calme and still,
And euery man may too and fro sayle safely at his will.
For Aeolus for his of-springs sake the winds at home doth keepe,
And will not let them go abroad for troubling of the deepe.
An ancient Father seeing them about the broad sea flie,
Did praise their loue for lasting to the end so stedfastly.
His neighbour or the selfesame man made answere (such is chance)
Euen this Fowle also whom thou seest vpon the surges glance
With spindle shankes (he poynted to the wydeguld Cormorant)
Before that he became a bird, of royall race might vaunt.
And if thou couet lineally his pedegree to seeke,
His Auncestors were Ilus and Assaracus, and eke
Fayre Ganymed whom Iupiter did rauish as his ioy,
Laomedon: and Priamus the last that raignd in Troy.
Stout Hectors brother was this man. And had he not in prime
Of lusty youth been tane away, his deeds perchance in time
Had purchaast him as great a name as Hector, though that he
Of Dymants daughter Hecuba had fortune borne to be.
For Assacus reported is begotten to haue beene
By scape, in shady Ida on a mayden fayre and sheene:
Whose name was Alyxothoē, a poore mans daughter that

*The kings fisher.

With

With spade and mattocke for himselfe and his a liuing gat.
This Aesacus the Cittie hates and gorgeous Court doth shonne,
And in the brambicious fields and woods alone doth wonne.
He seldome haunts the towne of Troy, yet hauing not a rude
And blockish wit, nor such a heart as could not be subdude
By loue, he spyde Esperie (whom oft he had pursewd
Through all the woods) than sitting on her father Cebrius brim
A drying of her hayre against the Sunne, which hanged trim
Upon her backe. Assone as that the Nymph was ware of him,
She fled as when the grisild Wolfe doth scarce the fearefull Hind,
Or when the Fawlcon farre from Brookes a Mallard happes to find.
The Troyan knight runnes after her, and being swift through loue,
Purseweth her whom scarce doth force a pace her feet to moue.
Behold, an Adder lurking in the grasse there as she fled,
Did bite her with his hooked toth, and in her body spred
His venim. She did cease her flight and sodaine fell downe dead.
Her louer being past his wits, her carkasse did embrace,
And cryde, alas, it irketh me, it irkes me of this chace.
But this I feard not. Neither was the paine of that I wil'd
Worth halfe so much. Now two of vs thee (wretched soule) haue kil'd.
The wound was giuen thee by the Snake, the cause was giuen by me.
The wickedder of both am I: who for to comfort thee
Will make thee satisfaction with my death. With that at last
Downe from a Rocke (the which the waues had undermind) he cast
Himselfe into the sea. Howbeit Dame Tethys pitying him
Receiude him softly, and as he upon the waues did swim
She couered him with feathers. And though faine he would haue dyde,
She would not let him. Wroth was he that death was him denyde,
And that his soule compelde should be against his will to bide
Within his wretched body still, from which it would depart,
And that he was constraind to liue perforce against his hart.
And as he on his shoulders now had newly taken wings
He mounted vp, and downe upon the sea his body dings
His feathers would not let him sinke, in rage he diueth downe,
And desperately he striues himselfe continually to drowne.
His lone did make him leane: long legs, long necke doth still remaine,
His head is from his shoulders farre: of Sea he is most faine.
And for he underneath the waues delighteth for to dine,
A name according there vnto the Latins do him giue.

Finis vndecimi Libri.

THE TWELFTH BOOKE of Ouids Metamorphosis.

Ing Priam bèing ignozant
that Aesacus his sonne
Did liue in shape of bird, did mourne:
and at a Tombe whereon
His name was wzitten, Hector and
his bzothers solemnly
Did kèpe an Obit. Paris was
not at this obsequy.
Within a while with rauisht wise
he bzought a lasting warre
Home vnto Troy. There followed him a thousand ships from farre
Conspyzd together, with the ayde that all the Greekes could find:
And vengeance had bèn tane forthwith but that the cruell wind
Did make the seas vnsaylable, so that their ships were faine
At rode at fishie Awlys in Bœotia to remaine.
Here as the Greekes accozding to their wont made sacrifice
To Ioue, and on the Altar old the flame aloft did rise,
They spyde a speckled Snake crèpe vp vpon a Planetrèe bye
Vpon the top whereof there was among the bzanches hye
A nest, and in the nest eight birds, All which and eke their dam
That flickering flew about her losse, the hungry snake did cram
Within his mawe. The standers by were all amaz'd thereat.
But Calchas Thestors sonne who knew what meaning was in that,
Said: We shall win. Reioyce yée Greekes by vs shall perish Troy:
But long the time will be before we may our will enioy,
And then he told them how the birds nyne yeares did signifie,
Which they before the towne of Troy not taking it should lye.
The serpent as he wowND about the boughs and bzanches grèene
Became a stone, and still a stone his snakish shape is sèene.

The seas continued very rough and suffred not their hoast
Imbarked for to passe from thence to take the further coast.
Some thought that Neptune fauourd Troy because himselfe did build
The walles thereof But Calchas (who both knew and neuer hild
His peace in time) declared that the Goddesse Phœbee must
Appeased be with virgins blood for wrath conceiued iust.
Assone as pitty yeelded had to ease of publique weale,
And reason got the vpper hand of fathers louing zeale,
So that the Lady Ipnigen before the altar stood
Among the weeping ministers to giue her maidens blood:
The Goddesse taking pittie, cast a mist before their eyes,
And as they prayd and stird about to make the sacrifice,
Conueies her quight away, and with a Hind her roome supplies.
Thus with a slaughter meet for her Diana being pleasd.
The raging surges with her wrath together were appeasd.
The thousand ships had wind at poope, and when they had abode
Much trouble, at the length all safe they gat the Phrigian rode.
Amid the world twéene heauen, and earth, and sea there is a place
Set from the bounds of each of them indifferently in space,
From whence is séene what euer thing is practizde any where,
Although the Realme be neare so farre: and roundly to the eare
Comes whatsoeuer spoken is. Fame hath his dwelling there.
Who in the top of all the house is lodged in a towre.
A thousand entries, glades and holes are framed in this bowre.
There are no doores to shut. The doores stand open night and day.
The house is all of sounding brasse, and roreth euery way,
Reporting double euery word it heareth people say.
There is no rest within, there is no silence any where.
Yet is there not a yelling out: but humming as it were
The sound of surges being heard farre off, or like the sound
That at the end of thunder-claps long after doth redound,
When Ioue doth make the clouds to cracke. Within the courts is preast
Of common people, which to come and go do neuer cease.
And millions both of troths and lyes run gadding euery where,
And words confusely flye in heapes, of which some fill the eare
That heard not of them erst, and some coleeauiers part do play,
To spread abroad the things they heard, and euer by the way
The thing that was inuented growes much greater than before,

And euery one that gets it by the end addes somewhat more.
Light credit dwelleth there, there dwels rash error, there doth dwell
Vaine ioye: there dwelleth heartlesse feare, and brute that loues to tell
Uncertaine newes vpon report, whereof he doth not know
The author, and sedition who fresh rumors loues to sowe.
This Fame beholdeth what is done in heauen, on sea, and land,
And what is wrought in all the world he layes to vnderstand.
He gaue the Troianes warning that the Greekes with valiant men
And ships approached, that vnwares they could not take them then.
For Hector and the Troiane folke well armed were at hand
To keepe the coast and bid them bace before they came a land.
Protesilay by fatall dome was first that dyde in field
Of Hectors speare: and after him great numbers mo were kild
Of valiant men. That battell did the Greekes full dearely cost,
And Hector with his Phrygian folke of blod no little lost,
In trying what the Greekes could do. The shore was red with blod.
And now king Cygnet Neptunes sonne had killed where he stod
A thousand Greekes. And now the stout Achilles caused to stay
His Chariot: and his launce did slea whole bands of men that day.
And sek king Cygnet through the field for Hector: he did stray.
At last with Cygnet he did mat. For Hector had delay
Until the tenth yeare afterward. Then hasting forth his horses
With flaxen manes against his foe, his Chariot he enforces.
And brandishing his shaking dart, he said: O noble wight
A comfort let it be to thee that such a valiant knight
(As is Achilles) killeth thee. In saying so he threw
A mighty dart, which though it hit the marke at which it flew,
Yet pierst it not the skin at all. Now when this blunted blow
Had hit on Cygnets brest, and did no print of hitting show.
Thou Goddesse sonne (quoth Cygnet, for by fame we do thee know)
Why wondrest at me for to see I cannot wounded be?
(Achilles wondred much thereat.) This Helmet which yee see
Bedeckt with horses yellow manes, this shield that I do beare
Defend me not. For Ornaments alonely I them weare.
For this same cause armes Mars himselfe likewise. I will disarme
My selfe, and yet vnrazed will I passe without all harme.
It is to some effect, not borne to be of Nerues race,
So that a man be borne of him that with three forked mace

Rules Nereus and his daughters two, and all the sea beside.
This said, he at Achilles sent a dart that should abide
Upon his shield. It pierced through the stæle and through nine fold
Of Oxen hydes, and stayd vpon the tenth. Achilles bold
Did wrest it out, and forcibly did throw the same againe.
His body being hit againe vnwounded did remaine,
And cleare from any print of wound. The third went eke in vaine.
And yet did Cygnet to the same giue full his naked brest.
Achilles chafed like a Bull that in the open list
With dreadfull hornes doth push against the scarlet clothes that there
Are hanged vp to make him fierce, and when he would them teare
Doth find his wounds deluded. Then Achilles lookt vpon
His Jaueling socket, if the head thereof were lose or gone.
The head stacke fast. My hand bylike is weakened then (quoth he)
And all the force it had before is spent in ons I see.
For sure I am it was of strength, both when I first downe threw
Lyrnessus walles, and when I did Ile Tenedos subdew,
And eke Actions Thebee with her proper blod embrew.
And when so many of the folke of Tewthranie I slew
That with their blod Caycus streame became of purple hew.
And when the noble Telephus did of my Dart of stæle
The double force, of wounding and of healing also fæle.
Yea euen the heapes of men slaine here by me, that on this strond
Are lying still to loke vpon, do giue to vnderstond
That this same hand of mine, both had and still hath strength. This sed,
(As though he had distrusted all his doings ere that sted)
He threw a Dart against a man of Lycia land that hight
Menetes, through whose Curets and his brest he strake him quight.
And when he saw with dying limbes him sprawling on the ground,
He stepped to him straight and pul'd the Jaueling from the wound,
And sayd aloud: This is the hand, this is the selfesame Dart
With which my hand did strike euen now Menetes to the hart.
Against my tother Copsemate will I vse the same: I pray
To God it may haue like successe. This sed, without delay
He sent it toward Cygnet, and the weapon did not stray,
Nor was not shunned. Insomuch it lighted full vpon
His shoulder: and it gaue a rappe as if vpon some ston
It lighted had, rebounding backe. Howbeit where it hit,

Achilles

Achilles saw it bloodly and was dainely glad of it.
For why there was no wound. It was Menetes blood. Then lept
He hastily from his Chariot downe, and like a mad man stept
To careleſſe Cygnet with his sword. He saw his sword did pare
His Target and his Morion both. But when it toucht the bare,
His body was so hard, it did the edge thereof abate.
He could no longer suffer him to tryumph in that rate,
But with the pommell of his sword did thumpe him on the pate,
And bobd him well about the browes a dozen times and more,
And preacing on him as he still gaue backe amazde him sore,
And troubled him with buffetting, not respitting a whit.
Then Cygnet gan to be afrayd, and mistes began to flit
Before his eyes, and dimd his sight. And as he still did yéld,
In giuing backe, by chaunce he met a stone amid the field.
Against the which Achilles thrust him backe with all his might,
And throwing him against the ground, did cast him bolt vpright.
Then bearing boystrously with both his knees against his chest,
And leaning with his elbowes and his target on his brest,
He shut his headpeece close and iust, and vnderneath his chin
So hard it strayned, that way for breath was neither out nor in,
And closed vp the vent of life. And hauing gotten so
The vpper hand, he went about to spoyle his vanquisht so.
But nought he in his armour found. For Neptune had as tho
Transformd him to the fowle whose name he bare but late ago.
This labour, this encounter brought the rest of many dayes,
And either partie in their strength a while from battell stayes.
Now while the Phrigians watch and ward vpon the walles of Troy,
And Greekes likewise within their Trench: there came a day of ioy,
In which Achilles for his lucke in Cygnets ouerthrow,
A cow in way of sacrifice on Pallace did bestow.
Whose inwards when he had vppon the burning altar cast,
And that the acceptable fume had through the ayer past
To Godward, and the holy Rites had had their dewes, the rest
Was set on bordes for men to eate in dishes finely drest.
The princes sitting downe, did fede vpon the rosted flesh.
And both their thirst and present cares with wine they did refresh.
Not harps nor songs nor hollow flutes to heare did them delight.
They talked till they nie had spent the greatest part of night.

And all their communication was of feates of armes in fight
That had bene done by them or by their foes. And euery wight
Delights to vppen ofttentimes by turne as came about
The perils and the narrow brunts himselfe had shifted out.
For what thing should be talkt before Achilles rather? Or
What kind of things than such as these could seeme more meter for
Achilles to be talking off? But in their talke most breeme
Was then Achilles victorie of Cygnet. It did seeme
A wonder, that the flesh of him should be so hard and tough
As that no weapon might haue power to raze or pierce it through,
But that it did abate the edge of steele. It was a thing
That both Achilles and the Greekes in wondrous maze did bring.
Then Nestor sayd: this Cygnet is the person now alone
Of your time that defyed steele, and could be pierst of none.
But I haue seene now long ago one Cene of Perrhebye,
I saw one Cene of Perrhebye a thousand wounds defye
With vnattainted body. In mount Othris he did dwell:
And was renowned for his deeds: and (which in him right well
A greater wonder did appeare) he was a woman borne.
This vncouth made them all much more amazed than before,
And euery man desired him to tell it. And among
The rest, Achilles sayd. Declare I pray thee (for we long
To heare it euery one of vs) O eloquent old man
The wisedome of our age: what was that Cene and how he wan
Another than his native shape, and in what rode, or in
What fight or skirmish, twere you first acquaintance did begin,
And who in fine did vanquish him? if any vanquisht hun.
Then Nestor. Though the length of time haue made my senses dim,
And diuers things erst seene in youth now out of minde be gone:
Yet beare I still no things in mind: and of them all is none
Among so many both of peace and warre, that yet both take
More stedfast rote in memorie. And if that time may make
A man great store of things through long continuance for to see.
Two hundred yeares already of my life full passed bee,
And now I go vpon the third. This foresayd Cene was
The daughter of one Elatey. In beauty she did passe
The maidens all of Thessalie. From all the cities by
And from thy Cities also O Achilles came (for why

The

She was thy country woman) store of woers, who in vaine
In hope to win her loue did take great trauell, suite, and paine.
Thy father also had perchaunce attempted here to match.
But that thy mothers marraige was already then dispatcht,
Or she at least affianced. But Ceny matcht with none,
Notwhstanding as she on the shore was walking all alone,
The God of sea did rauish her (so fame doth make report)
And Neptune for the great delight he had in Venus sport,
Said: Ceny aske me what thou wilt and I will giue it thee.
(This also bruted is by fame) The wrong here done to me
(Quoth Ceny) makes me wish great things: and therefore to th'intent
I may no more constrained be to such a thing, consent
I may no more a woman be: and if thou grant thereto,
It is euen all that I desire, or wish thee for to do.
In baser tune these latter words were vttred, and her voyce
Did seeme a mans voyce as it was in deede. For to her choyse
The God of sea had giuen consent. He graunted him beside
That free from wounding and from hurt he should from thence abide,
And that he should not die of steele. Right glad of this same graunt,
Away went Ceny and the fields of Thessaly did haunt,
And in the feates of Chevaltie from that time spent his life.
The ouerbold * Ixions sonne had taken to his wife * *Pirithous.*
Hippodame. And couering bords in bowres of boughs of trees
His cloud-bred brothers one by one he placed in degrees.
There were the Lords of Thessaly. I also was among
The rest, a cheerefull noyse of feast through all the Pallace rong,
Some made the altars smoke, and some the bridall carrols song.
Anon comes in the mayden Bride a goodly wench of face,
With wiues and maydens following her with comely gate and grace.
We sayd that Sir Pirithous was happy in his wife:
Which handsell had deceiued vs well nere through sodaine strife.
For of the cruell Centawres thou most cruell Ewry, tho
Like as thy stomacke was with wine farre ouercharged: so
Assone as thou behildst the bryde, thy heart began to traine,
And doubled with thy drunkennesse thy raging lust did raigne.
The feast was troubled by and by with tables ouerthrowen.
The bryde was hailed by the head, so farre was furie growen.
Farre Ewrit caught Hippodame, and euery of the rest

Caught such as comned next to hand, or such as likt him best.
It was the liuely image of a Cittie tane by force.
The house did ring of womens shrieks: we all vp quickly rose,
And first said Theseus thus. What ail'st? art mad O Ewrytus?
That darest (seeing me aliue) misuse Pirithous?
Not knowing that in one thou dost abuse vs both? And least
We might haue seem'd to speake in vaine, he thrust way such as preast
About the bryde, and toke her from them, fretting sore thereat.
No aunswere made him Ewrytus. (for such a deede as that
Defended could not be with words) but with his sawcy fist
He flew at gentle Theseus face, and bob'd him on the brist.
By chaunce hard by, an auncient cuppe of image-worke did stand,
Which being howge: himselfe more howge, sir Theseus toke in hand,
And threw't at Ewrytus head. He spew'd as well at mouth, as wound,
Shirt clods of blood, and braine and wine, and on the soyled ground
Lay sprawling bolt vpright. The death of him did set the rest
His double-limbed brothers so on fire, that all the quest
With one voyce cryed out kill, kill. The wine had giuen them heart.
Their first encounter was with cups and cannes throwne ouerthwart,
And brittle tankerds, and with bowles, pannes, dishes, pots, and trayes,
Things seruing late for meate and drinke, and then for bloody frayes.
First *Amicus* Ophions sonne without remorse began
To reue and robbe the Bride-house of his furniture. He ran
And pulled downe a Lampe-beame full of lights, and lifting it
Aloft, like one that with an Axe doth fetch his blow to hit
An Oxes necke in sacrifice. He on the forehead hit
A Lapith named Celadon, and crushed so his bones
That none could know him by the face: both eyes flew out at ones.
His nose was beaten backe and to his pallet batted flat.
One Pelates a Macedone ereading wroth thereat,
Pull'd out a Maple trestles foote and napt him in the neckes.
That bobbing with his chin against his brest to ground he beckes.
And as he spitted out his teeth with blackish blood, he lent
Another blow to Amycus, which streight to hell him sent.
Gryne standing by and lowring with a fell grim vizage at
The smoking Altars, sayd: why vse we not these same? with that
He caught a mightie altar vp with burning fire thereon,
And it among the thickest of the Lapithes threw anon.

And

And two he ouerwhelm'd therewith called Brote and Orion.
This Orions mother Mycalee is knowne of certaintie
The moone resisting to haue drawne by witchcraft from the Skie.
Full dearely shalt thou buy it (quoth Exadius) may I get
A weapon: and with that in stead of weapon, he did set
His hand vpon a bowd hearts horne that on a Pine-tree hie
Was nayld, and with two tynes thereof he strake out either eye
Of Cryne: whereof some stacke vpon the horne, and some did flye
Vppon his beard, and therewith blod like jelly mixt did lye.
A flaming fyrebrand from amids an Altar Rhætus snatcht.
With which vpon the leftside of his head Charaxus lactht
A blow that cracht his skull. The blaze among his yellow heare
Ran flnoging vp, as if dry corne with lightning blasted were.
And in his wound the seared blood did make a greeuous sound,
As when a pece of steele red hot tane vp with tongs is drownd
In water by the smith, it spirts and hilleth in the trough.
Charaxus from his curled haire did shake the fire: and though
He wounded were, yet caught vp he vppon his shoulders twaine
A stone the Jaume of either doore that well would load a wayne.
The masse thereof was such as that it would not let him hit
His fo. It lighted short: and with the falling downe of it
A mate of his that Comet hight, it all in peces smit.
Then Rhætc restrayning not his ioy, sayd thus: I would the rowt
Of all thy mates might in the selfesame manner proone them stowt.
And with his halfeburnt brand the wound he searched new againe,
Not ceasing for to lay on loade vpon his pate amayne,
Vntill his head was crusht, and of his scalp the bones did swim
Among his braines. In iolly ruffe he passed streight from him
To Coryt, and Euagrus, and to Dryant on a rowe.
Of whom when Coryt (on whose thickes yong mossie downe gan growe)
Was slayne, what prayse or honour (quoth Euagrus) hast thou got
By killing of a boy? no woords him Rhætus suffred not
To speake, but in his open mouth did thrust his burning brand
And downe his throteboll to his chest. Then whisking on his hand
His firebrand round about his head he fiercely did assayle
The valiant Dryant. But with him he could not so preuaile.
For as he tryumph't in his lucke, proceeding for to make
Continuall slaughter of his foes, sir Dryant with a stake

(Whose

(Whole poynt was hardened in the fire) did cast at him a foyne,
And thrust him through the place in which the necke and shoulders ioynt.
He groand, and from his channell bone could scarcely pull the stake,
And being foiled with his blood to flight he did him take.
Arnæus also ran away, and Lycidas likewise,
And Medon (whose right shoulder plate was also wounded) flies,
So did Pisenor, so did Cayne, and so did Mermero,
Who late outrunning every man, now wounded, slower goes:
And so did Phole, and Menelas, and Abas who was woont
To make a spoyle among wilde Bores as oft as he did hunt:
And eke the wyzarde Astylos who counselled his mates
To leaue that fray, but he to them in vaine of leauing prates.
He eke to Nessus (who for feare of wounding seemed shye)
Sayd: Fly not, thou shalt scape this fray of Hercles bow to dye.
But Lycid and Ewrimonos, and Imbreus, and Are
Escapte not death. Sir Dryantes hand did all alike them spare.
Cayneus also (though that he in flying were not slacke)
Yet was he wounded on the face: for as he loked backe,
A weapons point did hit him full midway betweene the eyes,
Whereas the nose and forehead meete. For all this deane, yet lies
Aphipnas snoring fast asleepe not minding for to wake:
Wrapt in a cloake of beare skinnes which in Ossa mount were take,
And in his lither hand he held a pot of wine. Whom when
That Phorbas saw (although in vaine) not medling with them then
He set his fingers to the thong, and saying: Thou shalt drinke
Thy wine with water taken from the Stygian fountaines drinke,
He threw his dart at him. The dart (as he that time by chaunce
Lay bolt vpright vpon his backe) did through his throateboll glaunce.
He dide and felt no paine at all, the blacke swart blod gusht out,
And on the bed, and in the pot fell flushing like a spout,
I saw Perreius go about to pull out of the ground
An Oken tree. But as he had his armes about it round,
And shaakt it too and fro to make it lose, Pirithous cast
A Dart which nayled to the tree his wrything stomacke fast.
Through prowesse of Pirithous (men say) was Lycus slayne.
Through prowesse of Pirithous dyde Crome. But they both twaine
Lesse honor to their conquerour were, than Dyctis was, or than
Was Helops. Helops with a Dart was striken which through ran

His

His head, and entring at the right eare to the left eare went.
And Dyctis from a slipperie knappe downe slyding, as he ment
To shunne Pirithous preacing on, fell headlong downe, and with
His howgenesse brake the greatest Ash that was in all his frith,
And goard his guts vpon the stump. To wreake his death comes Phare:
And from the mount a mightie rocke with both his hands he tare:
Which as he was about to throw Duke Theseus did preuent,
And with an Oken plant vpon his mightie elbow lent
Him such a blow as that he brake the bones, and past no further.
For leysure would not serue him then his maymed corse to murther.
He leapt on high Bianos backe who none was wonnt to beare
Besides himselfe. Against his sides his knees fast nipped were,
And with his left hand taking hold vpon his fore-top heare,
He cuft him with his knubbed plant about the frowning face,
And made his wattled browes to breake. And with his Oken mace
He ouerthrew Nedimnus and Lyceses with his Dart,
And Hippasus whose beard did hide his brest the greater part.
And Riphey taller then the trees, and Therey who was woont
Among the hilles of Thessaly for cruell Beares to hunt,
And beare them angry home aliue. It did Demoleon spight
That Theseus had such good successe and fortune in his fight.
And olde long Pinetree rooted fast he straue with all his might
To pluck vp whole both trunke and rote. Which when he could not bring
To passe: he brake it off, and at his enmye did it fling.
But Theseus by admonishment of heauenly Pallas (so
He would haue folke beleeue it were) start backe a great way fro
The weapon as it came. Yet fell it not without some harme.
It cut from Crantors left side bulke, his shoulder brest and arme.
This Crantor was thy fathers squire (Achilles) and was giuen
Him by Amyntor ruler of the Dolops, who was driuen
By battell, for to giue him as an hostage for the peace
To be obserued faithfully. When Peleus in the preace
A great way off behild him thus falne dead of this same wound,
O Crantor dearest man to me of all aboue the ground,
Hold heere an obit gift he sayd: and both with force of hart
And hand, at stout Demoleons head he threw an Asthen dart,
Which brake the watling of his ribbes and sticking in the bone,
Did shake: He pulled out the steale with much ado alone.

The

The head thereof ſtacke ſtill behind among his lungs and lights
Enforſt to courage with his paine, he ryſeth ſtrayght vpryghts,
And pawing at his enmy with his horſes feete, he ſmights
Vpon him. Peleus bare his ſtrookes vpon his burganet,
And fenſt his ſhoulders with his ſhield, and euermore did ſet
His weapon vpward with the point, which by his ſhoulders pierſt
Through both his breſtes at one full blowe. Howbeit your father erſt
Had killed Hyle and Phlegrye, and Hiphinous alſo
And Danes who boldly durſt at hand his manhood put in proſe.
To theſe was added Dorylas, who ware vpon his head
A cap of Woolues ſkinne. And the hornes of Oxen dyed red
With blood, were then his weapon. I (for then my courage gaue
Me ſtrength) ſayd: ſee how much thy hornes leſſe force than Iron haue.
And therewithall with manly might a dart at him I draue.
Which when he could not vnne, he clapt his right hand flat vppon
His forehead where the wound ſhould be. For why his hand anon
Was nailed to his forhead faſt. He roared out amaine.
And as he ſtood amazed and began to faint for paine,
Your father Peleus (for he ſtood hard by him) ſtrake him vnder
The middle bellie with his ſword, and ript his wombe aſunder.
But girdes me Dorill ſtreyght, and traples his guttes vpon the ground,
And trampling vnderneath his feete did breake them, and they wound
About his leggs ſo ſmarling, that he could no further go,
But fell downe dead with emptie wombe. Nought boted Cyllar tho
His beautie in that franticke fray (at leaſt wiſe if we graunt
That any might in that ſtrange ſhape of natures beautie vaunt)
His beard began but then to budde: his beard was like the gold:
So alſo were his yellow locks, which goodly to behold
Midway beneath his ſhoulders hung. There reſted in his face
A ſharpe and liuely cheerefulneſſe with ſweete and pleaſant grace.
His necke, breſt, ſhoulders, armes and handes as farre as he was man,
Were ſuch as neither caruers worke yet ſtaine them could or can.
His nether part likewiſe (which was a horſe) was euery whit
Full equall with his vpper part, or little worſe than it.
For had ye giuen him horſes necke, and head, he was a beaſt
For Caſtor to haue ridden on: ſo bourly was his breaſt,
So handſome was his backe to beare a ſaddle, and his heare
Was blacke as Jeat, but that his taile and feete ſtulke whitiſh were.

Full

Full many females of his race did wish him to their make,
But onely dame Hylonomee: for louer he did take.
Of all the halfe brutes in the woods there did not any dwell
More comely than Hylonomee: she vsde her selfe so well
In daliance, and in louing, and in vttring of her loue,
That sha alone hill'd Cyllarus. As much as did behoue
In suchie limbes, she trimmed them as most the eye might moue.
With combing, smoth she made her heare: she wallowed her full oft
In Roses and in Rosemarie, or Violets swæt and soft:
Sometime she carryed Lillies whight: and twice a day she washt
Her visage in the spring that from the toppe of Pegase past:
And in the streame she twice a day did bath her limbs: and on
Her left side or her shoulders came the comlyest things, and none
But finest skins of choycest beasts. Alike each loued other:
Together they among the hilles roamd vp and downe: together
They went to couert: and that time together they did enter
The Lapithes house, and there the fray together did aduenter.
A dart on Cyllars left side came (I know not who it sent)
Which somewhat vnderneath his necke, his breast asunder splent.
As lightly as his hart was raazd, no sooner was the dart
Pluckt out, but all his body wart starke cold and dyed swart.
Immediatly Hylonomee his dying limbes vp stayd,
And put her hand vpon the wound to stoppe the blood, and layd
Her mouth to his, and laboured sore to staye his passing spright.
But when she saw him throughly dead, then speaking words which might
Not to my hearing come for noyse, she stickt her selfe vpon
The weapon that had gored him, and dide with him anon,
Imbracing him betweene her armes. There also stood before
Mine eyes the grim Pheocomes both man and horse, who wore
A Lyons skin vpon his backe fast knit with knots before.
He snatching vp a timber log (which scarcely two good teame
Of Oxen could haue stird) did throw the same with force extreame
At Phonolenies sonne. The log him all in fitters strake,
And of his head the braine pan in a thousand peeces brake,
That at his mouth, his eares, and eyes, and at his nosethrils too
His crusshed braine came roping out as creame is wont to do
From siues or riddles made of wood, or as a Cullace out
From strayner or from Colender. But as he went about

To

To strip him from his harnesse as he lay vpon the ground,
(Your father knoweth this full well) my sword his guts did wound.
Teleboas and Cthonius both, were also slaine by mee.
Sir Cthonius for his weapon had a forked bow of tree.
The tother had a Dart. His Dart did wound me: you may see
The scarre thereof remaining yet. Then was the time that I
Should sent haue borne to conquer Troy. Then was the time that I
Might through my force and prowesse, if not vanquisht Hector stout,
Yet at the least haue hild him wag, I put you out of doubt.
But then was Hector no body: or but a babe. And now
Am I forspent and worne in yeres. What should I tell you how
Piretus dyde by Periphas? Or wherefore should I make
Long processe for to tell you of sir Ampicus that strake
The fourefot Oecle on the face with dart of Cornell tree,
The which had neither head nor poynt? or how that Macaree
Of mountaine Pelithronie with a leauer lent a blow
To Erigdupus on the breast which did him ouerthrow?
Full well I do remember that Cymelius threw a dart
Which lighted full in Nesseyes flanke about his priuie part.
And thinke not you that Mops the sonne of Ampycus could do
No good but onely prophesie? This stout Odites who
Had both the shapes of man and horse, by Mopsis dart was slaine,
And labouring for to speake his last, he dio but striue in vaine.
For Mopsis dart together nayld his tongue and neather chappe,
And piercing through his throat did make a wide and deadly gappe.
Fiue men had Ceny already slaine: their wounds I cannot say:
The names and number of them all right well I beare away.
The names of them were Stiphelus, and Brome, and Helimus,
Pyracmon with his forrest bill, and stout Antimachus.
Our stepts the biggest Centawre there, howge Latreus armed in
Alesus of Aemathias spoyle slayne late before by him.
His yeares were mid twene youth and age, his courage still was yong,
And on his Abrun head hore haires peerd here and there among.
His furniture was then a sword, a target and a launce,
Aemathian like. To both the parts he did his face aduance,
And brandishing his weapon braue, in circle wise did praunce
About, and stoutly spake these words. And must I beare with yow
Dame Cenye? for none other than a mother (I anow)

No

No better than a mother will I count thee while I liue.
Remembrest not what shape by birth Dame nature did thee giue?
Forgetst thou how thou purchasedst this counterfeited shape
Of man? Considerest what thou art by birth? and how for rape
Thou art become the thing thou art? Go take thy distaffe, and
Thy spindle, and in spinning yearne go exercise thy hand.
Let men alone with seats of armes. As Latreus made this stont
And scornefull taunting in a ring still turning him about:
This Ceny with a dart did hit him full vpon the side,
Whereas the horse and man were ioynd together in a hide.
The stripe made Latreus mad: and with his launce in rage he strake
Vpon sir Cenyes naked ribs. The launce rebounded backe
Like hailestones from a tyled house, or as a man should pat
Small stones vpon a drumslets head. He came more neere with that,
And in his brawned side did strine to thrust his sword. There was
No way for sword to enter in. Yet shalt thou not so passe
My hands (sayd he) Well sith the point is blunted thou shalt dye
Vpon the edge: and with that word he fetcht his blow awry,
And sideling with a sweeping stroake along his belly smit,
The stripe did giue a clincke as if it had on marble hit,
And therewithall the sword did breake, and on his necke did light.
When Ceny had sufficiently giuen Latreus leaue to smight
His flesh which was vnmaimable: Well now (quoth he) lets see,
If my sword able be or no to bite the flesh of thee.
In saying so his dreadfull sword as farre as it would go,
He vnderneath his shoulder thrust, and writching to and fro
Among his guts, made wound in wound. Behold, with hideous cry
The double membred Centaures sorte abasht vpon him fly,
And throw their weapons all at him. Their weapons downe did fall
As if they had rebated beene, and Ceny for them all
Abides vnstricken through: yea, none was able blood to drawe.
The strangenesse of the case made all amazed that it saw.
Fie, fie for shame (quoth Monychus) that such a rable can
Not ouercome one wight alone, who scarcely is a man.
Although (to say the very truth) he is the man, and wee
Through faintnesse that that he was borne by nature for to bee.
What profits these howge limbs of ours? what helps our double force?
Or what auailes our double shape of man as well as horse.

By

By puiſſant nature ioynd in one? I cannot thinke that we
Of ſouerayne Goddeſſe Iuno were begot, or that we be
Ixions ſonnes, who was ſo ſtout of courage and ſo hault,
As that he durſt on Iunos loue attempt to giue aſſault.
The enmy that doth vanquiſh vs is ſcarcely halfe a man,
Whelme blocks & ſtones, & mountaines whole vpon his hard braine pan,
And preſſe ye out his liuely ghoſt with trees, let timber cheake
His chaps, let weyght enforce his death in ſtead of wounding ſtroake.
This ſaid: by chance he gets a tree blowne downe by bluſtring blaſts
Of Southerne winds, and on his foe with all his might it caſts,
And gaue example to the reſt to doe the like. Within
A while the ſhadowes which did hide mount Pelion wared thin:
And not a tree was left vpon mount Othris ere they went.
Sir Ceyx vnderneath this great howge pile of timber pent,
Did chafe and on his ſhoulders hard the heauie logs did beare.
But when aboue his face and head the trees vp ſtacked were,
So that he had no venting place to draw his breath: one while
He fainted: and another while he heaued at the pile,
To tumble downe the logs that lay ſo heauy on his backe,
And for to winne the open ayre againe aboue the ſtacke:
As if the mountaine Ida (is) which yonder we doe ſee
So high, by earthquake at a time ſhould chance to ſhaken bee.
Men doubt what did become of him. Some hold opinion that
The burthen of the woods had driuen his ſoule to Limbo flat.
But Moplus ſayd it was not ſo: for he did ſee a browne
Bird flying from amid the ſtacke and towring vp and downe.
It was the firſt time and the laſt that euer I beheld
That fowle, When Moplus ſoftly ſaw him ſoring in the field,
He liked wiſtly after him, and cryed out on hye,
Hayle peereleſſe pearle of Lapith race, haile Ceny, late ago
A valiant knight, and now a bird of whom there is no mo.
The author cauſed men beleeue the matter to be ſo,
Our ſorrow ſet vs in a rage. It was to vs a griefe
That by ſo many foes one knight was kild without relieſe.
Then ceaſt we not to wreake our teene till moſt were ſlaine in fight,
And that the reſt diſcomfited were fled away by night.
As Neſtor all the proceſſe of this battell did reherce
Betweene the valiant Lapithes and miſhappen Centawres fierce,

Tlepolemus

Tlepolemus diſpleaſed ſore that Hercules was paſt
With ſilence, could not hold his peace, but out theſe words did caſt.
My Lord, I muſe you ſhould forget my fathers praiſe ſo quight.
For often vnto me himſelfe was wonted to recite,
How that the clowdred folke by him were chiefly put to flight
Right ſadly Nestor anſwerd thus. Why ſhould you me conſtraine
To call to mind forgotten griefes: and for to reare againe
The ſorrowes now outworne by time: or force me to declare
The hatred and diſpleaſure which I to your father bare:
In ſoth his doings greater were then might be well believed:
He fild the world with high renowne which nobly he atchieued.
Which thing I would I could deny. For neither let we out
Deiphobus, Polydamas, nor Hector that moſt ſtout
And valiant knight, the ſtrength of Troy. For who will praiſe his for:
Your father ouerthrew the walls of Meſſen long ago,
And razed Pyle and Ely townes vntworthy ſeruing ſo.
And fierce againſt my fathers houſe he vſde both ſword and fire.
And (not to ſpeake of others whom he killed in his ire)
Twice ſix we were the ſonnes of Nele all luſty gentlemen.
Twice ſix of vs (excepting me) by him were murthred then.
The death of all the reſt might ſeme a matter not ſo ſtrange:
But ſtrange was Periclimens death, who had the power to change,
To leaue, and take what ſhape he liſt (by Neptune to him giuen,
The founder of the houſe of Nele.) For when he had bin driuen
To try all ſhapes, and none could helpe, he laſt of all became
The fowle that in his hooked fet doth beare the flaſhing flame
Sent downe from Heauen by Iupiter. He practiſing thoſe birds,
With flapping wings, and bowing beake, and hooked talants girds
At Hercle, and beſcratcht his face. Too certaine (I may ſay)
Thy father aymde his ſhaft at him. For as he towring lay
Among the clouds, he hit him vnderneath the wing. The ſtroke
Was ſmall: Howbe't becauſe therewith the ſinews being broke,
He wanted ſtrength to maintaine flight, he fell me to the ground
Through weakeneſſe of his wing. The ſhaft that ſticked in the wound,
By reaſon of the burthen of his body pierſt his ſide,
And at the left ſide of his necke all bloody forth did glide.
Now tell me O thou beautifull Lord Admirall of the Fleete
Of Rhodes, if me to ſpeake the praiſe of Hercle it be meete.

But least that of my brothers deaths men thinke I do desire
A further vendge then silence of the prowesse of thy Sire,
I loue thee euen with all my heart, and take thee for my friend.
When Nestor of his pleasant tales had made this friendly end,
They called for a bowle of wine, and from the table went,
And all the residue of the night in sleeping soundly spent.
But Neptune like a father tooke the matter sore to heart,
That Cygnet to a Swan he was constrained to conuert.
And hating fierce Achilles, he did worke his cruell teene
Upon him more vncourteously than had beseeming beene.
For when the warres well neere fullt wice fiue yeare had lasted. Hee
Unshorne Apollo thus bespake. O Nephew vnto mee
Most deare of all my brothers impes, who helpedst me to lay
Foundation of the walles of Troy for which we had no pay,
And canst thou sighes forbeare to see the Asian Empyre fall?
And doth it not lament thy heart when thou to mind doost call
So many thousand people slaine in keeping Ilion wall?
Or (to th'entent particlerly I do not speake of all)
Remembrest thou not Hectors ghost who harried was about
His towne of Troy? where nerethelesse Achilles that same stout
And farre in fight more butcherly, who striues with all his might
To stroy the worke of me and thee, liues still in healthfull plight?
If euer he do come within my danger he shall feele
What force is in my triple Mace. But sith with sword of steele
I may not meete him as my so, I pray thee vnbeware
Go kill him with a sudden shaft and rid me of my care.
Apollo did consent: as well his vncle for to please,
As also for a priuate grudge himselfe had for to ease.
And in a cloud he downe among the hoast of Troy did slide,
Where Paris dribling out his shafts among the Greekes he spide:
And telling him what God he was, said: wherefore doost thou waast
Thine arrowes on the simple sort? If any care thou haast
Of those that are thy friends, go turne against Achilles head,
And like a man reuenge on him thy brothers that are dead.
In saying this he brought him where Achilles with his brond
Was beating downe the Troyane folke, and leueld so his hond
As that Achilles tumbled downe starke dead vpon the lond.
This was the onely thing whereof the old king Priam might

Take

Take comfort after Hectors death. That stout and valiant knight
Achilles who had ouerthrowne so many men in fight,
Was by that coward carpet knight bereaued of his life.
Who like a caitife stale away the Spartane Princes wife.
But if of weapon womanish he had euer knowne it, had
His destnie beene to lose his life, he would haue beene more glad
That Queene Penthesilea hill had slaine him out of hand.
Nois was the feare of Phrigian folke, the onely glory, and
Defence of Greekes, that peereles prince in Armes, Achilles turnd
To ashes. The same God that had him armd, him also burnd.
Now is he dust: and of that great Achilles bydeth still,
A thing of nought that scarcely can a little coffin fill.
Howbe't his worthy fame doth liue and spreadeth ouer all
The world, a measure meet for such a person to befall.
This matcheth thee Achilles full. And this can neuer dye,
His Target also (to th intent that men might plainely spie
What wight it was) did mone debate, and for his Armour durst
Out deadly feud. Not Diomed, nor Aiax Oylye durst
Make claime or challenge to the same, nor Atreus yonger sonne,
Nor yet his elder, though in armes much honour they had wonne.
Alone the sonnes of Telamon and Laërt did assay
Which of them two of that great prize should beare the bell away.
But Agamemnon from himselfe the burthen puts and cleares
His hands of enuie, causing all the Captaines and the Peeres
Of Greece to meet amid the Campe together in a place,
To whom he put the hearing and the indgement of the case.

Finis duodecimi Libri.

THE THIRTEENTH BOOKE of Ouids Metamorphosis.

THe Lords and Captaines being set
together with the King,
And all the souldiers standing round
about them in a Ring,
The owner of the seauenfold shield,
to these did Aiax rise.
And (as he could not bridle wrath)
he cast his frowning eyes
Vpon the shore and on the Fléete
that there at Anchor lyes.
And throwing vp his hands, O God, and must we plead (quoth he)
Our case before our ships? and must Vlysses stand with me?
But like a wretch he ran his way when Hector came with fire,
Which I defending from these ships did force him to retire.
It easier is therefore with words in print to maintaine strife,
Then for to fight it out with fists. But neither I am rife
In words, nor he in deeds. For loke how farre I him excell
In battell and in feats of armes: so farre beares he the bell
From me in talking. Neither thinke I requisite to tell
My acts among you. You your selues haue séene them very well.
But let Vlysses tell you his done all in hudther mudther,
And whereunto the onely night is prime and none other.
The prize is great (I do confesse.) For which we strine. But yit
It is dishonour vnto me, for that in clayming it
So base a person standeth in contention for the same.
To thinke it mine already, ought to counted be no shame,
Nor pride in me: although the thing of right great value be
Of which Vlysses stands in hope For now already he
Hath wone the honour of this prize, in that when he shall sit

Besides

Beſides the quiſthion, he may brag he ſtraue with me for it.
And though I wanted valiantneſſe yet ſhould nobilitee
Bake with me. I of Telamon am knowne the ſonne to bee,
Who vnder valiant Hercules the walles of Troy did ſcale,
And in the ſhip of Pagaſa to Colchos land did ſayle.
His father was that Aeacus who executeth right
Among the ghoſtes, where Siſyphus heaues vp with all his might
The maſſie ſtone ay tumbling towne. The higheſt Ioue of all
Acknowledgeth this Aeacus, and doth his ſonne him call.
Thus am I Aiax the third from Ioue. Yet let this Pedegree
O Achyues in this caſe of mine auaylable not bee,
Vnleſſe I proue it fully with Achilles to agree.
He was my brother, and I clayme that was my brothers. Why
Shouldſt thou that art of Siſyphus blood, and for to filch and lye
Expreſſeſt him in euery point by forged pedegree,
Ally thee to the Aeacyds, as though we did not ſee
Thee to the houſe of Aeacus a ſtranger for to bee?
And is it reaſon that you ſhould this Armour me denye,
Becauſe I former was in armes, and needed not a ſpye
To fetch me forth? Or thinke you him more worthy it to haue
That came to warfare hindermoſt, and feygn'd himſelfe to raue,
Becauſe he would haue ſhund the warre? vntill a ſubtler head
And more vnprofitable for himſelfe, ſir Palamed
Eſcryde the craftie fetches of his fearefull heart, and drew
Him forth a warfare which he ſought ſo cowardly to eſchew?
Muſt he now needs inioy the beſt and richeſt Armour? who
Would none at all haue worne, vnleſſe he forced were thereto?
And I with ſhame be put beſide my couſin germaines gifts,
Becauſe to ſhun the formoſt brunt of warres I ſought no ſhifts?
Would God this miſchiefe-maſter had in very deede beene mad,
Or els beleaued ſo to be: and that we neuer had
Brought ſuch a pawion vnto Troy. Then ſhould not Pæans ſonne
In Lemnos like an outlaw to the ſhame of all vs wonne.
Who lurking now (as men report) in woodes and caues doth moue
The very flints with ſighes and groanes, and prayers to God aboue
To ſend Vlyſſes his deſert. Which prayer (if there bee
A God muſt one day take effect. And now behold how hee
By othe a ſouldier of our Campe, yea and as well as wee

A captaine tw, alas, (who was by Hercules assign'd
To haue the keping of his shafts) with paine and hunger pinde,
Is clad and fed with fowles, and dryes his arrowes vp and downe
Lit birds, which were by destinie prepard to stroy Troy Towne.
Yet liueth he because he is not still in company
With slie Vlisses. Palamed that wretched knight perdy.
Would eke he had abandon'd beene. For then should still the same
Haue bin aliue: or at the least haue dide without our shame.
But this companion bearing (ah) tw well in wicked mind
His madnesse with sir Palamed by wisedome out did find,
Appeached him of treason that he practizde to betray
The Grekish hoste. And for to vouch the fact, he shewd straight way
A masse of Gold that he himselfe had hidden in his tent,
And forged letters which he feynde from Priam to be sent.
Thus eyther by his murthring men or els by banishment
Abateth he the Grekish strength. This is Vlisses sight,
This is the feare he puts men in But though he had more might
Then Nestor hath in eloquence, he shall not compasse me,
To thinke his lealwd abandoning of Nestor for to be
No fault: who being cast behinde by wounding of his horse
And slow with age: with calling on Vlysses waring hoarse,
Was neretheleste betrayd by him. Sir Diomed knowes this crime
Is vnsurmizee. For he himselfe did at that present time
Rebuke him oftentimes by name, and fiercely him vpbrayd
With flying from his fellow so who stod in nad of ayd.
With rightfull eyes doth God behold the dades of mortall men.
Lo, he that helped not his friend wants helpe himselfe agen.
And as he did forsake his friend in time of nede: so he
Did in the selfe same perrill fall forsaken for to be.
He made a rod to beate himselfe He cald and cryed out
Vppon his fellowes. Streight I came, and there I saw the lout
Both quake and shake for feare of death, and loke as pale as clout.
I set my shield betwene him and his foes and him befrnd:
And saude the dastards life: small prayse redownes of that I did.
But if thou wilt contend with me, lets to the selfe same place
Againe: be wounded as thou wart: and in the forsayd case
Of feare, beset about with foes: couch vnderneath my shield:
And then contend thou with me there amid the open field.

Howbeit

Howbe't I had no ſoner rid this champion of his foes,
But where for wounds he ſcarce before could totter on his toes,
He ran away apace, as though he nought at all did ayle.
Anon comes Hector to the field and bringeth at his tayle
The Gods. Not onely thy heart there (Vlyſſes) did then fayle,
But euen the ſtowteſt courages and ſtomacks gan to quayle.
So great a terrour brought he in. Yet in the mids of all
His bloody ruffe, I coapt with him, and with a foyling fall
Did ouerthrow him to the ground. Another time, when hee
Did make a challendge, you my lords by lot did chooſe out mee,
And I did match him hand to hand. Your wiſhes were not vaine.
For if you aſke me what ſucceſſe our combate did obtaine,
I came away vnuanquiſhed. Behold the men of Troy
Brought fire and ſword and all the fends our nauie to deſtroy.
And where was ſlie Vlyſſes then with all his talke ſo ſmoth?
This breſt of mine was faine to fence your thouſand ſhips forſoth
The hope of your returning home. For ſaining that ſame day
So many ſhips this armour giue: but (if that I ſhall ſay
The truth) the greater honour now this armour beares away,
And our renownes together linke. For (as of reaſon ought)
An Aiax for this armour, not an armour now is ſought
For Aiax. Let Dulychius matcht with theſe, the horſes white
Of Rheſus, baſtard Dolon, and the coward carpet knight
King Priams Helen and the ſtelth of Paladye by night.
Of all theſe things was nothing done by day, nor nothing wrought
Without the helpe of Diomed. And therefore if ye thought
To giue them two ſo ſmall deſarts deuide the ſame, and let
Sir Diomed haue the greater part But what ſhould Ithacus get
And if he had them? who doth all his matters in the darke,
Who neuer weareth armour, who ſhootes ay at his owne marke
To trappe his foe by ſtealth vnwares? the very headpeace may
With brightneſſe of the gliſtring gold his priuie feates bewraie
And ſhew him lurking. Neither well of force Dulychyus were
The waight of great Achilles helme vpon his pate to weare
It cannot but a burthen bee (and that right great) to beare
(With whoſe ſame chrimpiſh armes of his) Achilles mightie ſpeare.
Againe his target grauen with the whole bowge world thereon,
Agrees not with a fearefull hand, and chiefly ſuch a one

As taketh filching euen by kind. Thou Lozell thou dost seeke
A gift that will but weaken thee. Which if the folke of Greeke
Shall giue thee through theyr ouersight, it will be vnto thee
Occasion of thine enmyes speyld not feared for to bee.
And slight (wherein thou coward, thou all others mayst outbrag)
Will hindred be when after thee such masses thou shalt drag.
Moreouer this thy shield that seales so seld the force of sight
Is sound, but mine is gasht and hackt and striken thorow quight
A thousand times, with bearing blowes. And therefore mine must walke
And put another in his stead. But what needs all this talke?
Lets now be seene another while what each of vs can do.
The thickest of our armed foes this Armour throw into,
And bid vs fetch the same frothence. And which of vs both fetch
The same away, reward ye him therewith. Thus farre did stretch
The words of Aiax. At the end whereof there did ensew
A muttering of the souldiers, till Laertis sonne the prew
Stood vp, and raysed soberly his eyeliddes from the ground
(On which he had a little while them pitched in a stound)
And loking on the noblemen who long'd his words to heare,
He thus began with comely grace and sober pleasant cheare.

My Lords, if my desire and yours might erst haue taken place,
It should not at this present time haue been a doubtfull cace,
What person hath most right to this great prize for which we striue.
Achilles should his armor haue, and we still him aliue.
Whom sith that cruell destinie to both of vs denyes,
(With that same word as though he wept, he wypte his watry eyes)
What wyght of reason rather ought to be Achilles heyre,
Then he through whom to this your Campe Achilles did repayre?
Alonely let it not auayle sir Aiax heere, that he
Is such a Dolt and grossehead as he shewes himselfe to bee,
Ne let my wit (which ay hath done you good O Greekes) hurt mee,
Ne suffer this mine eloquence (such as it is) which now
Doth for his maister speake, and oft ere this hath spoke for yow,
Be vndisdaigned. Let none refuse his owne good gifts he bringes.
For as for stocke and auncetors, and other such like things
Whereof our selues no founders are, I scarcely dare them graunt
To be our owne. But for as much as Aiax makes his vaunt
To be the fourth from Ioue: euen Ioue the founder is also

Of

Of my houſe: and than foure deſcents I am from him, no mo.
Laertes is my father, and Arceſius his, and hee
Begotten was of Iupiter. And in this pedegree
Is neyther any damned ſoule, nor outlaw as yee ſee.
Moreouer by my mothers ſide I come of Mercuree,
Another honor to my houſe. Thus both by fathers ſide
And mothers (as you may perceiue) I am to Gods alide.
But neither for becauſe I am a better gentleman
Than Aiax by the mothers ſide, nor that my father can
Auouch himſelfe vngiltie of his brothers blood, do I
This Armour clayme. Weigh you the caſe by merits vprightly.
Prouided no prerogatiue of birth-right Aiax beare,
For that his father Telamon and Peleus brothers were.
Let onely proweſſe in this prize the honor beare away.
Or if the caſe on kinred or on birthright ſeeme to ſtay,
His father Peleus is aliue, and Pyrrhus eke his ſonne.
What title then can Aiax make? This geere of right ſhould wonne
To Phthya, or to Scyros Ile. And Teweer is as well
Achilles vncle as is he. Yet doth not Teweer mell.
And if he did ſhould he obtaine: well ſith the caſe doth reſt
On tryall which of vs can proue his doings to be beſt,
I needs muſt ſay my deedes are mo then well I can expreſſe:
Yet will I ſhew them orderly as neere as I can geſſe.
Foreknowing that her ſonne ſhould die. The Lady Thetis hid
Achilles in a maydes attyre. By which fine ſlight ſhe did
All men deceiue, and Ai x to This armour in a packe
With other womens tryfling toyes I carryed on my backe,
A bayte to treyne a manly heart. Apparel'd like a Mayd,
Achilles toke the ſpeare and ſhield in hand and with them playd.
Then ſayd I: O thou Goddeſſe ſonne why ſhouldſt thou be afrayd
To raze great Troy whoſe ouerthrow for thee is onely ſtayd?
And laying hand vpon him I did ſend him (as you ſee)
To valiant doings meete for ſuch a valiant man as hee.
And therefore all the deeds of him are my deeds. I did wound
King Teleph with his ſpeare, and when he lay vppon the ground
I was entreated with the ſpeare to heale him ſafe and ſound.
That Thebe lyeth ouerthrowne, is my deede you muſt thinke;
I made the folke of Tenedos and Lesbos for to ſhrinke.

Both

Both Chryse and Cillas Phœbus townes and Scyros I did take.
And my right hand Lyrnessus walles to ground did leuell make.
I gaue you him that should confound (besides a number mo)
The valiant Hector. Hector that our most renowned so
Is slaine by me. This armour here I sew againe to haue
This armour by the which I sound Achilles. I it gaue
Achilles while he was aliue: and now that he is gone,
I claime it as mine owne againe. What time the grieke of one
Had pierst the hearts of all the Grækes, and that our thousand sayle
At Aulis by Euboye stayd, because the windes did sayle,
Continuing either none at all, or cleane against vs long,
And that our Agamemnon was by Destinyes ouerstrong
Commanded for to sacrifice his guiltlesse daughter to
Diana, which her father then refusing for to do,
Was angry with the Gods themselues, and though he were a king
Continued also fatherlike: by reason I did bring
His gentle nature to relent for publike profits sake.
I must confesse (whereat his Grace shall no displeasure take)
Before a partiall Iudge I vndertake a right hard care.
Howbeit for his brothers sake and for the royall Mace
Committed, and his peoples weale, at length he was content
To purchase prayse with blod. Then was I to the mother sent
Who not perswaded was to be: but compast with some guyle.
Had Aiax on this errand gone, our ships had all this whyle
Lyne still there yet for want of wind. Moreouer I was sent
To Ilion as ambassadour. I boldly thither went,
And entred and behild the Court: wherein there was as then
Great store of Princes, Dukes, Lords, knights, and other valient men.
And yet I boldly nerethelesse my message did at large,
The which the whole estate of Greece had giuen me erst in charge.
I made complaint of Paris, and acus de him to his head.
Demaunding restitution of Quene Helen that same stead
And of the bootie with her tane. Both Priamus the king
And eke Antenor his alye the words of me did sting.
And Paris and his brothers, and the residew of his traine
That vnder him had made the speyle, could hard and scarce refrayne
Their wicked hands. You Menelay do know I do not feyne.
And that day was the first in which we ioyntly gan susteine

A taste

A taste of perrils; store whereof did then behind remayne.
It would be ouerlong to tell ech profitable thing
That during this long lasting warre, I well to passe did bring,
By force as well as pollicie. For after that the furst
Encounter once was ouerpast, our enmyes neuer durst
Giue battell in the open field, but hild themselues within
Their walles and bulwarkes till the time the tenth yeare did begin.
Now what didst thou of all that while, that canst do nought but stricke?
Or to what purpose seruedst thou? For if thou my deedes lacke,
I practizde sundry pollices to trappe our foes inware:
I fortified our Campe with trench which heretofore lay bare:
I hartned our companions with a quiet minde to beare
The longnesse of the weatie warre: I taught vs how we were
Both to be fed and furnished: and to and fro I went
To places where the counsell thought most mete I should be sent.
Behold the king deceiued in his dreame by false pretence
Of Ioues commandement, bad vs rayse our siege and get vs hence.
The author of his doing so may well be his defence.
Now Ajax should haue letted this, and callde them backe againe
To sacke the towne of Troy. He should haue fought with might & maine,
Why did he not restraine them when they ready were to go?
Why toke he not his sword in hand? why gaue he not as tho
Some counsell for the fleeting folke to follow at the brunt?
In faith it had a trifle beene to him that aye is wont,
Such vanting in his mouth to haue. But he himselfe did fly,
As well as others I did see, and was ashamed I
To see thee when thou fledst, and did prepare so cowardly
To sayle away. And thereupon I thus aloud did cry:
What meane ye sirs what madnesse doth you moue to go to shippe?
And suffer Troy as good as tane, thus out of hand to slippe?
What els this tenth yeare beare ye home then shame with such like word
And other (which the eloquence of sorrow did afford)
I brought them from their flying ships. Then Agamemnon calld
Together all the Captaines who with feare were yet appalld.
But Ajax durst not thonce creake. Yet durst Thersites bee
So bold as rayle vpon the kings, and he was payd by mee
For playing so the sawcie Jacke, then stood I on my toes
And to my fearefull countrymen gaue heart against their foes.

And

And shed new courage in their minds through talke that fro me goes.
From that time forth what euer thing hath valiantly atchieued
By this good fellow bene, is mine, who him from slight repreeued.
And now to touch thee: which of all the Greekes commendeth thee?
Or seketh thee? But Diomed communicates with me
His doings, and alloweth me and thinkes him well apayd
To haue Vlysses euer as companion at the brayd.
And somewhat worthy you will it graunt (I trow) alone for me
Out of so many thousand Greekes by Diomed pickt to bee.
No lot compelled me to go, and yet I setting light
As well the perill of my foes, as danger of the night,
Kild Dolon, who about the selfesame feate that night did stray,
That we went out for. But I first compeld him to bewray
All things concerning faithlesse Troy, and what it went about.
When all was learnd, and nothing left behind to hearken out,
I might haue then come home with prayse. I was not so content.
Proceeding further to the Campe of Rhesus streight I went,
And killed both himselfe and all his men about his tent.
And taking both his chariot and his horses which were whight.
Returned home in tryumph like a conquerour from fight.
Denie you me the armour of the man whose steedes the so
Required for his playing of the spye a night, and so
May Aiax be more kinde to me than you are, what should I
Declare vnto you how my sword did waste right valiantly
Sarpedons hoste of Lycia? I by force did ouerthrow
Alastor, Crome, and Ceranos, and Haly on a row.
Alcander, and Noemon tw, and Prytanis beside:
And Thoon and Theridamas, and Charops also dyde
By me, and so did Ewnomos enforst by cruell fate.
And many mo in sight of Troy I slew of baser state.
There also are (O countreymen) about me woundings, which
The place of them make beautifull. See here (his hand did twich
His shirt aside) and credite not vaine words. Lo here the brist
That alwayes to be one in your affayres hath neuer mist.
And yet of all this while no drope of blod hath Aiax spent
Upon his fellowes. Woundlesse is his body and vnrent.
But what skils that, as long as he is able for to vaunt
He fought against both Troy and Ioue, to saue our Flete? I graunt

He

He did so. For I am not of such nature, as of spight
Well doings to deface: so that he challenge not the right
Of all men to himselfe alone, and that he yeld to mee
Some share, who of the honour loke a partner for to bee.
Patroclus also hauing on Achilles armour, sent
The Troyans and their leader hence, to burne our navie bent.
And yet thinkes he that none durst meet with Hector saiuing hee.
Forgetting both the King, and eke his brother, yea and mee,
Where he himselfe was but the nynth, appoynted by the King,
And by the fortune of his lot preser'd to do the thing.
But now for all your valiantnesse, what issue had I pray
Your combate? shall I tell? forsoth, that Hector went his way
And had no harme. Now woe is me, how grieueth it my hart
To thinke vpon that season when the bulwarke of our part
Achilles dyde? When neither teares, nor griefe, nor feare could make
Me for to stay, but that vpon these shoulders I did take,
I say vppon these shoulders I Achilles body toke,
And this same armour clasped thereon, which now to weare I loke.
Sufficient strength I haue to beare as great a waight as this,
And eke a heart wherein regard of honour rooted is,
Thinke you that Thetis for her sonne so instantly besought
Sir Vulcane this same heauenly gift to giue her, which is wrought
With such erceding cunning, to th'intent a souldier that
Hath neither wit nor knowledge should it weare? He knowes not what
The things engrauen on the shield do meane. Of Ocean se,
Of Land, of Heauen, and of the starres no skill at all hath he.
The Beare that neuer diues in sea he doth not vnderstand,
The Pleyads, nor the Hyads, nor the cities that do stand
Vpon the earth, nor yet the sword that Orion holds in hand.
He seekes to haue an armour of the which he hath no skill.
And yet in finding fault with me because I had no will
To follow this same painfull warre, and sought to shunne the same,
And made it somewhat longer time before I thither came.
He sees not how he speakes reproch to stout Achilles name.
For if to haue dissembled in this case, ye count a cryme,
We both offenders be. Or if protracting of the time
Ye count blame worthy, yet was I the timelyer of vs twaine.
Achilles louing mother him, my wife did me detaine.

The:

The former time was giuen to them, the rest was giuen to yow.
And therefore could I little passe although I could not now
Defend my fault, sith such a man of prowesse, birth and fame
As was Achilles, was with me offendor in the same.
But yet was he espyed by Vlysses wit, but not
Vlisses by sir Aiax wit: and least yee wonder at
The rayling of this foolish dolt at me, he doth obiect
Reproch to you. For if that I offended to detect
Sir Palamed of forged fault, could you without your shame
Arraine him, and condemne him eke to suffer for the same?
But neither could sir Palamed excuse him of the crime
So hainous and so manifest: and you your selues that time
Doth onely his inditement heard, but also did behold
His deed auouched to his face, by bringin the gold.
And as for Philoctetes, that he is in Lemnos, I
Deserue not to be toucht therewith. Defend your crime for why
You all consented thereunto. Yet doe I not deny,
But that I gaue the counsell to conuay him out of way
From toyle of warre and trauell, that by rest he might allay
To ease the greatnes of his paines. He did thereto obay,
And by so doing is aliue. Not onely faithfull was
This counsell that I gaue the man, but also happy as
The good successe hath shewed since. Whom sith the destnies do
Require in ouerthrowing Troy, Appoint not me thereto,
But let sir Aiax rather goe. For he with eloquence
Or by some suttle policie, shall bring the man fro thence
And pacifie him raging through disease, and wrathfull ire.
Nay first the riuer Simois shall to his spring retyre,
And mountaine Ida shall thereon haue standing neuer a tree,
Yea, and the faithlesse towne of Troy by Grekes shall rescued bee,
Before that Aiax blockish wit shall aught at all auaile,
When my attempts and practises in your affaires do faile.
For though thou Philoctetes with the king offended be,
And with thy fellowes euerychone, and most of all with me;
Although thou curse and ban me to the hellish pit for ay,
And wisheth in thy paine that I by chance might crosse thy way,
Of purpose for to draw my blood: Yet will I giue assay
To fetch thee hither once againe. And (if that fortune say

Amen)

Amen) I will as well haue thee and eke thine arrowes, as
I haue the Troyane prophet who by me surprized was;
Or as I did the Oracles and Troyane feates disclose,
Or as I from her chappell through the thickest of her foes
The Phrigian Pallace image fetcht: And yet doth Aiax still
Compare himselfe with me. Ye know it was the destnies will
That Troy should neuer taken be by any force, vntill
This image first were got. and where was then our valiant knight,
Sir Aiax? where the stately words of such a hardy wight?
Why feareth he? why dares Vlyses venturing through the watch,
Commit his person to the night his businesse to dispatch?
And through the pikes not onely for to passe the garded wall?
But also for to enter to the strongest tower of all?
And for to take the Idoll from her chappell and her shrine?
And beare her thence amid his foes? for had this deed of mine
Bene left vndone, in vaine his shield of Dren hydes seuen fold
Should yet the sonne of Telemon haue in his left hand hold.
That night subdued I Troy towne. That night did I it win:
And opened it for you likewise with ease to enter in.
Cease to vpbrayd me by these lokes and mumbling words of thine
With Domed: his praise is in this fact as well as mine.
And thou thy selfe when for our ships thou diddest in reskue stand,
Wart not alone: the multitude were helping thee at hand.
I had but onely one with me. Who (if he had not thought
A wiseman better then a strong, and that preferment ought
Not alway follow force of hand) would now himselfe haue sought
This Armour So would tother Aiax better stayed bee,
And fierce Eurypyle, and the sonne of hault Andremon tw.
No lesse might eke Idominey, and eke Meriones
His countriman, and Menelay. For euery one of these
Are valiant men of hand, and not inferiour vnto thee
I martiall feates. And yet they are contented rul d to bee
By mine aduise. Thou hast a hand that serueth well in fight.
Thou hast a wit that stands in need of my direction right.
Thy force is witlesse. I haue eie of that that may enslew.
Thou well canst fight: the king doth chose the times for fighting dew.
By mine aduice. Thou onely with thy body canst auaile.
But I with body and with mind to profit do not faile.

And

And loke how much the mayster doth excell the Galley-slaue,
Or loke how much preheminence the Captaine ought to haue
Aboue his souldier: euen so much exc ell I also the.
A wit farre passing strength of hand enclosed is in me.
In wit rests chiefly all my force. My Lords I pray bestow
This gift on him who ay hath bẽ your watchman as ye know.
And for my ten yeares carke and care endured for your sake,
Full recompence for my deserts with this same honour make.
Our labour drawyeth to an end, all iets are now by me
Dispatched. And by bringing Troy in case to taken bee
I haue already taken it. Now by the hope that yee
Conceiue, within a while of Troy the ruine for to see,
And by the Gods of whom a late our enmies I bereft,
And as by wisedome to be done yet any thing is left,
If any bold auentrous deed, or any perlous thing
That asketh hazard both of life and limbe to passe to bring,
Or if ye thinke of Troyan Fates there yet doth ought remaine,
Remember me. Or if from me this armour you restraine,
Bestow it on this same. With that he shewed with his hand
Minerues fatall Image, which hard by in sight did stand.
The Lords were moued with his words, and then appeared plaine
The force that is in eloqnence. The learned man did gaine
The armour of the valiant. He that did so oft sustaine
Alone both fire and sword, and Ioue, and Hector, could not byde
One brunt of wrath. And whom no force could vanquish ere that tyde,
Now onely anguish ouercomes. He drawes his sword and sayes:
Well: this is mine yet. Unto this no claime Vlysses sayes.
This must I vse against my selfe: this blade that heretofore
Hath bathed bene in Troyane blood, must now his maister gore.
That none may Aiax ouercome saue Aiax. With that word,
Into his breast (not wounded erst) he thrust his deathfull sword.
His hand to pull it out againe vnable was. The blood
It spowt it out. Anon the ground bestained where he stood,
Did bread the pretty purple flower vpon a clowre of greene,
Which of the wound of Hyacinth had erst engendred beene.
The selfesame letters eke that for the child were written than,
Were now againe amid the flowre new written for the man.
The former time complaint, the last a name did represent.

Vlysses

Vlysses hauing wone the prize, within a while was sent
To Thoants and Hypsiphiles realme the land defam'd of old
For murthering all the men therein by women ouer bold.
At length attaining land and lucke according to his mind,
To carry Hercles arrowes backe he set his sayles to wind.
Which when he with the lord of them among the Grækes had brought,
And of the cruell warre at length the vtmost feat had wrought,
At once both Troy and Priam fell. And Priams wretched wife
Lost (after all) her womans shape, and barked all her life
In forraine countrey. In the place that bringeth to a streight
The long spred sea of Hellespont, did Ilion burne in height.
The kindled fire with blazing flame continued vnalaayd,
And Priam with his aged blod Ioues Altar had berayd.
And Phœbus priestesse casting vp her hands to heauen on hye,
Was drag'd and hailed by the haire. The Greekes most spitefully
(As each of them had prisoners tane in méd of victory)
Did draw the Troiane wiues away, who lingring while they mought
Among the burning temples of their Gods, did hang about
Their sacred shrines and images. Astyanax downe was cast
From that same turret from the which his mother in times past
Had shewed him his father stand oft fighting to defend
Himselfe, and that same famous realme of Troy that did descend
From many noble ancetors. And now the Northerne wind
With prosperous blasts, to get them thence did put the Grecks in mind.
The shipmen went aboord, and hoyst vp sailes, and made frō thence.
Adew dære Troy (the women cryde) we haled are from hence.
And therewithall they kist the ground, and left yet smoking still
Their natiue houses. Last of all toke ship against her will
Quæne Hecub: who (a pitious case to sæ) was found amid
The tombes in which her sonnes were layd. And there as Hecub did
Embrace their chists and kisse their bones, Vlysses voyd of care
Did pull her thence. Yet raught she vp, and in her bosome bare
Away a crum of Hectors dust, and left on Hectors graue
Her hory haires and teares, which for powre offrings she him gaue.
Against the place where Ilion was, there is another land
Manured by the Biston men. In this same Realme did stand
King Polimnestors palace rich, to whom King Priam sent
His little infant Polydore to foster, to th'entent

He might be out of danger from the warres: wherein he ment
Right wisely, had he not with him great riches sent, a bayt
To stirre a wicked couetous mind to treason and deceyt.
For when the state of Troy decayde, the wicked king of Thrace
Did eat his nurce-childs weazant, and (as though the sinfull case
Together with the body could haue quite been put away)
He threw him also in the sea. It happened by the way
That Agamemnon was compeld with all his Fleete to stay
Upon the coast of Thrace vntill the sea were wexen calme,
And till the hideous stormes did cease and furious winds were saine.
Here rising gastly from the ground which farre about him brake,
Achilles with a threatning loke did like resemblance make,
As when at Agamemnon he his wrongfull sword did shake,
And said: Vnmindfull part ye hence of me, O Grækes: and must
My merits thankeleslie thus with me be buried in the dust?
Nay, do not so. But to th'intent my death due honour haue,
Let Polyxene in sacrifice be slaine vpon my graue.
Thus much he sayd: and shortly his companions doing as
By vision of his cruell ghosts commandment giuen them was,
Did fetch her from her mothers lappe, whom at that time well nére,
In that most great aduersitie alonely she did chére.
The haulty and vnhappy mayd, and rather to be thought
A man than woman, to the tombe with cruell hands was brought,
To make a cursed sacrifice. Who minding constantly
Her honour: when she standing at the altar prest to dye,
Perceiu'd the sauage ceremonies in making ready, and
The cruell Neoptolemus with naked sword in hand
Stand staring with vngentle eyes vpon her gentle face,
She said. Now vse thou when thou wilt my gentle blood. The case
Requires no more delay. Bestow thy weapon in my chest,
Or in my throte: (in saying so she profred bare her brest,
And eke her throte.) Assure your selues it neuer shall be séene,
That any wight shall (by my will) haue slaue of Polexene.
Howbe't with such a sacrifice no God yet can delight.
I would desire no more but that my wretched mother might
Be ignezant of this my death. My mother hindreth me,
And makes the pleasure of my death much lesser for to be.
Howbeit that the death of me should iustly grieue her heart.

But

But her owne life. Now to th'entent I freely may depart
To Limbo, stand ye men alofe: and sith I aske but right,
Forbeare to touch me. So my bloud vnstayned in his sight
Shall farre more acceptable be what euer wight he be
Whom you prepare to pacifie by sacrificing me.
Yet (if that these last words of mine may purchase any grace)
I daughter of King Priam erst, and now in prisoners case,
Beseech you all, vnransomed to render to my mother
My body: and for buriall of the same to take none other
Reward than teares: for while she could she did redeeme with gold.
This said: the teares that she forbeare the people could not hold.
And euen the very priest himselfe full sore against his will
And weping, thrust her through the breast which she hild stoutly still.
She sinking softly to the ground with fainting legs did beare
Euen to the very latter gaspe a countnance voyd of feare.
And when she fell she had a care such parts of her to hide,
As woman-hood and chastity forbiddeth to be spide.
The Troyane women toke her vp, and mourning, reckoned
King Priams children, and what bloud that house alone had shed.
They sighed for faire Polyxene: they sighed eke for thée
Who late wart Priams wife, who late wart counted for to bée
The flower of Asia in his flower, and Quéene of mothers all:
But now the booty of the fo, as cruill lot did fall.
And such a booty as the slye Vlysses did not passe
Vpon her, sauing that erewhile she Hectors mother was.
So hardly for his mother could a maister Hector find.
Embracing in her aged armes the body of the mind
That was so stout, She powrde thereon with sobbing sighs vnsoft
The teares that for her husband and her children had so oft
And for her country shedded béene. She wéped in her wound
And kist her pretty mouth, and made her breast with strokes to sound.
According to her wonted guise, and in the iellyed blod
Berayed all her grisl'd haire, and in a sorrowfull mod
Said these and many other words with breast bescratcht and rent.
O daughter mine, the last for whom thy mother may lament,
(For what remaines?) O daughter thou art dead and gone? I sée
Thy wound which at the very heart strikes me as well as thée.
And least that any one of mine vnwounded shoulo depart,

Thou also gotten hast a wound. Howbe't because thou wart
A woman, I beleeued thee from weapon to be free.
But notwithstanding that thou art a woman, I do see
Thee slaine by sword. Euen he that kil'd thy brothers killeth thee,
Achilles the decay of Troy, and maker bare of me.
What time that he of Paris shaft by Phœbus meanes was slaine,
I sayd of fierce Achilles now no feare doth more remaine,
But then, euen then he most of all was feared for to bee.
The ashes of him rageth still against our race I see.
We feele an enmy of him dead and buried in his graue
No lesse Achilles furie, I a fruitfull issue haue.
Great Troy lyes vnder foot, and with a right great grieuous fall
The mischieues of the common weale are fully ended all.
But though to others Troy be gone, yet stands it still to me:
My sorrowes runne as fresh a race as euer and as free.
I late ago a soueraigne State, aduanced with much store
Of daughters, sonnes, and sonne-in lawes, and husband ouer more
And daughtrinlawes: am carryed like an outlaw bare and poore,
By force and violence haled from my children tombes to bee
Presented to Penelopee a gift, who shewing mee
In spinning my appoynted taske, shall say: this same is shee
That was sometime king Priams wife, this was the famous mother
Of Hector. And now after losse of such a sort of other,
Thou (who alonely in my griefe my comfort didst remaine)
To pacifie our enmies wrath vpon his tombe are slaine.
Thus beare I deaths gifts for my foes. To what intent am I
Most wretched wight remaining still? why do I linger? why
Doth hurtfull age preserue me still aliue? to what intent
Ye cruell Gods preserue ye me that hath already spent
Too many yeares? vnlesse it be new burials for to see.
And who would thinke that Priamus might happy counted bee
Sith Troy is razed? Happy man is he in being dead.
His life and kingdome he forewent together: and this stead
He sees not thee his daughter slaine. But paraduenture thou
Shall like the daughter of a King haue sumptuous buriall now,
And with thy noble ancetors thy body layd shall be.
Our linage hath not so good lucke. The most that shall to thee
Be yelded are thy mothers teares, and in this forraigne land

To hyde thy murthered corse withall a little heape of sand.
For all is lost. May yet remaines (for whom I well can fynd
In heart to liue a little while) an impe vnto my mynd
Most deere, now onely left alone, sometime of many mo
The yongest, little Polydore, deliuered late ago
To Polemnestor King of Thrace who dwelles within these bounds
But wherefore do I stay so long in washing of her wounds,
And face berayd with gory blod? in saying thus she went
To seaward with an aged pace and hoary haire berent.
And (wretched woman) as she cald for pitchers for to draw
Up water, she of Polydore on shoare the carkasse saw,
And eke the mightie wounds at which the Tyrants sword went thorow.
The Troiane Ladies shrieked out. But she was dumbe for sorrow
The anguish of her heart forclose as well her speech as eke
Her teares deuowring them within. She stood astonied leke
As if she had beene stone. One while the ground she staar'd vppon.
Another whyle a gastly loke she cast to heauen. Anon
She loked on the face of him that lay before her kild.
Sometimes his wounds (his wounds I say) she specially behild.
And therewithall she arm'd herselfe and furnisht her with ire:
Wherethrough as soone as that her heart was fully set on fire,
As though she still had been a Queene, to vengeance she her bent,
Enforcing all her wits to finde some kind of punishment:
And as a Lyon robbed of her whelpes becommeth wood,
And taking on the foting of her enmie where he stood,
Purseweth them though out of sight: euen so Queene Hecubee
(Now hauing meynt her teares with wrath) forgetting quight that shee
Was old, but not her princely heart, to Polemnestor went
The cursed murtherer, and desyrde his presence to th'entent
To shew to him a masse of gold (so made she her pretence)
Which for her little Polydore was hid not farre from thence.
The Thracian King beleeuing her, as eger of the pray,
Went with her to a secret place. And as they there did stay.
With flattering and deceitfull tongue he thus to her did say.
Make spede I pray thee Hecuba, and giue thy sonne this gold.
I sweare by God it shall be his, as well that I do hold
Already, as that thou shalt giue. Vppon him speaking so,
And swearing and forswearing too, she looked sternely tho,

And being sore inflaam'd with wrath, caught hold vpon him, and
Streight calling out for succour to the wiues of Troy at hand,
Did in the traytors face bestow her nayles, and scratched out
His eyes, her anger gaue her heart and made her strong and stout.
She thrust her fingers in as farre as could be, and did bore
Not now his eyes (for why his eyes were pulled out before)
But both the places of the eyes berayd with wicked blood.
The Thracians at their Tyrants harme for anger waxing wood,
Began to scare the Troiane wiues with darts and stones. Anon
Quœne Hecub running at a stone with gnarring seazd thereon,
And worryed betwæne her teth. And as she opte her chappe
To speake, in stead of spæch she barkt. The place of this mishappe
Remayneth still, and of the thing there done beares yet the name.
Long mindfull of her former illes, she sadly for the same
Went howling in the fieldes of Thrace. Her fortune moued not
Her Troianes onely, but the Grækes her foes to ruth: her lot
Did moue euen all the Gods to ruth: and so effectually,
That Hecub to deserue such end, euen Iuno did denye.
Although the Morning of the selfe same warres had fauorer bæne:
She had no leysure to lament the fortune of the Quœne.
Nor on the slaughters and the fall of Ilion for to thinke.
A household care more nærer home did in her stomacke sinke,
For Memnon her beloued sonne, whom dying she behild
Vppon the fierce Achilles speare amid the Phrigian fild.
She saw it, and her ruddy hew with which she wounted was
To dye the breaking of the day, did into paleneſſe passe:
And all the Skie was hid with cloudes. But when his corse was gone,
To burningward, she could not find in heart to loke thereon:
But with her haire about her eares she knæled downe before
The mightie Ioue, and thus gan speake vnto him weeping sore.
Of all that haue their dwelling place vppon the golden skie
The lowest (for through all the world the feawest shrynes haue I)
But yet a goddesse. I do come, not that thou shouldst decree
That altars, shrynes, and holydayes be made to honour mee.
Yet if thou marke how much that I a woman do for thee,
In keeping night within her bounds, by bringing in thee light,
Thou well mayst thinke me worthy some reward to clayme of right.
But neyther now is that the thing the Morning cares to haue,

No

Ne yet her state is such as now due honor for to craue.
Bereft of my deare Memnon who in fighting valiantly
To helpe his Vncle, (so it was your will O Goddes) did dye
Of stowt Achilles sturdy speare euen in his flowring prime.
I sue to thee O King of Goddes to do him at this time
Some honour as a comfort of his death, and ease this heart
Of myne which greatly grieued is with wound of piercing smart.
No sooner loue had graunted Dame Aurora her desire,
But that the flame of Memnons corce that burned in the fire
Did fall: and flakie rolles of smoke did darke the day, as when
A foggie mist steames vpward from a riuer or a fen,
And suffreth not the Sunne to shine within it. Black as cole
The cinder rose: and into one round lumpe assembling whole
Grew Grosse, and toke both shape and hew. The fire did life it send,
The lightnesse of the substance selfe did wings vnto it lend.
And at the first it flittered like a bird: and by and by
It flew a feathered bird in deede. And with that one gan fly
Innumerable more of selfesame brood: who once or twice
Did sore about the fire, and made a piteous shreeking thrice.
The fourth time in their flying round, themselues they all withdrew
In battels twaine, and fiercely forth of either side one flew
To fight a combate. With their billes and hooked talants keene,
And with their wings couragiously they wreakt their wrathfull teene.
And mindfull of the valiant man of whom they issued beene,
They neuer ceased iobbing eche vppon the others breest,
Vntill they falling both downe dead with fighting ouerprest
Had offred vp their bodies as a worthy sacrifice
Vnto their cousin Memnon who to Aethes burned lies.
These sodaine birds were named of the founder of their flocke:
For men do call them Memnons birds. And euery yeare a flocke
Repayre to Memnons tomb, where two do in the foresayd wise
In manner of a yearemind flea themselues in sacrifice.
Thus where as others did lament that Dymants daughter barkt,
Auroras owne greefe busied her, that smally she it markt,
Which thing she to this present time with piteous teares doth shewe:
For through the vniuersall world she sheadeth moysting deawe.
Yet suffred not the destineys all hope to perish quight
Together with the towne of Troy, That good and godly knight

The ſonne of Venus bare away by night vpon his backe
His aged father and his Goddes, an honorable packe.
Of all the riches of the towne that onely pray hee choſe,
So godly was his mind: and like a banisht man he goes
By water with his owne young ſonne Alcanius from the Ile
Antandros, and he ſhonnes the shore of Thracia which ere while
The wicked Tyrants treaſon did with Polydores blod defyle.
And hauing wind and tide at will, he ſafly with his trayne
Arryued at Apollos towne where Anius then Did raygne.
Who being both Apollos prieſt and of that place the king,
Did entertaine him in his houſe and vnto Church him bring.
And ſhewd him both the Cittie and the Temples knowen of old,
And eke the ſacred trees by which Latona once toke hold
When ſhe of child-birth trauelled. Allone as ſacrifice
Was done with Oxen inwards burnt according to the guyſe,
And caſting incenſe in the fire, and ſheading wine thereon,
Then ioyfull to the Court return'd, and there they toke anon
Repaſt of meate and drinke. Then ſayd the god Anchyſes this
O Phœbus ſoueraigne prieſt, vnleſſe I take my markes amiſſe,
(As I remember) when I firſt of all this towne did ſee,
Foure daughters and a ſonne of thine thou haddeſt here with thee.
King Anius ſhoke his head whereon he ware a Myter whyght,
And anſwerd thus. O noble prince, in ſayth thou geſſeſt ryght.
Of children fiue a father then, thou diddeſt me behold,
Who now (with ſuch vnconſtancie are mortall matters rol'd)
Am in a manner childleſſe quight. For what auayles my ſonne
Who in the Ile of Anderland a great way hence doth wonne:
Which country takes his name of him, and in the ſelfſayd place,
In ſtead of father like a king he holds the royall Mace.
Apollo gaue his lot to him: And Bacchus for to ſhow
His loue, a greater gift vpon his ſiſters did beſtow
Then could be wiſht or credited. For what ſoeuer they
Did touch, was turned into corne, and wine, and oyle ſtreightway.
And ſo there was rich vſe in them. Allone as that the fame
Hereof to Agamemnons eares the ſquorge of Troians came,
Leaſt you might taſte your ſtormes alone and we not feele the ſame
In part, an hoſte he hither ſent, and whither I would or no
Did take them from me, forcing them among the greekes to go

To

To ſerue the Grekiſh armie with their heauenly gift. But they
Eſcaped whither they could by flight. A couple toke their way
To Ile Euboya: tother two to Anderland did fly
Their brothers Realme. An hoſte of men purſewd them by and by,
And threatened warre vnleſſe they were deliuered. Force of feare
Subdewing nature, did conſtraine the brother (men muſt beare
With fearefulneſſe) to render vp his ſiſters to their foo.
For neither was Aeneas there, nor valiant Hector (who
Did make your warre laſt ten yeres long) the country to defend.
Now when they ſhould like priſoners haue bin fettred, in the end
They caſting vp their hands (which yet were free) to heauen, did cry
To Bacchus for to ſuccour them: who helpt them by and by.
At leaſtwiſe if it may be tearmd a helpe, in wondrous wiſe
To alter folke. For neuer could I learne, ne can ſurmiſe
The manner how they loſt their ſhape The thing it ſelfe is knowen.
With fethered winges as whyght as ſnow they quight away are flowen
Tranſformed into doue houſe dooues thy wife dame Venus burdes.

When that the time of meat was ſpent with theſe & ſuch like wordes,
The table was remoued ſtreyght, and then they went to ſleepe.
Next morow ryſing vp aſſone as Day began to peepe
They went to Phœbus Oracle, which willed them to go
Vnto their Mother Countrey and the Coaſtes their ſtocke came fro.
King Anius bare them company, And when away they ſhould,
He gaue them gifts, Anchiſes had a ſceptre all of gould.
Aſcanius had a quiuer and a Cloke right braue and trim.
Aeneas had a ſtanding Cup preſented vnto him.
The Thebane Theſſes who had borne king Anius gueſt erewhile,
Did ſend it out of Theſſaly: but Alcon one of Myle
Did make the cuppe And hee thereon a ſtory portraid out.
It was a Cittie with ſeuen gates in circuit round about,
Which men might eaſily all diſcerne. The gates did repreſent
The Cities name, and ſhewed plaine what towne thereby was ment.
Without the towne were funerals a doing for the dead,
With herces, tapers, fires, and tombes. The wyues with ruffled head
And ſtomacks bare pretended grief. The nymphs ſeemd teares to ſhead.
And waple the drying of their welles. The leaueleſſe trees did ſeare.
And licking on the parched ſtones Goates romed here and there.
Behold amid this Thebane towne was liuely portrayd out

Echions

Echions daughters twaine, of which the one with courage stout
Did proffer both her naked throate and stomacke to the knife:
And tother with a manly heart did also spend her life
For safegard of her countrey sollie: and how that thereupon
They both were carryed solemnly on herces, and anon
Were burned in the chiefest place of all the Thebane towne.
Then (least their linage should decay who dyde with such renowne)
Out of the Asshes of the maydes there issued two young men,
And they vnto their mothers dust did obsequies againe.
Thus much was graued curiously in auncient precious brasse,
And on the brim a trayle of flowres of bearbrich gilded was.
The Troianes also gaue to him as costly gifts agen.
Because he was Apollos Priest they gaue to him as then
A Chist to kepe in frankincence. They gaue him furthermore
A Crowne of gold wherein were set of precious stones great store.
Then calling to remembrance that the Troianes issued were
Of Tewcers blood, they sayld to Crete. But long they could not there
Abide th'infection of the ayre: and so they die forsake
The hundred Cities, and with speede to Italy ward did make,
The winter wered hard and rough, and tost them very sore.
And when their shippes arriued were vpon the perlous shore
Among the Strophad Iles, the bird Aëllo did them feare.
The costes of Dulich, Ithaca, and Same they passed were,
And eke the court of Neritus where wise Vlysses reignd,
And came to Ambrace for the which the Gods strong strife mainteind.
There saw they turned into stone the iudge whose image yet
At Actium in Apollos Church in signe thereof doth sit.
They viewed also Dodon groue where Okes spake: and the Coast
Of Chaon where the sonnes of king Molessus scapt a most
Ingratious fire by taking wings. From thence they coasted by
The country of the Pheaks fraught with fruit abundantly.
Then take they land in Epyre, and to Buthrotos they went
Whereas the Troiane Prophet dwelt whose reigne did represent
And Image of their ancient Troy. There being certifide
Of things to come by Helen (who while there they did abide
Informed them right faithfully of all that should betide)
They passed into Sicilie. With corners three this land
Shootes out into the Sea: of which Pachinnus front doth stand.

Against

Againſt the South coaſt : Lilibye doth face the gentle Weſt,
And Pelore vnto Charlſis wayne doth Northward beare his breaſt.
The Troianes vnder Pelore gate, with ores and proſperous tydes
And in the Euen by Zanclye ſhore their Flæte at anchor rides.
Vpon the left ſide reſtleſſely Charybdis ay doth beate them,
And ſwallowth ſhippes, and ſpewes them vp as faſt as it doth eate them.
And Scilla beateth on their right : which from the nauell downe
Is patched vp with cruell curres: and vpward to the crowne
Doth keepe the countnance of a mayd, And (if that all be trew
That Poets faine) ſhe was ſometime a mayd right fayre of hew.
To her made many woers ſute : all which ſhe did eſchew.
And going to the ſalt Sea Nymphs (to whom ſhe was right deare)
She vaunted to how many men ſhe gaue the ſlippe that yeare.
To whom the Lady Galate in kembing of her heare
Said thus with ſighes. But they that ſought to thee (O Lady were)
None other then of humane kind, to whom without all feare
Of harme, thou mighteſt (as thou doſt) giue nay. But as for me
Although that I of Nereus and gray Doris daughter be,
And of my ſiſters haue with me continually a gard,
I could not ſcape the Cyclops loue, but to my griefe full hard.
(With that her teares did ſtop her ſpeech. Aſſone as that the mayd
Had dryde them with her marble thumbe,) a moand the Nymph ſhe laid :
Deere Goddeſſe tell me all your griefe, and hide it not from me:
For truſt me I will vnto you both true and ſecret be.
Then vnto Cratyes daughter thus the Nymph her plaint did frame.
Of Fawne and Nymph Simethis borne was Acis, who became
A ioy to both his parents, but to me the greater ioy.
For being but a ſixteene yeares of age, this fayre ſweete boy
Did take me to his loue, what time about his childiſh chin
The tender haire like moſſie downe to ſprout did firſt begin.
I loued him beyond all Goddes forbod, and likewiſe me
The Giant Cyclops. Neyther (if demaunded it ſhould be)
I well were able for to tell you whither that the loue
Of Acis, or the Cyclops hate did more my ſtomacke moue.
There was no odds betweene them. Oh deere Goddeſſe Venus, what
A power haſte thou? Behold how euen this ougly Gyant that
No ſparke of mekeneſſe in him hath, who is a terrour to
The very woods, whom neuer gueſt nor ſtranger came vnto.

Without

Without displeasure, who the heauens and all the Goddes despiseth,
Doth feele what thing is loue. The loue of me him so surpriseth,
That Polypheme regarding not his shæpe and hollow caue,
And hauing care to please doth go about to make him braue.
His sturre stiffe heare he kembeth now with strong and sturdy rakes,
And with a sythe doth marcussette his bristled berd: and takes
Delight to loke vpon himselfe in waters, and to frame
His countnance. Of his murtherours heart the wildnesse wereth tame.
His vnstaunched thirst of blood is quenched: shippes may passe
And repasse safely. In the while that he in loue thus was,
One Telemus Eurymeds sonne a man of passing skill
In birdslight, taking land that time in Cicil, went vntill
The orped Gyant Polyphem, and sayd: This one round eye
That now amid thy forehead stands, shall one day ere thou dye
By slye Vlisses blinded be. The Gyant laught thereat.
And sayd, O foolish Southsayre thou deceiued art in that.
For why another (euen a wench) already hath it blinded.
Thus scorning him that told him truth because he was high minded:
He either made the ground to shake in walking on the shore,
Or rowzd him in his shady Caue. With wedged point before
There shootes a hill into the sea: whereof the Sea doth beat
On either side. The one eyde sond came vp and made his seate
Thereon, and after came his shæpe vndriuen. Assoone as hee
Had at his foote layne downe his staffe which was a whole Pinotree
Well able for to be a maast to any ship: he takes
His pype compact of fiuefore reedes, and there withall he makes
So loud a noyse that all the hilles and waters thereabout
Might easily heare the shrilnesse of the shæpheards whistling out.
I lying vnderneath the rocke, and leaning in the lappe
Of Acis markt these words of his which farre I heard by happe.
More whyght thou art then Primrose leafe my Lady Galatee.
More fresh then meade, more tall and straight then loftie Aldertree.
More bright than glasse, more wanton then the tender kid forsooth.
Than Cockleshelles continually with water worne so smooth.
More cheerefull then the winters Sunne, or Sommer shady cold,
More seemely and more comely that the Planetree to behold.
Of value more than Apples bee although they were of gold.
More cleare than frozen yce, more sweete then Grape through ripe ywis:

More

More soft than butter newly made, or downe of Signet is.
And much more faire and beautifull then garden to mine eye,
But that thou from my company continually dost flye.
And thou the selfesame Galate art more tettish for to frame
Than Oren of the wildernesse whom neuer wight did tame.
More fleeting than the waues, more hard than warryed Oke to twine,
More tough than willow twigs, more lyth than is the wilde white Vine.
More than this rocke vnmoueable, more violent then a streame.
More proud than Peacocke praisde, more fierce than fire & more extreme.
More rough than Beares, more cruell than the new deliuered Beare,
More mercilesse then troden Snake, then sea more deafe of eare.
And which (and if it lay in me I chiefly would restraine)
Not onely swifter paced then the Stag in chace on plaine,
But also swifter than the wind and flightfull eyre. But if
Thou knew me well, it would thee irke to fly, and be a griefe
To tarry from me. Yea thou wouldst endeauour all thy power
To keepe me wholy to thy selfe. The Quarry is my bower
Heawen out of whole maine stone. No sun in Summer there can swelt
No nipping cold in wintertime within the same is felt.
Gay Apples weying downe the boughs haue I, and Grapes like gold,
And purple Grapes on spreaded Vines as many as can hold.
Both which I do reserue for thee. Thy selfe shalt with thy hand
The soft swart Strabryes gather which in woddy shadow stand.
The Cornell berries also from the tree thy selfe shalt pull:
And pleasant plommes, some yellow like new wax, some blew, some full
Of ruddy iewce. Of Chestnuts eke (if my wife thou wilt bee)
Thou shalt haue store: and fruits all sorts: all trees shall serue for thee.
This cattell here is all mine owne. And many moe beside
Do either in the bottomes feed, or in the woods them hide,
And many standing at their stalles doe in my Caue abide.
The number of them (if a man should aske) I cannot show.
Tush, beggars of their cattell vse the number for to know.
And for the goodnesse of the same, no whit beleeue thou mee:
But come thy selfe (and if thou wilt) the truth thereof to see.
See how their vdders full do make them straddle. Lesser ware
Shut vp at home in close warme pends are Lambes. There also are
In other pinfolds kids of selfesame yeaning time. Thus haue
I alwaies milke as white as snow: Whereof I some doe saue

To

To drinke, and of the reſt is made good cheſe. And furthermore
Not onely ſtale and common gifts and pleaſures whereof ſtore
Is to be had at each mens hand, (as Leuerets, Kids and Does,
A paire of Pigeons, or a neſt of birds new found, or Roes,)
Shall vnto thee preſented be. I found this tother day
A payre of Beare-whelpes, each ſo like the other as they lay
Vpon a hill, that ſcarce ye each deſcerne from other may.
And when that I did find them I did take them vp, and ſay
Theſe will I for my Lady kepe for her therewith to play.
Now put thou vp thy faire bright head, good Galat I thee pray
Aboue the greenith waues: now came my Galat, come away.
And of my preſent take no ſcorne. I know my ſelfe to bee
A iolly fellow. For euen now I did behold and ſee
Mine image in the water ſheere: and ſure me thought I toke
Delight to ſee my goodly ſhape, and fauour in the broke.
Behold, how big I am: not Ioue in Heauen (for ſo you men
Report one Ioue to raigne, of whom I paſſe not for to ken)
Is howger then this doughty corce of mine. A buſh of haire
Doth ouer-dreape my viſage grim and ſhaddowes as it were
A groue vpon my ſhoulders twaine. And thinke it not to bee
A ſhame, for that with briſtled haire my body rough ye ſee.
A foule ill fauoured ſight it is to ſee a leaueleſſe tree,
A lothly thing it is a horſe without a mane to keepe,
As feathers do become the birds, and woll becommeth sheepe,
Euen ſo a beard and briſled skin becommeth alſo men.
I haue but one eye which doth ſtand amid my front: what then?
This one round eye of mine is like a mighty targat. Why?
Ne wes not the Sun all things from heauen? yet but one onely eye
Hath he: moreouer in your ſeas my father beares the ſway.
Him will I make thy father-in-law. Haue mercy I thee pray,
And hearken to mine humble ſute: for onely vnto thee
Yeld I, euen I: (of whom both heauen and Ioue diſpiſed bee,
And eke the pierring thunder-bolt) do ſtand in awe and feare
Of thee, O Nerye. Thine ill will is grieuouſer to beare
Than is the deadly thunder-clap. Yet could I better find
In heart to ſuffer this contempt of thine with patient mind,
If thou didſt ſhun all other folke as well as me. But why
Reieating Cyclops, doſt thou loue Dwarfiſe Acis? Why, ſay I,

Preſerft

Preferst thou Acis vnto me? Well let him liked bee,
Both of himselfe, and also (which I would be loth) of thee.
And if I catch him he shall feele that in my body is
The force that should be. I shall paunch him quicke: those limbes of his
I will in pieces teare, and strew them in the fields, and in
Thy waters if he do thee haunt: for I do swelt within.
And being chaft, the flame doth burne more fierce to mine vnrest.
Me thinks mount Aetna with his force is closed in my brest,
And yet it nothing moueth thee. Assone as he had talkt
Thus much in vaine (I saw well all) he rose, and fuming stalkt
Among his woods and wonted launds, as doth a Bulchin when
The Cowe is from him tane, he could him no where rest as then.
Anon the Fiend espyed me and Acis where we lay,
Before we wist or feared it: and crying out gan say:
I see yee. And confounded might I be with endlesse shame,
But if I make this day the last agreement of your game.
These words were spoke with such a rore as very well became
An angry Gyant. Aetna shoke with loudnesse of the same.
I scaard therewith dopt vnderneath the water, and the knight
Sime heu- turning straight his backe, did giue himselfe to flight,
And cryed helpe me, Galate, helpe parents I you pray,
And in your kingdome me receiue who perish must straight way.
The round-eyde dreadll made pursuite: and rending vp a place
Of Aetna Rocke, threw after him, of which a little pace
Did Acis ouertake. And yet as little as it was,
It ouerwhelmed Acis whole. I wretched wight (alas)
Did that which destnies would permit. Forthwith I brought to passe
That Acis should receiue the force his father had before.
His scarlet blood did issue from the lumpe, and more and more
Within a while the redneesse gan to vannish, and the hew
Resembled at the first a broke with raine distroubled new,
Which wereth cleare by length of time. Anon the lumpe did cliue,
And from the hollow cliffe thereof high reeds sprang vp aliue.
And at the hollow issue of the stone the bubling water
Came trickling out. And by and by (which is a wondrous matter)
The stripling with a wreath of reed about his horned head
Aduaunced his body to the waste. Who (saue he was that stead
Much bigger than he erst had been, and altogether gray)

Was

Was Acis still, and being turnd to water, at this day
In shape of riuer still he beares his former name away.
The Lady Galat ceast her talke and straight the company brake.
And Neries daughters pacing thence swam in the gentle lake.
Dame Scylla home againe returnd (She durst not her betake
To open sea) and either roamd vpon the sandy shore
Staarke naakt, or when for wearinesse she could not walke no more,
She then withdrew her out of sight and gate her to a pole,
And in the water of the same, her heated limbes did cole.
Behold the fortune: Glaucus (who then being late before
Transformed in Euboya Ile vpon Anthedon shore,
Was new become a dweller in the sea) as he did swim
Along the coast was tane in loue at sight of Scylla trim,
And spake such words as he did thinke might make her tarry still.
Yet fled she still, and swift for feare she gate her to a hill
That butted on the sea. Right sharpe and vpward sharpe did shoote
A lofty top with trées, beneath was hollow at the foote.
Here Scylla stayd and being safe by strongnesse of the place,
(Not knowing if he monster were, or God, that did her chace)
She loked backe. And wondring at his colour and his heare
With which his shoulders and his backe all wholly couered were,
She saw his nether parts were like a fish with taile wryth'd round:
Who leaning to the nerest rocke, said thus with loud cleere sound.
Faire Mayd: I neither monster am nor cruell sauage beast:
But of the Sea a God, whose power and fauour is not least.
For neither Protew in the Sea, nor Tryton haue more might
Nor yet the sonne of Athamas that now Palæmon hight,
Yet once I was a mortall man. But you must know that I
Was giuen to Sea-workes, and in them me onely did apply.
For sometime I did draw the drag in which the fishes were,
And sometime sitting on the cliffes I angled here and there.
There butteth on a faire græne Mead a banke whereof tone halfe
Is cloak'd with Sea, the rest is clad with hearbs which neuer calfe,
Nor horned Ore, nor sely Shæpe, nor shakhaird Goat did feed,
The busie Bée did neuer there of flowers swæt smelling speed.
No gladsome garlonds euer there were gathered for the head.
No hand those flowers euer yet with hooked sythe did shread.
I was the first that euer set my foot vpon that plot.

Now

Now as I dryde my dropping netts, and layd abrode my lot,
To tell how many fishes had by chaunce to net been sent,
Or through their owne to light beleefe on bayted hooke been hent:
(The matter seemeth like a lye, but what auailes to lye?)
Assoone as that my pray had toucht the grasse, it by and by
Began to moue, and flask their finnes and swim vpon the dry,
As in the Sea. And as I pawsd and woundred at the sight,
My draught of fishes euerychone to Seaward tooke their flight,
And leaping from the shore, forsooke their new found maister quyght.
I was amazed at the thing: and standing long in doubt,
I sought the cause if any God had brought the same about,
Or els some iewce of hearbe. And as I so did musing stand,
What hearb (quoth I) hath such a power? and gathering with my hand
The grasse, I bote it with my tooth. My throat had scarcely yit
Well swallowed downe the vncouth iewce, when like an ague fit
I felt myne inwards sodainely to shake, and with the same,
A loue of other nature in my brest with violence came.
And long I could it not resist: but sayd deere land adew.
For neuer shall I haunt thee more. And with that word I threw
My body in the sea. The Gods thereof receiuing me,
Vouchsafed in their order me installed for to be.
Desiring old Oceanus and Thetis for their sake
The rest of my mortalitie away from me to take.
They hallowed mee, and hauing sayd nine times the holy rime
That purgeth all prophanesse cleane, they charged me that time
To put my brestbulk vnderneath a hundred streames. Anon
The Brookes from sundry coasts and all the Seas did ride vppon
My head. From whence as soone as I returned, by and by
I felt my selfe farre otherwise through all my limbes, than I
Had beene before. And in my mind I was another man.
Thus farre of all that me befell make iust report I can.
Thus farre I beare in mind. The rest my mind perceiued not.
Then first of all this hoarie greene gray grisild beard I got,
And this same bush of haire which all along the Seas I sweepe,
And these same mightie shoulders, and these grayish armes and feete
Confounded into finned fish. But what auayleth mee
This goodly shape, and of the Gods of Sea to loued bee?
Or for to be a God my selfe? if they delight not thee?

As he was speaking this, and still about to vtter more,
Dame Scylla him forsoke: whereat he wexing angry sore,
And being quickned with repulse: in rage he toke his way
To Circes, Titans daughters court which full of Monsters lay.

Finis Libri decimi tertij.

THE FOVRTEENTH BOOKE of Ouids Metamorphosis.

NOw had th'Ewboyan fisherman (who lately was becomme
A God of Sea, to dwell in Sea for ay,) already swomme
Past Aetna which vppon the face of Giant Tipholyes,
Togither with the pasture of the Cyclops, which defyes
Both plough and harrow, and by tames of Oxen sets no store:
And Zancle, and crackt Rhegion which stands a tother shore:
And eke the rough and shipwrecke sea which being hemmed in
With two mayne lands on either side, is as a bound betwin
The fruitfull Realmes of Italy and Scill. From that place
He cutting through the Tyrrhene sea with both his armes apace,
Arryued at the grassie hilles, and at the Palace hye
Of Circe Phœbus impe, which full of sundry beastes did lye.
When Glaucus in her presence came, and had her greeted, and
Receyued friendly welcomming and greeting at her hand.
He said: O Goddesse pittie me a God I thee desire.
Thou onely (if at least thou thinke me worthy so great hire)

Canst

Canst ease this loue of mine. No wight doth better know than I
The powre of hearbes, who late ago transformed was thereby.
And now to open vnto thee, of this my griefe the ground,
Vppon th' Italyan shore against Messenee walles I found
Faire Scylla. Shame it is to tell how scornefull she did take
The gentle words and promises and sute that I did make.
But if that any powre at all consist in charmes, then let
That sacred mouth of thine cast charmes: or if more force be set
In herbes to compasse things withall, then vse the hearbes that haue
Most strength in working. Neither thinke, I hither come to craue
A medecine for to heale my selfe and cure my wounded hart:
I force no end. I would haue her be partner of my smart.
But Circe (for no natures are more lightly set on fire
Than such as she is) (whither that the cause of this desire
Were onely in her selfe, or that Dame Venus bearing ay
In mind her fathers deede in once disclosing of her play,
Did stirre her hereunto) sayd thus. It were a better way
For thee to fancie such a one whose will and whole desire
Is bent to thine, and who is kindled with selfesame kind of fire.
Thou worthy art of sute to thee, and (credite mee) thou shouldst
Be woed indeed, if any hope of speeding giue thou wouldst.
And therefore doubt not. Onely of thy beautie lyking haue
Lo, I who am a Goddesse and the imp of Phœbus braue,
Who can so much by charmes, who can so much by herbes, do vow
My selfe to thee. If I disdaine, disdaine me also thow.
And if I yeeld, yeeld thou likewise: and in one onely deede
Auenge thy selfe of twaine. To her intreating thus to speede,
First trees shall grow (quoth Glaucus) in the sea, and rocke shall thriue
On toppes of hilles, ere I (as long as Scylla is aliue)
Do chaunge my loue. The Goddesse wext right wroth: and sith she could
Not hurt his person being falne in loue with him, ne would:
She spited her that was preferd before her, and vppon
Displeasure tane of this repulse, she went her way anon.
And wicked woordes of grisly ielwce togither she did bray,
And in the braying, witching charmes she ouer them did say.
And putting on a russet cloke, she passed through the rowt
Of sauage beastes that in her court came fawning round about.
And going vnto Rhegion cliffe which stands against the shore

Of Zancle, entred by and by the waters that do roze
With violent tydes, vppon the which she stood as on firme land,
And ran and neuer wet her fæt awhit. There was at hand
A little plash that bowed like a bow that standeth bent,
Where Scylla wonted was to rest herselfe, and thither went
From rage of Sea and Ayze, what time the Sunne amid the Skie
Is hottest making shaddowes shozt by mounting vpon hie.
This plash did Circe then infect against that Scylla came,
And with her poysons which had power most monstrous shapes to frame
Defyled it. She spzincled there the iewce of venymd wædes.
And thzice nine times with witching mouth she softly mumbling, rædes
A charme right darke of vncouth wozds. No sooner Scylla came
Within this plash, and to the waast had waded in the same,
But that she saw her hinderloynes with barking buggs atteint.
And at the first, not thinking with her body they were meynt
As parts thereof, she started backe and rated them. And soze
She was afrayd the eager curres should bite her. But the moze
She shunned them, the surer still she was to haue them there.
In sæking where her loynes, and thyghes, and fæte and ancles were:
Chappes like the chappes of Cerberus in stead of them she found.
Nought els was there then cruell curres from belly downe to ground.
So vnderneath misshapen loynes and wombe remayning sound,
Her mannish maskyes backs were aye within the water dzownd.
Her louer Glaucus wept thereat, and Circes bed refusde
That had so palling cruelly her herbes on Scylla vsde.
But Scylla in that place abode. And foz the hate she boze
To Circe ward, (as sone as mæt occasion serude therefoze)
She spoyld Vlysses of his mates. And shortly after, shee
Had also dzownde the Troiane Flæte, but that (as yet we sée)
She was transformde to Rocke which shipmen warely shonne.
When from this Rocke the Troiane Flæte by force of Oares had wonne,
And from Charybdis grædy gulfe: and were in manner ready
To haue arriude in Italy, the wind did rise so heady
As that it dzaue them backe vpon the Coast of Affricke. There
The Tyrian Queene (who afterward impaciently should beare
The going of this Troiane Prince away) did entertaine
Aeneas in her house, and was right glad of him and faine.
Vppon a pyle made vnderneath pretence of sacryfice

She

She goarde her selfe vpon a sword: and in most wofull wise
As she her selfe had been beguild: so she beguiled all.
Eftsoone Ænæas flying from the newly reered wall
Of Carthage, in that sandy land: retyred backe agen
To Sicill, where his faithfull friend Acestes raign'd. And when
He there had done his sacrifice, and kept an Obit at
His fathers tombe, he out of hand did mend his Gallyes that
Dame Iris, Iunos messenger had burned vp almost.
And sayling thence he kept his course aloofe along the Coast
Of Aeolye and of Vulcanes Iles the which of brimstone smoke.
And passing by the Mercmayds Rockes, (his Pilate by a stroke
Of tempest being drownd in Sea) he sayled by Prochite, and
Inarimee, and (which vpon a barraine hill doth stand)
The land of Ape Ile, which doth take that name of people slye
There dwelling. For the Syre of Gods abhorring vtterly
The leaudnesse of the Cecrops, and their wilfull periurie,
And eke their guilefull dealing, did transforme them euerychone
Into an euill fauored kind of beast: that being none
They might yet still resemble men. He knit in lesser space
Their members, and he beat me flat their noses to their face,
The which he filled furrow-like with wrincles euery where.
He clad their bodies ouer all with fallow coloured heare
And put them into this same Ile to dwell for euer there.
But first he did bereaue them of the vse of speech and toong,
Which they to cursed periury did vse both old and yoong.
To chatter hoarcely and to shrecke, to iabber, and to squeake,
He hath them left, and for to moppe and mowe, but not to speake.
Ænæas hauing past this Ile, and on his right hand left
The towne of Naples, and the tombe of Mysen on his left,
Together with the fenny grounds: at Cumye landed, and
Went vnto long-liude Sybils house, with whome he went in hand
That he to see his fathers Ghost might go by Auerne deepe.
She long vpon the earth in stownd her eyes did fixed keepe.
And at the length assoone as that the spright of prophesie
Was entred her, she raising them, did thus againe reply.
O most renowmed wight, of whom the godlinesse by fire
And valiantnesse is tryde by sword, great things thou dost require.
But feare not Troyane for thou shalt be Lord of thy desire.

To ſee the reuerend image of thy deere beloued ſyre,
Among the faire Elyſian fields where godly folke abyde,
And all the loweſt kingdomes of the world I will thee guide.
No way to vertue is reſtraind. This ſpoken, ſhe did ſhow
A golden bough that in the wood of Proſerpine did grow,
And willed him to pull it from the tree. He did obay:
And ſaw the power of dreadfull hell, and where his grandſire lay
And eke the aged Ghoſt of ſtout Anchiſes. Furthermore
He learnd the cuſtomes of the land arryu'd at late before,
And what aduentures ſhould by warre betyde him in that place.
From thence retyring vp againe a ſlow and weary pace,
He did aſſwage the tediouſneſſe by talking with his guide.
For as he in the twilight dim this dreadfull way did ride,
Hee ſayd: whether preſent thou thy ſelfe a Goddeſſe bee,
Or ſuch a one as God doth loue moſt dearely, I will thee
For euer as a Goddeſſe take, and will acknowledge mee
Thy ſeruant for ſafe guiding me the place of death to ſee,
And for thou from the place of death haſt brought me ſafe and free.
For which deſert, what time I ſhall attaine to open ayre,
I will a temple to thee build right ſumptuous, large and faire.
And honour thee with frankincence. The Prophetiſſe did caſt
Her eye vpon Æneas backe, and ſighing ſayd at laſt.
I am no Goddeſſe. Neither thinke thou canſt with conſcience right,
With holy incence honour giue to any mortall wight.
But to th'entent through ignorance thou erre not, I had beene
Eternall and of worldly life I ſhould none end haue ſeene,
If that I would my maydenhead on Phœbus haue beſtowd.
Howbeit while he ſtood in hope to haue the ſame, and trowd
To ouercome me with his gifts, thou mayd of Cumes (quoth he)
Chooſe what thou wilt, and of thy wiſh the owner thou ſhalt be.
I taking full my hand of duſt, and ſhewing it him there,
Deſired like a fole to liue as many yeares as were
Small graines of cinder in that heape. I quite forgot to craue
Immediatly, the race of all thoſe yeares in youth to haue.
Yet did he grant me alſo that, vpon condition I
Would let him haue my maydenhead, which thing I did deny.
And ſo reiecting Phœbus gift a ſingle life I led.
But now the bliſs full time of youth is altogether fled,

And

And lothsome age with trembling pace is stolne vpon my head.
Which long I must endure. For now already as you see
Seuen hundred yeares are come and gone, and that the number bee
Full matched of the graines of dust, three hundred harueists mo
I must three hundred vintages see more before I go.
The day will come that length of time shall make my body small,
And little of my withered limbes shall leaue, or naught all.
And none shall thinke that euer God was tane in loue with me.
Euen out of Phœbus knowledge then perchance I growen shall be.
Or at the least that euer he me lou'd he shall denye.
So sore I shall be altered. And then shall no mans eye
Discerne me. Onely by my voyce I shall be knowen. For why,
The fates shall leaue me still my voyce for folke to know me by.
As Sybill in the vaulted way such talke as this did frame,
The Troiane knight Aenæas vp at Cumes fro Limbo came.
And hauing done the sacrifice accustomde for the same,
He take his iourney to the coast which had not yet the name
Receiued of his nurce. In this same place he found a mate
Of wise Vlysses Macare of Neritus, who late
Before had after all his long and tedious toyles, there stayd.
He spying Achemenides (whom late ago afrayd,
They had among mount Aetnas Cliffes abandond when they fled
From Polypheme:) and wondring for to see he was not dead,
Sayd thus: O Achemenides, what chance? or rather what
God God hath saude the life of thee? What is the reason that
A barbrous ship beares thee a Greeke? or whither sayleft thou?
To him thus, Achemenides his owne man freely now
And not forgrowen as one forlorne, nor clad in bristled hide,
Made answere. Yet againe I would I should in perill bide
Of Polypheme, and that I might those chappes of his behold
Besmeared with the blod of men, but if that I do hold
This ship more deere than all the Realme of wise Vlisses, or
If lesser of Anæas I do make account than for
My father. Neither (though I did as much as done might be,)
I could enough be thankfull for his goodnesse towards me.
That I still speake and breath, that I the Sunne and Heauen do see:
Is his gift. Can I thankelesse than or mindlesse of him bee?
That down the round-eyde Cyants throat this soule of mine went not?

And that from henceforth when to dye it euer be my lot
I may be layd in graue, or sure not in the Gyants maw?
What heart had I that time (at least if feare did not withdraw
Both heart and sence) when left behind, you taking ship I saw?
I would haue called after you, but that I was affrayd
By making out-cry to my foe my selfe to haue bewrayd.
For euen the noyse that you did make did put Vlysses ship
In danger. I did see him from a cragged mountaine strip
A mighty rocke, and into sea it throw mid way and more.
Againe I saw his Gyants paw throw howge big stones great store
As if it were a sling. And sore I feared least your ship
Should drowned by the water be that from the stones did skip,
Or by the stones themselues, as if my selfe had been therein.
But when that flight had saued you from death, he did begin
On Aetna sighing vp and downe to walke: and with his pawes
Went groping of the trees among the woods. And for because
He could not see, he knockt his shinnes against the rockes each where.
And stretching out his grisly armes (which all begrimed were
With baken blood) to seaward, he the Greekish nation band,
And sayd: O, if that some good chance might bring vnto my hand,
Vlysses, or some mate of his, on whom to wreake mine yre.
Vpon whose bowels with my teeth I like a Hawke might tyre:
Whose liuing members might with these my talants teared been.
Whose blood might bubble downe my throat: whose flesh might pant be-
My iawes: how light or non at all this losing of mine eye (tween
Would se me? These words and many moe the cruell fiend did cry.
A shuddring horror pierced me to see his smudged face,
And cruell hands, and in his front the fowle round eyelesse place,
And monstrous members, and his beard besloubred with the blood
Of man. Before mine eyes then death the smallest sorrow stood.
I looked euery minute to be seazed in his paw.
I looked euer when he should haue cram'd me in his maw.
And in my mind I of that time me thought the image saw
When hauing ding'd a dozen of our fellows to the ground
And lying like a Lyon fierce, or hunger starued hound
Vpon them, very eagerly he downe his greedy gut
Their bowels and their limbes yet more then halfe aliue did put,
And with the flesh together crasht the bones and marée white.

I trembling like an aspen leafe stood sad and bloodlesse quite.
Ano in beholding how he fed and belked vp againe
His bloody vittels at his mouth, and vttred out amaine
The clottred gobbets mixt with wine, I thus surmizde: like lot
Hangs ouer my head now, and I must also go to pot.
And hyding me so many dayes, and quaking horribly
At euery noyse and dreading death, and wishing for to dye,
Appeasing hunger with the leaues of trees, and hearbs and mast,
Alone, and poore, and fatlesse, and to death and pennance cast,
A long time after I espyde this shippe a farre at last,
And running downeward to the Sea by signes did succour seeke.
Where finding grace, this Troiane ship receiued me a Greeke.
But now I pray thee gentle friend declare thou vnto mee
Thy Captaines and thy fellowes lucke that toke the sea with thee.
He told him how that Aeolus the sonne of Hyppot, hee
That keepes the wind in prison close did raigne in Tuskane sea.
And how Vlysses hauing at his hand a noble gift
The wind enclosde in leather bags, did sayle with prosperous drift
Nine dates together: insomuch they came within the sight
Of home: but on the tenth day when the morning gan giue light,
His fellows being somewhat toucht with couetousnesse and spight,
Supposing that it had beene gold did let the winds out quight.
The which returning whence they came, did driue them backe amaine
That in the realme of Aeolus they went a land againe.
From thence (quoth he) we came vnto the ancient Lamyes towne
Of which the fierce Antiphates that season ware the crowne.
A couple of my mates and I were sent vnto him: and
A mate of mine and I could scarce by flight escape his hand.
The third of vs did with his blod embrue the wicked face
Of leand Antiphate, who with sword vs flying thence did chace,
And following after with a rowt threw stones and logs which drowned
Both men and ships. Howbeit one by chance escaped sound,
Which bare Vlysses and my selfe. So hauing lost most part
Of all our deere companions, we with sad and sory heart
And much complayning, did arriue at yonder coast which yow
May ken farre hence. A great way hence (I say) we set it now
But trust me truely, ouer neere I saw it once. And thow
Æneas Goddesse Venus sonne, the iustest knight of all

The

The Troyane race (for sith the warre is done, I cannot call
Thée foe) I warne thée get thée farre from Circes dwelling place.
For when our ships arriued there, remembring eft the case
Of cruell King Antiphates, and of that hellish wight
The round eyed Gyant Polypheme, we had so small delight
To visit vncouth places, that we said we would not go.
Then cast we lots: The lot fell out vpon my selfe as tho,
And Polyte, and Eurylocus, and on Elpenor who
Delighted too too much in wine, and eightéene other mo.
All we did goe to Circes house. Assoone as we came thither
And in the Portall of the hall had set our feet togither;
A thousand Lyons, Wolues, and Beares, did put vs in a feare
By méeting vs. But none of them was to be feared there.
For none of them could do vs harme. But with a gentle looke
And sollowing vs with fawning feet their wanton tailes they shooke.
Anon did Damzels welcome vs, and led vs through the Hall
(The which was made of Marble stone, flowre, arches, roofe, and wall)
To Circe. She sate vnderneath a trauerse in a chaire
Aloft right rich and stately, in a Chamber large and faire.
She ware a goodly long-traind gowne: and all her rest attyre
Was euery whit of goldsmiths worke. There sate me also by her
The Sea-nymphs, and her Ladies whose fine fingers neuer knew
What toozing wooll did meane, nor thréed from whorled spindle drew.
They sorted hearbs, and picking out the flowers that were mixt,
Did put them into maunds, and with indifferent space betwixt,
Did lay the leaues and stalkes on heapes according to their hew.
And she her selfe the worke of them did ouersée and vew.
The vertue and the vse of them right perfectly she knew,
And in what lease it lay, and which in mixture would agrée.
And so perusing euery hearbe by good aduisement, shée
Did weigh them out. Assoone as she vs entring in did sée,
And gréeting had both giuen and tane, she looked chéerefully,
And granting all that we desirde, commanded by and by
A certaine potion to be made of Barly parched drye
And wine and honie mixt with chéese, and with the same she slye
Had meynt the iewce of certaine hearbs which vnespyde did lye
By reason of the swéetnesse of the drinke. We tooke the cup
Deliuered by her wicked hand, and quaft it clearely vp

With

With thirstie throats. Which done, and that the cursed Witch had smit
Our highest haire-tips with her wand, (it is a shame, but yit
I will declare the truth) I wext all rough with bristled heare,
And could not make complaint with words. In stead of speech I there
Did make a rawghtish grunting, and with groueling face gan beare
My visage downeward to the ground. I felt a hooked groyne
To weren hard vpon my mouth, and brawned necke, to ioyne
My head and shoulders. And the hands with which I late ago
Had taken vp the charmed cup, were turnd to fat as tho.
Such force there is in sorcery. In fine with other mo
That tasted of the selfesame sawce, they shet me in a stie.
From this mishap Furilochus alonely scapt. For why,
He onely would not tast the cup. Which had he not fled from,
He should haue borne a bristled beast as well as we. And so
Should none haue borne Vlysses word of our misthance, nor he
Haue come to Circe to reuenge our harmes and set vs free,
The peace-procurer Mercurie had giuen to him a whyght
Faire Flowre whose rote is blacke, and of the Gods it Moly hyght.
Allurde by this and heauenly hests, he entred Circes bowre,
And being bidden for to drinke the cup of balefull powre,
As Circe was about to stroke her wand vpon his heare,
He thrust her backe, and put her with his naked sword in feare.
Then fell they to agrement straight and faith in hand was plight.
And being made her bedfellow, he claymed as in right
Of Dowry, for to haue his men againe in former plight.
She sprinckled vs with better iewce of vncouth hearbs, and strake
The hawke end of her charmed rod vpon our heads, and spake
Words to the former contrary. The more she charmde, the more
Arose we vpward from the ground on which we daarde before.
Our bristles fell away, the clift our clouen clas forsoke.
Our shoulders did returne againe: and next our elbowes toke
Our armes and hands their former place. Then weeping we embrace
Our Lord, and hing about his necke who also wept apace.
And not a word we rather spake than such as might appeare
From hearts most thankfull to proceed. We tarryed there a yeare.
I in that while saw many things, and many things did heare.
I marked also this one thing, with store of other geare
Which one of Circes foure chefe mayds (whose office was allway

Vppon.

Vpon ſuch hallowes to attend) did ſecretly bewray
To me. For in the while my Lord with Circe kept alone,
This mayd a yong mans image ſhewd of faire white marble ſtone
Within a Chauncell. On the head thereof were gaillands ſtore
And eke a woodſpecke. And as I demanded her wherefore
And who it was they honord ſo in holy Church, and why
He bare that bird vpon his head: She anſwering by and by
Said: Learne hereby, Sir Macaree to vnderſtand the powre
My Lady hath, and marke thou well what I ſhall ſay this howre.
There raind erewhile in Italy one Picus *Saturnes* ſonne,
Who loued warlike horſe and had delight to ſee them ronne.
He was of feature as ye ſee. And by this image here,
The very beauty of the man doth liuelily appeere.
His courage matcht his perſonage. And ſcarcely had he well
Seene twenty yeares. His countnance did allure the nymphs that dwell
Among the Latian hills. The nymphs of fountaines and of brookes,
As thoſe that haunted *Albula, were rauiſht with his lookes: *Now called
And ſo were they that Numicke beares, & Anio too, & Alme Tyber.
That runneth ſhort: and heady Nar, and Farfar cole and calme.
And all the nymphs that vſe to haunt Dianas ſhady pole,
Or any Lakes or Peeres nere hand, or other waters cole.
But he diſdaining all the reſt, did ſet his loue vpon
A Lady whome Venilia bare (ſo Fame reporteth) on
The ſtately mountaine Palatine by Ianus that doth beare
The double face. Allone as that her yeares for marriage were
Thought able, ſhe preferring him before all other men,
Was wedded to this Picus who was king of Laurents then.
She was in beauty excellent. But yet in ſinging, much
More excellent: and there vpon they namde her Singer. Such
The ſweetneſſe of her muſicke was, that ſhe therewith delights
The ſauage beaſts, and cauſed birds to ceaſe their wandring flights,
And moued ſtones and trees, and made the running ſtreames to ſtay.
Now while that ſhe in womans tune records her pleaſant lay
At home, her huſband rode abroad vpon a luſty horſe
To hunt the Boare, and bare in hand two hunting ſtaues of force.
His cloake was Crymzen buttned with a golden button faſt.
Into the ſelfeſame Forreſt eke was Phœbus daughter paſt
From thoſe ſame fields that of her ſelfe the name of Circe bere,

To

To gather vncowth herbes among the fruitefull hillocks there.
Assone as lurking in the shrubbes she did the king espye,
She was astraught Down fel her herbes to ground. And by and by
Through all her bones the flame of loue the mare gan to frye.
And when the from this forced heate had cald her wits agen,
She purposde to bewray her minde. But vnto him as then
She could not come for swiftnesse of his horse and for his men
That garded him on euery side. Yet shalt thou not (quoth she)
So shift thee from my hands, although the wind should carry thee,
If I do know my selfe: If all the strength of herbes faile not:
Or if I haue not quight and cleane my charmes and spels forgot.
In saying these same words, she made the likenesse of a Boare
Without a body: causing it to swiftly passe before
King Picus eyes, and for to seeme to get him to the wood,
Where for the thicknesse of the trees a horse might do no good.
Immediately the king vnwares a hot pursute did make
Upon the shaddow of his pray, and quickly did forsake
His foming horses sweating back: and following vaine wan hope,
Did run afoote among the woods, and through the bushes crope.
Then Circe fell a mumbling spels, and praying like a Witch
Did honour strange and vncouth Gods with vncouth charmes, by which
She woe to make the Mone loke darke, and wrappe her fathers head
In watry clouds. And then likewise the heauen was ouerspred
With darkenesse, and a foggy mist steamd vpward from the ground,
And neare a man about the king to gard him could be found,
But euery man in kind by-wayes ran scattering in the chace
Through her inchauntments. At the length she getting time and place,
Sayd By those light some eyes of thine which late haue rauisht myne,
And by that goodly personage and louely face of thyne,
The which compelleth me that am a Goddesse to enclyne
To make this humble sute to thee that art a mortall wyght,
Asswage my flame, and make this Sunne (who by his heauenly syght
Foresees all things) thy fatherinlaw: and hardly hold not scorne
Of Circe, who by long discent of Titans stocke am borne.
Thus much sayd Circe. He right fierce reiecting her requeste,
And her, sayd: whoso ere thou art go set thy heart at reste.
I am not thine, nor will not be. Another holds my hart:
And long God graunt she may it hold, that I may neuer start

To

To leawdnesse of a forraine lust from bond of lawfull bed,
As long as Ianus daughter my swéete singer is not dead.
Dame Circe hating oft renewd her suite in vaine before,
Sayd: Dearely shalt thou buy thy scorne: For neuer shalt thou more
Returne to Singer. Thou shalt learne by proofe what one can do
That is prouoked, and in loue, yea and a woman too.
But Circe is both fired to wrath, and also tane in loue,
Yea, and a woman. Twice her face to westward she did moue,
And twice to Eastward. Thrice she layd her rod vppon his head,
And therewithall thrée charmes she cast. Away king Picus fled.
And wondring that he fled more swift then erst he had béene wont,
He saw the feathers on his skin, and at the sudden brunt
Became a bird that haunts the woods. Whereat he taking spyght,
With angry bill did iob vppon hard Okes with all his might,
And in his mode made hollow holes vppon their boughes. The hew
Of Crimzen which was in his cloke, vppon his fethers grew.
The Gold that was a claspe and did his cloke together hold,
Is fethers, and about his neck goes circlewise like gold.
His seruants looking in that while oft ouer all the ground
In vaine, and finding no where of their king no inckling, found
Dame Circe. (For by that time she had made the ayre cléere,
And suffred both the Sunne and winds the mystie stormes to cléere)
And charging her with matter trew, demanded for the king,
And offring force, began their darts and Ianelings for to fling.
She sprinkling noysome venim streight and iewce of poysoning might,
Did call togither Eribus and Chaos, and the night,
And all the Fiends of darkenesse, and with howling out along
Made prayers vnto Hecate. Scarce ended was her song,
But that (a wondrous thing to tell) the woods lept from their place:
The ground did groane: the trées nére hand lokt pale in all the chace:
The grasse besprent with drops of blod lookt red: the stones did séeme
To weare and bellow horce: and dogs to howle and rage extréeme:
And all the ground to crawle with snakes black scaald: and gastly sprights
Fly whisking vp and downe. The folke were slaighted at these sights.
And as they wondring stood amazde, she stroke her witching wand
Vppon their faces. At the touch whereof, there out of hand
Came wondrous shapes of sauage brasts vppon them all. Not one
Reteyned still his native shape. The setting Sunne was gone

Beyond

Beyond the vtmoſt coaſt of Spaine, and Singer long in vaine
To ſee her huſband. Both her folke and people ran againe
Through all the woods. And euer as they went, they ſent their eyes
Before them for to find him out, but no man him eſpyes.
Then Singer thought it not ynough to weepe and teare her haire,
And beat herſelfe (all which ſhe did.) She gate abroad and there
Raundgd ouer all the brode wide fields like one beſides her wits.
Fiue nights and full as many dayes (as fortune led by fits)
She ſtrayd me ouer hilles and dales, and neuer taſted reſt,
Nor meate, nor drinke of all the while. The ſeuenth day ſore oppreſt
And tyred both with trauell and with ſorrow, downe ſhe ſate
Vppon colde Tybers bank, and there with teares in mourning rate
She warbling on her griefe in tune, not ſhirle nor ouer hie
Did make her moane, as doth the Swan: who ready for to dye
Doth ſing his buriall ſong before. Her matee molt at laſt
With mourning, and ſhe pinde away: and finally ſhe paſt
To lither ayre. But yet her fame remained in the place.
For why the anncient huſbandmen according to the caſe,
Did name it Singer of the Nymph that dyed in the ſame.
Of ſuch as theſe are, many things that yeare by fortune came
Both to my hearing and my ſight. We wering reſty then
And ſlugs by diſcontinuance, were commanded yet agen
To go aboard and hoyſe vp ſayles. And Circe told vs all
That long and doubtfull paſſage and rough ſeas ſhould vs befall.
I promis thee thoſe words of hers me throughly made afrayd:
And therefore hither I me gate, and here I haue me ſtayd.
This was the end of Macars tale. And ere long time was gone,
Aeneas Nurce was burryed in a tombe of Marble ſtone,
And this ſhort verſe was ſet thereon. In this ſame very place
My Nurce-child whom the world doth know to be a child of grace:
Deliuering me Caieta quicke from burning by the Grayes,
Hath burnt me dead with ſuch a fire as iuſtly winnes him prayſe.
Their Cables from the graſſie ſtrond were looſde, and by and by
From Circes ſlaunderous houſe and from her treaſons farre they fly.
And making to the thicke growne groues where through the yellow dulk.
The ſhady Tyber into ſea his guſhing ſtreame doth thruſt,
Aeneas got the Realme of king Latinus Fawnus ſonne:
And eke his daughter, whom in fight by force of Armes he wonne.

He

He enterpryseth warre against a Nation fierce and strong.
And Turne was wroth for holding of his wife away by wrong.
Against the shire of Latium met all Tyrrheny, and long
With busie care hawlt victorie by force of Armes was sought.
Ech partie to augment their force by forraine succour wrought.
And many sent the Rutulis helpe, and many came to ayd
The Troianes: neither was the good Aeneas till apayd
Of going to Euanders towne. But Venulus in haste
To outcast Diomeds citie went his succour to obtaine.
This Diomed vnder Dawnus King of Calabrye did found
A mightie towne, and with his wife in boldrie hild the ground.
Now when from Turnus, Venulus his message had declaard,
Desyring helpe: Th' Aetolian Knight sayd none could well be spaard.
And in excuse, he told him how he neither durst be bold
To presse his fathers folke to warre of whom he had no hold,
Nor any of his countreymen had left as then alive
To arme, And least ye thinke (quoth he) I do a shift contrive,
Although by vppening of the thing my bitter griefe reuiue
I will abide to make a new rehearsall. After that
The Grækes had burned Troy and on the ground had layd it flat,
And that the Prince of Narix by his rauishing of the Mayd
In Pallas temple, on vs all the pennance had displayd
Which he himselfe deserud alone: Then scattred here and there
And harryed ouer all the seas, we Grækes were faine to beare
Night, thunder, tempest, wrath of heauen and sea, and last of all
Sore shipwrecke at mount Capharey to mend our harmes withall.
And least that me to make too long a processe ye might dæme
In setting forth our heauy happes, the Grækes might that time sæme
Right rewfull euen to Priamus. Howbeit Minerua she
That weareth armour, toke me from the waues and saued me.
But from my fathers Realme againe by violence I was driuen.
For Venus bearing still in mind the wound I had her giuen
Long time before, did worke reuenge By meanes whereof such toyle
Did tosse me on the sea, and on the land I found such broyle
By warres, that in my heart I thought them blist of God whom erst
The violence of the raging sea and hideous winds had perst,
And whom the wrathfull Capharey by shipwrecke did confound
Oft wishing also I had there among the rest bene drowned.

My company now hauing felt the worſt that feare or warre
Could worke, did faint, and wiſht an end of straying out ſo farre.
But Agmon hot of nature and to fierce through ſlaughters made,
Said. What remaineth ſirs through which our patience cannot wade?
What further ſpight hath Venus yet to worke againſt vs more?
When worſe miſfortunes may be feard than haue beene felt before,
Then prayer may aduantage men, and vowing may them bote,
But when the worſt is paſt of things, then feare is vnder foote.
And when that bale is highest growne, then bote muſt next enſew.
Although ſhe heare me and do hate vs all (which thing is trew)
That ſerue here vnder Diomed: Yet ſet we light her hate.
And dearely it ſhould ſtand vs on to purcaſe high eſtate.
With ſuch ſtowt words did Agmon ſtirre Dame Venus vnto ire,
And raiſde againe her ſettled grudge. Not many had deſire
To heare him talke thus out of square: the moſt of vs that are
His friends, rebukt him for his words. And as he did prepare
To anſwere, both his voyce and throat by which his voyce ſhould go,
Were ſmall: his haire to feathers turnde: his necke was clad as tho
With feathers: ſo was breſt and backe. The greater feathers ſtack
Vppon his armes: and into wings his elbowes bowed backe.
The greateſt portion of his feete was turned into toes.
A hardned bill of horne did grow vppon his mouth and noze,
And sharpened at the nether end. His fellowes Ilcus, Ide,
Rethenor, Nyctand Abas all ſtood wondring by his ſide.
And as they wondred, they receiude the ſelfe ſame ſhape and hew.
And finally the greater part of all my band vp flew,
And clapping with their new made wings, about the Ores did gird.
And if ye do demaund the ſhape of this ſame doubtfull bird,
Euen as they be not very Swans: ſo draw they very neare *The Elk.*
The ſhape of Signets white. With much a do I ſettled heare,
And with a little remnant of my people do obtaine
The dry grounds of my father in law, King Dawnus who did raigne
In Calabry. Thus much the ſonne of Oeneſaid. Anon
Sir Venules returning from the King of Calydon,
Forſooke the coaſt of Puteoll and the fields of Meſſapie
In which he ſaw a darkeſome dern forgrowne with buſhies hie,
And watred with a little ſpring. The halfegoate Pan that holde
Poſſeſſed it: but heretofore it was the Fairies holde.

A shepheard of Appulia from that countrey scaard them furst,
But afterward recouering heart and hardinesse they durst
Despise them when he chased them, and with their nimble feete
Continued on their dauncing still in time and measure meete,
The shepheard found no fault with them: and with his lowtlike leapes
Did counterfeit their minion daunce, and rapped out by heapes
A rabble of vnlauerie taunts euen like a countrey cloyne,
To which most leawd and filthy tearmes of purpose he did ioyne.
And after he had once begon, he could not hold his tong,
Untill that in the timber of a tree his throat was clong.
For now he is a tree, and by his lewee discerne ye may
His manners. For the Dyke wild doth sencibly bewray
By Berries full of bitternesse his rayling tong. For ay
The harshnesse of his bitter words the berryes beare away.
Now when the Kings Ambassadour returned home without
The succour of th' Aetolian Prince, the Rutils being stout
Made luckiesse warre without their helpe: and much on either side
Was shed of blood. Behold King Turne made burning brands to glide
Upon their shippes, and they that had escaped water, stood
In feare of fire. The flame had sindgd the pitch, the ware and wood.
And other things that nourish fire, and running vp the masse
Caught hold vpon the sayles, and all the tackling gan to wasse,
The Rowers seates did also smoke: when calling to her mind
That these same ships were Pinetrees erst and shaken with the wind
On Ida mount, the mother of the Gods Dame Cybell fill'd
The ayre with sound of belles, and noyse of shalmes. And as she hil'd
The reynes that rulde the Lyons taune which drew her chariot, she
Sayd thus. O Turnus all in vaine these wicked hands of thee
Do cast this fire. For by my selfe disponted it shall bee.
I will not let the wasting fire consume these ships which are
A parcell of my forrest Ide of which I am most chare.
It thundred as the Goddesse spake, and with the thundring came
A storme of raine and skipping hayle. And sudden with the same
The sonnes of Astrea marting fierce and fighting very sore,
Did trouble both the Sea and Ayre, and set them in a roare.
Dame Cybell vsing one of them to serue her turne that tyde,
Did breake the Cables at the which the Troiane ships did ride,
And bare them prone and vnderneath the water did them driue,

The

The timber of them softning turnde to bodyes streight aliue.
The stemmes were turnd to heads, the ozes to swimming fete and toes,
The sides to ribbes, the kele that through the middle Galley goes
Became the ridgebone of the backe, the sayles and tackling, haire:
And into armes on either side the sayleyards turned were.
Their hew is duskie as before, and now in shape of mayde
They play among the waues of which euen now they were afrayd.
And being Sea-nymphes, whereas they were bred in mountaines hard,
They haunt for ay the water soft, and neuer afterward
Had minde to see their native soyle. But yet forgetting not
How many perils they had felt on sea by luckelesse lot,
They often put their helping hand to ships distrest by wind,
Unlesse that any carryed Greekes. For bearing still in mind
The burning of the Towne of Troy they hate the Greekes by kind,
And therefore of Vlisses shippes right glad they were to see
The shiuers. And as glad they were as any glad might bee,
To see Alcinous ships wer hard and turned into stone.
These ships thus hauing gotten life, and being turnd eche one
To Nymphes, a body would haue thought the miracle so great
Should into Turnus wicked heart some godly feare haue beate,
And made him cease his wilfull warre. But he did still persist.
And either party had their Gods their quarrell to assist,
And courage also: which as good as Gods might well be thought.
In fyne they neither for the Realme nor for the scepter sought,
Nor for the Lady Lauine: but for conquest. And for shame
To seeme to shrinke in leauing warre, they still prolongd the same.
At length Dame Venus saw her sonne obtaine the vpper hand
King Turnus fell, and eke the towne of Ardea which did stand
Right strong in high estate as long as Turnus liued. But
Allone as that Aeneas swoord to death had Turnus put
The towne was set on fire: and from amid the embers flew
A fowle which till that present time no person euer knew,
And beate the Ashes fiercely vp with flapping of his wing.
The leanesse, paleness, dolefull sound, and euery other thing
That may expresse a citie sackt, yea, and the Citties name
Remained still vnto the bird. And now the very same
With Herneselues feathers doth bewayle the towne whereof it came.
And now Aeneas prowesse had compelled all the Gods

And Iuno also (who with him was most of all at oddes)
To cease their old displeasure quight. And now he having layd
Good ground whereon the growing wealth of Italy might be stayd,
Was ripe for heaven. And Venus had great sute already made
To all the Gods. And clasping Ioue did thus with him perswade.
Deare father who hast neuer beene vncourteous vnto mee,
Now shew the greatest curtesie (I pray thee) that may bee.
And on my sonne Aeneas (who a graundchild vnto thee
Hath got of my blood, if thou wilt vouchsafe him ought at all)
Vouchsafe some Godhead to bestow, although it be but small.
It is ynough that once he hath already seene the Realme
Of Pluto, vtter pleasurelesse, and passed Styxus streame.
The Gods assented: neither did Queene Iuno then appeare
In countnance strange, but did consent with glad and merry cheare.
Then Ioue. Aeneas worthy is a saint in heauen to bee.
Thy wish for whom thou dost it wish I graunt it franke and free.
This graunt of his made Venus glad. She thankt him for the same.
And glyding through the ayre vpon her yoaked Doues she came
To Lawrent shore, where clad with reede the Riuer Numicke deepe
To seaward (which is neere at hand) with stealing pace doth creepe.
She bade this Riuer wash away what euer mortall were
In good Aeneas body, and them vnder sea to beare.
The horned broke fulfild her hest, and with his water cleere
Did purge and cleanze Aeneas from his mortall body cleare.
The better portion of him did remaine vnto him sound
His mother having hallowed him did noint his body round
With heauenly odours, and did touch his mouth with ambrosie
The which was mixt with Nectar sweet, and made him byand by
A God, to whom the Romanes giue the name of Indiges,
Endeuoring with their temples and their Altars him to please.
Ascanius with the double name from thence began to raigne,
In whom the rule of Alba and of Latium did remaine.
Next him succeeded Siluius, whose sonne Lasinus hild
The auncient name and Scepter which his Graundsire erst did wield.
The famous Epit after this Latinus did succeed.
Then Capys and King Capetus. But Capys was in deed
The foremost of the two. From this the Scepter of the Realme
Descended vnto Tyberyne, who drowning in the streame

Of

Of Tyber left that name thereto. This Tyberine begat
Fierce Remulus and Acrota. By chance it happned that
The elder brother Remulus for counterfeyting oft
The thunder, with a thunderbolt was killed from aloft.
From Acrota whose stayednesse did passe his brothers skill,
The Crowne did come to Auentine, who in the selfesame hill
In which he reyned buried lyes, and left thereto his name.
The rule of nation Palatine at length to Procra came.
In this kings raign* Pomona liu'd. There was not to be found *It may be interpreted Applebee.
Among the Wodnymphs any one in all the Latian ground
That was so cunning for to keepe an Orcyard as was shee,
Nor none so painfull to preserue the fruit of euery tree.
And therevpon she had her name. She past not for the woods
Nor Riuers: but the Villages and boughes that bare both buddes
And plenteous fruit. In stead of dart a shedding hooke she bare,
With which the ouer-lusty boughs she eft away did pare
That spreaded out too farre, and eft did make therewith a rift
To greffe another ympe vpon the stocke within the clift.
And least her trees should dye through drought, with water of the springs
She moysteth of their sucking rots the little crumpled strings.
This was her loue and whole delight. And as for Venus deeds,
She had no mind at all of them. And for because she dreeds
Enforcement by the country folke, she wald her yards about,
Not suffring any man at all to enter in or out.
What haue not those same nimble lads so apt to friske and daunce
The Satyrs done? or what the Pannes that wantonly do praunce
With horned foreheads? and the old Sylenus who is ay
More youthfull than his yeares: and eke the fiend that scares away
The theeues and robbers with his hooke, or with his priuie part?
To winne her loue? But yet than these a farre more constant hart
Had sly *Vertumnus, though he sped no better than the rest. *Turner.
O Lord, how often being in a Moawers garment dreest,
Bare he in bundels sheaues of corne? and when he so was dight,
He was the very patterne of a haruest moawer right.
Oft bynding new made hay about his temples he might seeme
A haymaker. Oft times in hand made hard with worke extreame
He bare a goad, that men would sweare he had but newly then
Vnyoakt his weary Oxen. Had he tane in hand agen

A shed ding hooke, ye would haue thought he had a Gardener beene,
Or proyner of some viues. Or had you him with ladder seene
Upon his necke, a gatherer of fruit ye would him deeme.
With sword a souldior, with his rod an Angler he did seeme.
And finally in many shapes he sought to find accesse
To ioy the beauty but by sight that did his heart oppresse.
Moreouer putting on his head a womans wimple gay,
And staying by a staffe, gray haires he forth to sight did lay
Upon his forehead, and did faine a Beldame for to bee:
By meanes whereof he came within her goodly orchards free.
And wondring at the fruit. Said: Much more skill hast thou I see
Than all the Nymphs of Albula. Haile, Lady mine: the flowre
Unspotted of pure Maydenhood in all the world this howre.
And with that word he kissed her a little: but his kisse
Was such as true old women would haue neuer giuen ywis.
Then sitting downe vpon a banke, he looked vpward at
The branches bent with haruests weight. Against him where he sat
A goodly Elme with glistring Grapes did grow: which after hee
Had praised, and the vine, like wise that ran vpon the tree,
But if (quoth he) this Elme without the vine did single stand,
It should haue nothing (sauing leaues) to be desired: and
Againe if that the vine which runs vpon the Elme had nat
The tree to leane vnto, it should vpon the ground lye flat.
Yet art not thou admonisht by example of this tree
To take a husband, neither dost thou passe to marryed bee.
But would to God thou wouldest. Sure Queene Helen neuer had
So suters, nor the Lady that did cause the battell mad
Betweene the halfe-bruite Centawres and the Lapythes, nor the wife
Of bold Vlysses, who was eke aye fearefull of his life,
Than thou thouldst haue. For thousands now (euē now most chiefly whē
Thou seemest suters to abhorre) desire thee both of men,
And Gods and Halfe-gods, yea and all the Fayries that do dwell
In Alban hilles. But if thou wilt be wise, and minde it well
To match thy selfe, and wilt giue eare to this old woman heere,
(To whom thou more than to them all art (truste me) leefe and deere,
And more than thou thy selfe beleu'st) the common matches flee,
And chose Vertumnus to thy make. And take thou me to bee.
His pledge. For more he to himselfe not knowen is, than to mee.

He

He roues not like a runnagate through all the world abroad,
This country hereabout (the which is large) is his abode.
He doth not (like a number of these common woers) cast
His loue to euery one he sees. Thou art the first and last
That euer he set mind vpon. Alonely vnto thee
He vowes himselfe as long as life doth last. Moreouer hee
Is youthfull, and with beauty shene endued by natures gift,
And aptly into any shape his person he can shift.
Thou canst not bid him be ỳ thing (though all things thou shouldst name)
But that he fitly and with ease will streight become the same.
Besides all this, in all one thing both twaine of you delight,
And of the fruits that you loue best the firstlings are his right:
And gladly he receiues thy gifts. But neither couets hee
Thy Apples, Plums, nor other fruits new gathered from the tree,
Nor yet the hearbs of pleasant cent that in thy Gardines bee:
Nor any other kind of thing in all the world but thee.
Haue mercy on his feruent loue: and thinke himselfe to craue
Here present by the mouth of me, the thing that he would haue.
And feare the God that may reuenge: as Venus who doth hate
Hard hearted folkes, and Rhamnuse who doth either sone or late
Expresse her wrath with mindfull wreake. And to th'intent thou may
The more beware, of many things which time by long delay
Hath taught me, I will show thee one which ouer all the land
Of Cyprus, blazed is abroad, which being rightly skand
May easily bow thy hardned heart and make it for to yild.
One Iphis borne of low degree, by Fortune had beheld
The Lady Anaxaretee, descended of the race
Of Teucer, and in viewing her, the fire of loue apace
Did spred it selfe through all his bones. With which he striuing long,
When reason could not conquer rage because it was too strong,
Came humbly to the Ladies house: and one while laying ope
His wretched loue before her nurce, besought her by the hope
Of Lady Anaxaretee her nurce-childs good successe,
She would not be against him in that case of his distresse.
Another while entreating faire some friend of hers, he prayd
Him earnestly with carefull voyce, of furtherance and of ayd.
Oft times he did preferre his sute by gentle letters sent,
Oft garlonds moysted with the deaw of teares that from him went

He hanged on her posts. Oft times his tender sides he layd
Against the threshold hard, and oft in sadnesse did vphrayd
The locke with much vngentlenesse. The Lady cruellier
Than are the rysing narrow seas, or falling kids, and farre
More hard than steele of Noricum, and than the stony Rocke
That in the Quarry hath his rote, did him dispise and mocke.
Beside her doings mercilesse of stately nesse and spight
She adding proud and scornefull words defrauds the wretched wyght
Of very hope. But Iphis now vnable any more
To beare the torment of his griefe still standing there before
Her gate, spake these his latest words: Well Anaxaretee,
Thou hast the vpper hand. Henceforth thou shalt not need to be
Agrieued any more with me. Go tryumph hardely:
Go vaunt thy selfe with ioy: go sing the song of victory:
Go put a crowne of glittering bay vpon thy cruell head.
For why thou hast the vpper hand, and I am gladly dead.
Well stately harted well: reioyce. Compeld yet shalt thou bee,
Of somewhat in me for to haue a liking. Thou shalt see
A point wherein thou mayst me deeme most thankfull vnto thee,
And in the end thou shalt confesse the great desert in mee.
But yet remember that as long as life in me doth last
The care of thee shall neuer from this heart of mine be cast.
For both the life that I do liue in hope of thee, and tother
Which nature giueth, shall haue end and passe away togither.
No tydings of my woefull death shall come to thee by fame:
My selfe (I do assure thee) will be bringer of the same.
My selfe (I say) will present be that those same cruell eyen
Of thine may feed themselues vpon this liueleese corse of mine.
But yet O Gods (if you behold mens deeds) remember me.
(My tongue will serue to pray no more) and cause that I may be
Long time hereafter spoken of: and length the life by fame
The which ye haue abridg'd in yeares. In saying of this same
He lifted vp his watry eyes and armes that waxed wan
To those same stulpes which oft he had with garlonds deckt ere than,
And fastning on the top thereof a halter, thus did say:
Thou cruell and vngodly wight these are the wreaths that may
Most pleasure thee. And with that word he thrusting in his head,
Euen then did turne him towards her as good as being dead,

And

And wretchedly did totter on the post with strangled throat,
The wicket which his fearefull fet in sprawling mainly smeat,
Did make a noyse: and flying ope bewrayed his doing plaine.
The seruants shrekt, and lifting vp his body but in vaine,
Conueyd him to his mothers house his father erst was slaine.
His mother layd him in her lappe, and cleping in her armes
Her sonnes cold body, after that she had bewayl'd her harmes
With words and doings motherlike, the corse with mourning chere
To buriall sadly through the towne was borne vpon a bere.
The house of Anaxerete by chance was nere the way
By which this piteous pompe did passe. And of the dolefull lay
The sound came to the eares of her, whom God already gan
To strike. Yet let vs see (quoth she) the buriall of this man:
And vp the high wide windowd house in saying so she ran.
Scarce had she well on Iphis look't, that on the Bere did lye,
But that her eyes wart starke: and from her limbes the blod gan flye.
In stead thereof came paleneſſe in. And as she backward was
In mind to go, her fet stacke fast and could not stirre. And as
She would haue cast her countnance backe, she could not do it. And
The stony hardneſſe which a late did in her stomacke stand,
Within a while did ouergrow her whole from sole to crowne.
And least you thinke this gere surmizde, euen yet in Salamin towne
Of Lady Anaxarete the image standeth plaine.
The Temple also in the which the image doth remaine,
Is vnto Venus consecrate by name of Loker out.
And therefore weying well these things, I pray thee loke about
God Lady, and away with pride: and be content to frame
Thy selfe to him that loueth thee and cannot quench his flame.
So neither may the Lentons cold the budding fruit-trees kill,
Nor yet the sharpe and boystrous winds thy flowring Gardines spill.
The God that can vpon him take what kind of shape he list,
Now hauing sayd thus much in vaine, omitted to perſist
In beldames shape, and shewes himselfe a lusty gentleman,
Appearing to her cherefully, euen like as Phœbus whan
He hauing ouercome the clouds that did withstand his might,
Doth blaze his brightsome beames againe with fuller heat and light.
He offred force, but now no force was needfull in the case,
For why she being caught in loue with beautie of his face,

Was

Was wounded then as well as he, and gan to yéld apace.
Nert Procas reigne Amulius in Awfonye by wrong
Till Numitor the right full heyre deposed very long,
Was by his daughters sonnes restord. And on the feastfull day
Of Pale, foundation of the walles of Rome they gan to lay,
Some after Tacye and the Lords of Sabine stird debate:
And Tarpey for her traitrous deed in opening of the gate
Of Tarpey towre, was prest to death according to desart,
With Armour heapt upon her head. Then fierce and stowt of heart
The Sabines like to tongleße Wolues without all noyse of talke
Allayld the Romanes in their slepe, and to the gates gan stalke
Which Ilias sonne had closed fast with locks and barres. But yit
Dame Iuno had set open one, and as she opened it
Had made no noyse of craking with the hindges, so that none
Perceiud the opening of the gate but Venus all alone.
And she had shut it vp, but that it is not lawfull to
One God to vndo any thing another God hath do.
The water nymphs of Awfonye hild all the grounds about
The Church of Ianus where was stoze of spzings freth flowing out.
Dame Venus prayd these nimphs of helpe. And they considering that
The Goddesse did requeſt no moze but right, denyde it nat.
They opened all their fountaine vaynes and made them flow apace.
Howbeit the passage was not yet to Ianus open face
Forclosed: neither had as yet the water stopt the way.
They put ranke brimstone vnderneath the flowing spring that day,
And eke with smokie rozen set their vaines on fire foz ay.
Through foze of these and other things, the vapour pierced low
Euen downe vnto the very rotes on which the springs did grow.
So that the waters which a late in coldneße might compare
Euen with the frozen Alpes, now hote as burning furnace are.
The two gate posts with sprinkling of the fyrie water smoakt.
Whereby the gate behighted to the Sabines quite was choakt
With tysing of this fountaine strange, vntill that Mars knight
Had armed him. Then Romulus did boldly offer fight.
The Romane ground with Sabines and with Romanes both were spred,
And with the blod of fathzinlawes which wicked sword had shed
Flowde mirt with blod of soncinlawes. Howbeit it seemed best
To both the partyes at the length from battell foz to rest,

And

And not to fight to vttrance: and that Tacye should become
Copartner with King Romulus of soueraignte in Rome.
Within a while King Tacye dide: And both the Sabines, and
The Romanes vnder Romulus in equall right did stand.
The God of Battell putting off his glittring helmet then,
With such like wordes as these bespake the Syre of Gods and men.
The time, O Father, (in as much as now the Romane state
Is weren strong vppon the good foundation layd alate,
Depending on the stay of one) is come for thee to make
Thy promise good, which thou of me and of thy graund-child spake.
Which was to take him from the earth, and in the heauen him stay.
Thou once (I markt thy gratious wordes and bare them well away)
Before a great assembly of the Gods didst to me say:
There shall be one whom thou shalt rayse aboue the starrie Skie.
Now let thy saying take effect. Ioue graunted by and by
The Ayre was hid with darksome clouds and thunder forth did fly,
And lightning made the world agast. Which Mars perceiuing to
Be luckie tokens for himselfe his enterprize to do,
Did take his rest vppon his speare and boldly lept into
His bloody chariot. And he lent his Horses with his whip
A yirking lash, and through the Ayre full smothly downe did slip.
And staying on the woody top of Mountaine Palatine,
He take away King Romulus who there did then defyne
The priuate cases of his folke vnsamely for a king.
And as a leaden pellet broad enforced from a sling
Is wont to die amid the Skie: euen so his mortall flesh
Sanke from him downe the subtill Ayre. In stead whereof a fresh
And goodly shape more stately and more marte for Sacred Shrine
Succeaded like our Quirin that in stately robe doth shine.
Hersilia for her Feere as lost, of mourning made none end,
Vntill Queene Iuno did commaund Dame Iris to descend
Vppon the Rayne-bow downe, and thus her message for to do.
O of the Latian Countrey and the Sabine nation too
Thou pereleslle Perle of womanhood, most worthy for to be
The wife of such a noble Prince as heretofore was he,
And still to be the wife of him canonized by name
Of Quirin, cease thy teares: and if thou haue desire the same
Thy holy husband for to see, ensew me to the queache.

That

That groweth greene on Quirins hill, whose shadowes ouer-reach
The temple of the Romane King. Dame Iris did obay.
And slyding by her painted bow, in former words did say
Her errand to Hersilia. She scarce lifting vp her eyes
With sober countnance, answer'd: O thou Goddesse (for surmize
I cannot who thou art, but yet I well may vnderstand
Thou art a Goddesse) lead me, O deere Goddesse, lead me, and
My husband to me shew. Whom if the fatall Sisters there,
Will of their gratious godnesse graunt me leaue but once to fare,
I shall account me into heauen receiued for to bee.
Immediatly with Thaumants ympe to Quirins hill she went.
There glyding from the Skie a starre straight down to ground was sent,
The sparkes of whose bright blazing beames did burne Hersilias heare.
And with the starre the Ayre did vp her haire to heauenward beare.
The builder of the towne of Rome receiuing straight the same
Betweene his old acquainted hands, did alter both her name
And eke her body, calling her Dame Ora. And by this
She ioyntly with her husband for a Goddesse worshipt is.

Finis Libri decimi quarti.

THE FIFTEENTH BOOKE of Ouids Metamorphosis.

A Person in the while was sought
sufficient to sustaine
The burthen of so great a charge,
and worthy for to raigne
In stead of such a mighty Prince.
The noble Nume by Fame
(Who harped then vpon the truth before to passe it came)
Appointed to the Empyre was. This Numa thought it not
Inough that he the knowledge of the Sabine rites had got.
The deepenesse of his noble wit to greater things was bent,

To

To ſearch of things the natures out. The care of this intent
Did cauſe that he from Curie and his native Countrey went
With painefull trauel to the towne where Hercules did hoſte.
And aſking who it was of Greece that in th'Italian coaſt
Had built that towne. An aged man well ſene in ſtoryes old,
To ſatisfie his mind therein, the proceſſe thus him told.
As Hercules enriched with the Spanniſh kyne, did hold
His voyage from the Ocean Sea, men ſay, with lucky cut
He came a land on Lacine coaſt. And while he there did put
His beaſts to grazing, he himſelfe in Croton's houſe did reſt
The greateſt man in all thoſe parts, and vnto ſtrangers beſt:
And that he there refreſht him of his tedious trauell, and
That when he ſhould depart, he ſayd: where now thy houſe doth ſtand,
Shall in thy children childrens time a citie builded bee.
Which words of his haue proued true as plainely now we ſee.
For why, there was one Myſcelus a Greeke, Alemons ſonne,
A perſon more in fauour of the Gods then any one
In thoſe dates was. The * God that beares the boyſtrous club did ſtay (* Hercules.
Upon him being faſt aſlepe, and ſayd: Go ſeeke ſtraight way
The ſtony ſtreame of Aeſene. Thy native ſoyle forſay
Forſake. And ſore he threatned him vnleſſe he did obay.
The God and ſlepe departed both togither. Vp did riſe
Alemons ſonne, and in himſelfe did ſecretly deuiſe
Vpon this viſion. Long his minde ſtroue doubtfull to and fro
The God bad go. His Countrey lawes did ſay hee ſhould not go:
And death was made the penaltie for him that would do ſo.
Clere Titan in the Ocean ſea had hid his lightſome head,
And duſkie night had put vp hers moſt thicke with ſtarres beſpred.
The ſelfe-ſame God by Myſcelus did ſeeme to ſtand eft ſone,
Commanding him the ſelfe-ſame thing that he before had donne.
And threatning mo and greater plagues vnleſſe he did obay.
Then being ſtriken ſore in feare he went about ſtraight way,
His houſehold from his native land to forraine to conuay.
A rumour hereupon did riſe through all the Towne of Arge,
And diſobedience of the law was layd to his charge.
Aſſone as that the caſe had firſt been pleaded, and the deed
Apparantly perceiued, ſo that witneſſe did not need:
Arreyned and forlorne, to heauen he caſt his hands and eyes,

And

And sayd: O God, whose labours twelue haue purchast thee the skies:
Assist me I thee pray: For thou art author of my cryme.
When Iudgement should be giuen, it was the guyse in auncient time
With white stones to acquite the cleere, and eke with blacke to cast
The guiltie. That time also the heauie sentence past.
The stones were cast vnmercifull, all blacke into the pot.
But when the stones were powred out to number, there was not
A blacke among them, all were white. And so through Hercles powre
A gentle iudgement did proceed, and he was quit that howre.
Then gaue he thanks to Hercules, and hauing prosprous blast
Cut ouer the Ionian sea, and so by Tarant past
Which Spartaines built, and Sibaris, and Nereth-salentine
And Thurine bay, and Emesus, and eke the pastures fine
Of Calabrye. And hauing scarce well sought the coastes that lye
Vpon the sea, he found the mouth of fatall Aeserye.
Not farre from thence he also found the tombe in which the ground
Did couer Crotons holy bones, and in that place did sound
The citie that was willed him, and gaue thereto the name
Of him that there lay buryed. Such originall as the same
This Cittie in th'Italian coast is sayd to haue by fame.
Heere dwelt a man of Samos Ile, who for the hateh he had
To lordlines and tyrannie, though vnconstrain'd was glad
To make himselfe a banniſht man, and though this person were
Farre distant from the Gods by sight of heauen: yet came he neere
To them in mind. And he by sight of soule and reason cleere
Beheld the thing which nature doth to fleshly eyes deny.
And when with care most vigilant he had assuredly
Imprinted all things in his heart. He set them openly
Abroad for other folke to learne. He taught his silent sort
(Which wondred at the heauenly words their maister did report)
The first foundation of the world: the cause of euery thing:
What nature was: and what was God, whence snow & lightning spring.
And whither Ioue, or els the winds in breaking clouds do thunder:
What shakes the earth: what law the stars do kepe their courses vnder:
And whatsoeuer other thing is hid from common sence.
He also is the first that did enioyne an abstinence
To feede of any liuing thing. He also first of all
Spake thus, although right learnedly, yet to effect but small.

Ye

Ye mortall men forbeare to ſtank your fleſh with wicked fod:
Ye haue both corne and fruites of trées, & grapes and herbs right god,
And though that ſome be harſh and hard, yet fire may make them well
Both ſoft and ſwæt. Ye may haue milke and hony which doth ſmell
Of flowers of time The lauas earth doth yæld you plenteouſly
Moſt gentle fode and riches to content both minde and eye:
There nœds no ſlaughter nor no blod to get your liuing by
The beaſtes do breake their faſt with fleſh: & yet not all the beaſts neither:
For Horſes, Shæpe, and Kother beaſtes to liue by graſſe had leuer.
The nature of the beaſt that doth delight in blody fod,
Is cruell and vnmercifull. As Lyons fœrce of mod.
Armenian Tygres, Beares, and Wolues. Oh, what a wickednelle
It is to cram the maw with maw, and ſtank vp fleſh with fleſh,
And for one liuing thing to liue by killing of another?
As who ſhould ſay, that of ſo great abundance which our mother
The earth doth yæld moſt bountcouſly, none other might delight
Thy cruell tæth to chaw vppon, then griſly wounds that might
Erpreſſe the Cyclops guiſe: as if thou couldſt not ſtaunch
The hunger of thy greedy gut and euill mannerd paunch,
Vnleſſe thou ſtryde ſome other wight. But that ſame ancient Age,
Which we haue nam'd the golden world, cleane voyd of all ſuch rage,
Liu'd bleſſedly by fruit of trœs and herbes that grew on ground,
And ſtained not their mouthes with blod. The birds might ſafe & ſound
Fly where they liſted in the Ayre. The hare vnfeard of hound
Went pricking ouer all the feelds. No angling hoke with baite
Did hang the ſily fiſh that bit miſtrulting no deceit.
All things were voyd of guilefulnelle: no treaſon was in truſt:
But all was friendſhip, loue and peace. But after that the luſt
Of one (what God ſo ere he was) diſdeining former fare
To cram that cruell crop of his with fleſh-meate did not ſpare,
He made a way for wickednelle. And firſt of all the knife
Was ſtaind with blod of ſauage beaſts in ridding them of life,
And that had nothing bene amiſſe, if there had been the ſtay.
For why we graunt without the breach of Godlineſſe we may
By death, confound the things that ſeeke to take our liues away,
But as to kill them reaſon was: euen ſo againe there was
No reaſon why to eate their fleſh. This lewdneſſe thence did paſſe
On further ſtill. Where as there was no ſacryfice before,

The

The Swine (becauſe with hooked groyn he rooted vp the corne,
And did deceiue the tilmen of their hope next yeare thereby)
Was damned worthy by deſert in ſacrifice to dye.
The Goate for biting Vines was ſlaine at Bacchus Altar, who
Wreakes ſuch miſdeeds. Their owne offence was hurtfull to theſe two.
But what haue you poore ſhape miſdone, a cattell mark and maid
Created for to mainetaine man, whoſe fulſome dugges do yeild
Sweet Nectar, who doth cloth vs with your woll in ſoft array?
Whoſe life doth more vs benefit then doth your death farre way?
What treſpaſſe haue the Oxen done? a beaſt without all guile,
Of craft, vnhurtfull, ſimple, borne to labour euery while?
In faith he is vnmindfull and vnworthy of increaſe
Of corne, that in his heart can find his tilman to releaſe
From plough to cut his throat: that in his heart can find (I ſay)
Thoſe neckes with Hatchets off to ſtrike, whoſe ſkin is worne away
With laboring ay for him, who turnde ſo oft his land moſt tough,
Who brought ſo many harueſts home: yet is it not ynough
That ſuch a great outragiouſnes committed is. They father
Their wickednеſſe vppon the Gods: and falſely they do gather
That in the death of paineſull Oxe the higheſt doth delight.
A ſacrifice vnblemiſhed, and faireſt vnto ſight,
(For beautie working them their bane) adorned with garlonds and
With glittering Gold, is cited at the Altar for to ſtand
There heares he words (he wots not what) that which the prieſt doth pray
And on his forehead ſuffereth him betweene his hornes to lay
The eares of corne that he himſelfe hath wrought for in the clay,
And ſtaineth with his blood the knife that he him ſelfe perchaunce
Hath in the water ſheare ere then beheld by ſudden glaunce.
Immediately they haling out his hart-ſtrings ſtill aliue,
And poring on them ſeeke therein Gods ſecrets to retriue.
Whence comes ſo greedy apetite in men, of wicked meate?
And dare ye O ye mortall men aduenture thus to eate?
Nay do not (I beſeech you) ſo. But giue good eare and heed
To that that I ſhall warne you of, and truſt it as your creed,
That whenſoeuer you do eate your Oxen, you deueure
Your Huſbandmen. And forasmuch as God this inſtant howre
Doth moue my toong to ſpeake, I will obay his heauenly powre,
My God Apollos Temple I will ſet you open, and

Diſcloſe

Disclose the wondrous heauens themselues, and make you vnderstand
The Oracles and secrets of the Godly maiestie.
Great things, and such as wit of man could neuer yet espie,
And such as haue bæn hidden long, I purpose to discry.
I minde to leaue the earth and vp among the starres to flye
I minde to leaue this grosser place, and in the clouds to flye,
And on stowt Atlas shoulder strong to rest my selfe on hie,
And loking downe from heauen on men that wander hære and there
In dreadfull feare of death as though they voyd of reason were,
To giue them exhortation thus: and plainely to vnwinde
The whole discourse of destinie as nature hath allignde.
O men amazde with dread of death, why feare ye Limbo, Stix,
And other names of vanitie, which are but Poets tricks,
And perils of another world all false surmised gære.
For whether fier or length of time consume the bodies hære,
Ye well may thinke that further harme they cannot suffer more.
For soules are free from death. Howbeit they leaning euermore
Their former dwellings: are receiu'd and liue againe in new,
For I my selfe (right well in minde I beare it to be trew)
Was in the time of Troiane warre. Euphorbus Panthewes sonne,
Quite through whose heart the deathfull speare of Menelay did run
I late ago in Iunos Church at Argos did behold
And knew the Target which I in my left hand there did hold.
All things do change, but nothing sure doth perish. This same spright
Doth flæte, and fisking hære and there, doth swiftly take his flight
From one place to another place and entreth euery wight,
Remouing out of man to beast and out of beast to man.
But yet it neuer perisheth, nor neuer perish can.
And euen as supple wax with ease receiueth figures strange,
And kæpes not ay one shape, ne bides assured ay from change,
And yet continueth alwaies wax in substance: So I say
The soule is aye the selfesame thing it was, and yet astray
It flæteth into sundry shapes. Therefore least godlinesse
Be vanquisht by outragious lust of belly beastlinesse,
Forbeare (I speake by Prophesie) your kinsfolks ghosts to chase
By slaughter: neither nourish blod with blod in any case.
And sith an open Sea the winds do blow my sayles apace,

In all the world there is not that that ſtandeth at a ſtay.
Things ebb and flow: and euery ſhape is made to paſſe away.
The time it ſelfe continually is flæting like a brooke.
For neither brooke nor lightſome time can tarry ſtill. But looke
As euery waue driues other forth, and that that comes behind
Both thruſteth and is thruſt it ſelfe. Euen ſo the tymes by kind
Do flæ and follow both at once, and euermore renew.
For that that was before is left, and ſtreight there doth enſew
Another that was neuer erſt. Each twinkling of an eye
Doth change. We ſæ that after day comes night and darkes the Skie,
And after night the lightſome Sunne ſucceedeth orderly.
Like colour is not in the Heauen when all things wæryly
At midnight ſound a ſlæpe, as when the day ſtarre clære and bright
Comes forth vppon his milkewhite Stæd. Againe into our plight.
The morning Pallants daughters faire, the meſſenger of light
Deliuereth into Phœbus hands the world of clærer hew.
The circle alſo of the Sunne what time it ryſeth new
And when it ſetteth loketh red. But when it mounts moſt hie
Then lokes it white, becauſe that there the nature of the ſkie
Is better, and from filthy droſſe of Earth doth further flie.
The Image alſo of the Mœne that ſhyneth ay by night
Is neuer of one qualitie. For that that giueth light
To day, is leſſer than the next that followeth, till the full
And then contrariwiſe ech day her light away doth pull.
What? ſæſt thou not how that the yære as repreſenting plaine
The age of Man, departs himſelfe in quarters foure: Firſt, baine
And tender in the Spring it is, euen like a ſucking babe.
Then græn, and voyd of ſtrength and luſh and ſoggy is the blade,
And chæres the huſbandman with hope Then all things flowrith gay,
The earth with flowers of ſundry hew then ſæmeth for to play,
And vertue ſmall or none to herbes there doth as yet belong:
The yære from Spring-tide paſſing forth to Summer waxing ſtrong,
Becommeth like a luſtie Youth. For in our life throughout
There is no time more plentifull, more luſty, hote, and ſtout.
Then followeth Harueſt, when the heat of Youth growes ſomwhat colde
Ripe, milde, diſpoſed meane betwirt a young man and an olde,
And ſomewhat ſprent with grayiſh haire. Then ougly Winter laſt,

Like

Like age steales on with trembling steps, all baldeor ouer cast
With shrill thin haire as white as snow. Our bodies also ay
To alter still from time to time, and neuer stand at stay
We shall not be the same we were to day or yesterday,
The day hath bin we were but seed and oncly hope of men,
And in our mothers wombe we had our dwelling place as then.
Dame nature put to cunning hand, and suffered not that we
Within our mother strained wombe should aye distressed be
But brought vs out to ayre and from our prison set vs free.
The child new borne lyes voyd of strength. Within a season tho
He waxing foure foted leames like sauage beast to go.
Then somewhat foltring and as yet not firme of fote, he stands
By getting somewhat for to helpe his sinewes in his hands.
From that time growing strong and swift, he passeth forth the space
Of Youth: and also wearing out his middle age a pace,
Through drooping ages steepy path he runneth out his race.
This Age doth vndermind the strength of former yeares, and throwes
It downe. Which thing old Milo by example plainely showes;
For when he saw those armes of his (which heretofore had bin
As strong as euer Hercules in working deadly tein
Of biggest beasts) hang flapping downe, and nought but emptie skin
He wept. And Helen when she saw her aged wrinckles in
A glasse wept also: musing in her selfe what men had sein,
That by two noble princes sonnes she twice had rauisht bin.
Thou time the eater vp of things and age of spitefull tein
Destroy all things. And when that long continuance hath them bit,
You leisurely by lingring death consume them euery whit.
And these that we call Elements do neuer stand at stay,
The enterchanging course of them I will before you lay:
Giue hed thereto. This endlesse world containes therein I say
Foure substances of which all things are gendred. Of these fower,
The earth and water for their masse and weight are sunken lower.
The other couple ayre and fire, the purer of the twaine,
Mount vp, & nought can keepe them downe. And though there do remaine
A space betweene ech one one of them, yet euery thing is made
Of them same foure, and into them at length againe do fade.
The earth resoluing leisurely doth melt to water cleere,
The water fined turnes to ayre, the ayre eke purged cleare

From groſſeneſſe, ſpireth vp aloft, and there becommeth fire:
From thence in order contrary they backe againe retire.
Fire thickning paſſeth into ayre, and ayer waxing groſſe,
Returnes to water: water eke concealing into droſſe,
Becommeth earth. No kind of thing keepes ay his ſhape and hew:
For nature louing euer change, repayres one ſhape anew
Vpon another, neither doth there periſh ought (truſt mee)
In all the world, but altring takes new ſhape. For that which wee
Doe terme by name of being borne, is for to gin to bee
Another thing then that it was: and likewiſe for to die
To ceaſe to be the thing it was. And though that variablie
Things paſſe perchance from place to place, yet al from whence they came
Returning, doe vnperiſhed continue ſtill the ſame.
But as for in one ſhape, be ſure that nothing long can laſt.
Euen ſo the ages of the world from gold to iron paſt:
Euen ſo haue places oftentimes exchanged their eſtate.
For I haue ſeene it ſea which was ſubſtantiall ground alate:
Againe where ſea was, I haue ſeene the ſame become dry lond,
And ſhels and ſcales of ſea fiſh farre haue lyen from any ſtrond,
And in the toppes of mountaines high old anchors haue bin found.
Deepe vallies haue by water ſhot bin made of leuell ground,
And hilles by force of gulling oft haue into ſea bin worne.
Hard grauell ground is ſometime ſeene where marſh was before,
And that that erſt did ſuffer drought, becommeth ſtanding lakes,
Here nature ſendeth new ſprings out, and there the old in takes.
Full many riuers in the world through earthquakes heretofore
Haue either changd their former courſe, or dride and run no more.
So Lycus being ſwallowed vp by gaping of the ground,
A great way off from thence is in an other Channell found.
Euen ſo the Riuer Erasine among the fields of Arge
Sinkes one while, and another while runnes great againe at large.
Caycus alſo of the land of Myſia (as men ſay)
Miſliking of his former head, runs now another way.
In Sicil alſo Anapsene runs ſometime full and dye,
And ſometime ſtopping vp his ſpring, he makes his channell drye,
Men dranke the waters of the broke Anigrus heretofore:
Which now is ſuch that men abhorre to touch them any more.

Which

Which came to paſſe (vnleſſe we will diſcredit Poets quight)
Becauſe the Centawres vanquiſhed by Hercules in fight
Did waſh their wounds in that ſame brook. But doth not Hipanis
That ſpringeth in the Scithian hilles, which at his fountaine is
Right pleaſant, afterward become of brackiſh bitter taſte?
Antiſſa and Phenycian Tyre, and Pharos in time paſt
Were compaſt all about with waues. But none of all theſe three
Is now an Ile. Againe the Towne of Lewcas once was free
From ſea, and in the auncient time was ioyned to the land:
But now enuironed round about with water it doth ſtand.
Men ſay that Sicil alſo hath bin ioyned to Italy
Vntill the Sea conſumde the bonds betwéen, and did ſupply
The rome with water. If ye go to ſéke for Helicee
And Bury, which were cities of Achaia, you ſhall ſée
Them hidden vnder water, and the ſhipmen yet do ſhow
The walles and ſteeples of the townes drowned vnder as they row
Not farre from Pitthey Troyzen is a certaine high ground found
All voyd of trées, which héretofore was plaine and leuell ground.
But now a mountaine, for the winds (a wondrous thing to ſay)
Incloſed in the hollow caues of ground, and ſéking way
To paſſe there fro, in ſtrugling long to get the open ſkie
In vaine (becauſe in all the caue there was no vent whereby
To iſſue out) did ſtretch the ground and make it ſwell on hie,
As doth a blader that is blowne by mouth, or as the ſkin
Of horned Goate in bottle wiſe when wind is gotten in.
The ſwelling of the foreſayd place remaines at this day ſtill,
And by continuance waxing hard is growne a prittie hill.
Of many things that come to mind by heareſay and by ſkill
Of good experience, I a few will vtter to you mo.
What? doth not water in his ſhapes change ſtrangely to and fro:
The Well of horned Hammon is at noone tide paſſing cold.
At morne and Euen it wexeth warme. At mid-night none can hold
His hand therein for paſſing heat. The of Well Athamane,
Is ſayd to kindle wood what time the Mone is in the wane.
The Cicons haue a certaine ſtreame which being drunke, doth bring
Mens bowels into Marble hard: and whatſoeuer thing
Is tolcht therewith, it turnes to ſtone. And by your bounds behold

The Riuers Crathe and Sybaris make yellow haire like gold
And Amber. There are also springes (which thing is farre more strange)
Which not the body onely, but the mind do also change.
Who hath not heard of Salmacis that foule and filthy lake?
Or of the Lake of Aethor, which if a man do drinke,
He either runneth mad, or els with wondrous drowsinesse
Forgoeth quite his memorie. Who euer doth repaire
His thirst with draught of Clitor well, hates wine, and doth delight
In onely water: either for because there is a might
Contrary vnto warming wine by nature in the Well.
Or els because (for so the folke of Arcadye do tell)
Melampus Amythaons sonne (when he deliuered had
King Prætus daughters by his charmes and hearbes from being mad,)
Cast into that same water all the baggage wherewithall
He purgd the madnesse of their minds. And so it did befall,
That lothsomenesse of wine did in those waters ay remaine.
Againe in Lyncell contrary effect to this doth raigne.
For whoso drinkes too much thereof he raleth here and there,
As if by quaffing wine no whit alayd he drunken were.
There is a Lake in Arcadye, which Pheneymen did name
In auncient time, whose doubtfulnesse deserueth iustly blame.
A night times take thou heede of it, for if thou taste the same
A night-times, it will hurt, but if thou drinke it in the day
It hurteth not. Thus Lakes and streames (as well perceiue ye may)
Haue diuers powers and diuersly. Euen so the time hath bin
That Delos which stands stedfast now on waues was floting scene.
And Gallies haue been sore affrayd of frustying by the Ile
Symplegads which together dasht vpon the sea erewhiles,
But now doth stand vnmoueable against both winde and tyde.
Mount Aetna with his burning Mouns of brimstone shall not byde
Ay fyry: neither was it so for euer erst. For whither
The earth a liuing creature be, and that to breath out hither
And thither flame, great store of vents it haue in sundry places,
And that it haue the powre to shift those vents in diuers cases,
Now damming these, now opening those, in mouing too and fro:
Or that the whisking winds restraine within the earth bylow,
Do beate the stones against the stones and other kind of stuffe.

Of

Of fitie nature, which do fall on fire with euery puffe:
Aſſone as thoſe ſame wondes do ceaſe, the caues ſhall ſtraight be cold.
Or if it be a Rozen mowld that ſome of fire takes hold,
Or brimſtone mixt with clayiſh ſoyle on fire doth lightly fall:
Undoubtedly as ſone as that ſame ſoyle conſumed ſhall,
No longer yeeld the fattie fode to feede the fire withall,
And rauening nature ſhall forgo her wonted nouriſhment;
Then being able to abide no longer famiſhment,
For want of ſuſtenance it ſhall ceaſe his burning. I do fynd
By fame, that vnder Charlis-wayne in Pallene are a kind
Of people which by dyuing thrice three times in Triton Lake
Become all fethred, and the ſhape of birds vppon them take.
The Scythian witches alſo are reported for to do
The ſelfe ſame thing (but hardly I giue credite thereunto)
By ſmearing poyſon ouer all their bodies. But (and if
A man two matters tryde by proofe may lafely giue beliefe,)
We ſee how fleſh by lying ſtill a while and ketching heat,
Doth turne to little liuing beaſts. And yet a further feat,
Go kill an Oxe, and bury him, (the thing by proofe man ſees)
And of his rotten fleſh will breed the flower gathering Bees,
Which as their father did before, loue fields exceedingly,
And vnto worke in hope of gaine their buſie limbes apply,
The Hornet is engendred of a lufty burped Steed.
Go pull away the cleas from Crabbes that in the ſea do breed,
And bury all the reſt in mowld, and of the ſame will ſpring
A Scorpion which with writhen tayle will threaten for to ſting.
The Caterpillers of the field the which are woont to weaue
Hore filmes vppon the leaues of trees, their former nature leaue,
(Which thing is knowne to Huſbandmen) and turne to Butterflyes.
The mud hath in it certaine ſeede whereof greene Frogges riſe.
And firſt it brings them ſoteleſſe forth. Then after it doth frame
Legs apt to ſwim: and furthermore of purpoſe that the ſame
May ſeruе them for to leape a farre, their hinder part is mych
More longer than their forepart is. The Beare-whelpe alſo which
The Beare hath newly littred, is no whelpe immediately,
But like an euill fauoured lumpe of fleſh aliue doth ly.
The damme by licking ſhapeth out his members orderly

Of such a size, as such a pere is able to conceiue.
Or marke ye not the Bees of whom our Hony we receiue,
How that their young ones which do lie within the fir-square ware
Are limlesse bodyes at the first, and after as they were
In processe take both feete and wings? What man would thinke it trew
That Lady Venus simple birdes the Doues of siluer hew,
Or Iunos bird that in his tayle beares Starres, or Ioues stowt knight
The Earne, and euery other fowle of whatsoeuer flight,
Could all be hatched out of Egges, vnlesse he did it know?
Some folke do hold opinion, when the backe bone which doth grow
In man, is rotten in the graue, the pith becomes a Snake:
Howbeit of other things all these their first beginning take.
One Bird there is that doth renew it selfe, and as it were
Beget it selfe continually. The Syrians name it there
A Phœnix. Neither corne nor hearbes this Phœnix liueth by,
But by the iuice of Frankincense and gum of Amomie.
And when that of his life well full fiue hundred yéres are past,
Vppon a Holme tree, or vppon a Date tree at the last
He makes him with his talants and his hardned bill a nest.
Which when that he with Casia swéet and Nardus soft hath drest,
And strowed it with Cynnamom and Myrrha of the best,
He rucketh downe vppon the same and in the spyces dyes.
Soone after of the fathers corze, men say there doth arise
Another little Phœnix which as many yéres must liue
As did his father. He (allone as age doth strength him giue
To beare the burthen) from the tree the waighty nest doth lift,
And godlyly his cradle thence and fathers herce doth shift.
And flying through the subtill Ayre he gets to Phœbus towne,
And there before the temple doze doth lay his burthen downe.
But if that any noueltie worth wondring be in these,
Much rather may we wonder at the Hyen if we please.
To see how interchangeably it one while doth remaine
A female and another whyle becommeth male againe.
The creature also which doth liue by only Ayre and winds.
All colours that it leaneath to doth counterfeit by kind.
The Grape-god Bacchus, when he had subdude the land of Inde,
And find a spotted beast cald Lynx, whose wine (by repozt)

By

By touching of the open ayre congealeth in such sort,
As that it doth become a stone. So Coral (which as long
As water hides it is a shrub and soft) becommeth strong
And hard, as sone as it doth touch the ayre. The day would end,
And Phœbus panting Steeds should in the Ocean deepe descend,
Before all altercations I in words could comprehend.
So see we all things changeable. One nation gathereth strength:
Another wereth weake: and both do make exchange at length.
So Troy which once was great and strong as well in wealth as men,
And able ten yeares space to spare such store of blod as then,
Now being bace hath nothing left of all her wealth to show,
Saue ruines of the ancient workes which grasse doth ouergrow,
And tombes wherein their ancetors lye buryed on a row.
Once Sparta was a famous towne: great Mycene flowrisht trim:
Both Athens and Amphions towres in honour once did swim.
A pelting plot is Sparta now: great Mycene lyes on ground.
Of Theab the towne of Oedipus what haue we more than found?
Of Athens king Pandions towne what resteth more than name?
Now also of the race of Troy is rysing (so sayth fame)
The Cittie Rome, (which at the banke of Tyber that doth run
Downe from the hill of Appennyne) already hath begun
With great aduisement for to lay foundation of her state.
This towne then changeth by encrease the forme it had a late,
And of the vniuersall world in time to come shall hold
The Souereintie, so prophesies and lots (men say) haue told.
And as (I doremember me) what time that Troy decayd
The Prophet Helen, Priams sonne, these words ensewing sayd:
Before Aeneas doubting of his life, in weeping plight
O Goddesse sonne, beleeue me if thou thinke I haue foresight
Of things to come) Troy shall not quite decay while thou dost liue.
Both fire and sword shall vnto thee thy passage freely giue.
Thou must from hence, and Troy with thee conuay away in haast,
Untill that both thy selfe and Troy in forraine land be plaast,
More friendly than thy native soyle. Moreouer, I foresee,
A Cittie by the off-spring of the Troianes built shalt bee,
So great as neuer in the world the like was seene before,
Nor is this present, neither shall be seene for euermore.

A num-

A number of moſt noble pæres for many yæres afore
Shall make it ſtrong and puiſſant: But he that ſhall it make
The ſoueraigne Lady of the world, by right deſcent ſhall take
His firſt beginning from thy ſonne the little Iule. And when
The earth hath had her time of him, the ſkie and welkin then
Shall haue him vp for euermore, and heauen ſhall be his end.
Thus farre (I well remember me) did Helens words extend
To good Aeneas. And it is a pleaſure vnto me
The Citie of my countrymen increaſing thus to ſee:
And that the Grecians victorie becomes the Troianes weale.
But leaſt forgetting quite themſelues our horſes hapt to ſteale
Beyond the marke: the heauen and all that vnder heauen is found,
Doth alter ſhape. So doth the ground and all that is in ground.
And we that of the world are part (conſidring how we bee
Not onely fleſh but alſo ſoules, which may with paſſage free
Remoue them into euery kind of beaſt both tame and wild)
Let liue in ſafety honeſtly with ſlaughter vndefild,
The bodyes which perchance may haue the ſpirits of our brothers,
Our ſiſters, or our parents, or the ſpirits of ſome others
Alyed to vs either by ſome friendſhip or ſome kin,
Or at the leaſt the ſoules of men abyding them within.
And let vs not Thyeſtes like thus furniſh vp our boordes
With bloody bowels. Oh how lewd example he affordes?
How wickedly prepareth he himſelfe to murther man?
That with a cruell knife doth cut the throat of calfe, and can
Vnmoueably giue hearing to the lowing of the dam?
Or ſticke the kid that wayleth like the little babe? or eate
The foule that he himſelfe before had often fed with meate?
What wants of vtter wickednelle in working ſuch a feate?
What may he after paſſe to do? Well, either let your ſteeres
Weare out themſelues with worke, or els impute their death to yæres,
Againſt the wind and weather cold, let Wethers yæld ye cotes,
And vdders full of battling milke receiue yee of the Gotes.
Away with ſpringes, ſnares, and grinnes, away with riſpe and net,
Away with guilefull feates: for Fowles no lime-twigs ſee ye ſet.
No feared feathers pitch ye vp to keepe the red Deare in,
Ne with deceitfull bayted hooke ſeeke Fiſhes for to win.

If

If ought do harme, destroy it: but destroy't, and no more.
Forbeare the flesh: and fed your mouthes with fitter food therefore.
When say that Numa furnished with such Philosophie
As this and like, returned to his natiue soyle, and by
Entreatance was content of Rome to take the soueraignty.
Right happy in his wife which was a Nymph, right happy in
His guydes, which were the Muses nine. This Numa did begin
To teach religion, by the meanes whereof he thortly drew
That people vnto peace who erst of nought but battell knew.
And when through age he ended had his raigne and eke his life,
Through Latium he was mourned for of man, and child, and wife.
As well of high as low degree. His wife forsaking quight
The citie, in vale Aricine did hide her out of sight
Among the thickest groues, and there with sighes and playnts did let
The sacrifice of Diane whom Orestes erst had set
From Taurica in Chersonese, and in that place had set.
How oft ay did the Wodnymphs, and the waternymphs perswade
Egeria for to cease her moane? what meanes of comfort made
They? Ah, how often Theseus sonne her weeping thus bespake?
O Nymph, thy mourning moderate: thy sorrow somewhat slake:
Not onely thou hast cause to heart thy fortune for to take.
Behold, like happes of other folkes, and this mischance of thine
Shall grieue thee lesse. Would God examples (so they were not mine)
Might comfort thee. But mine perchance may comfort thee. If thou
In talke by hap hast heard of one Hippolytus ere now,
That through his fathers light beleefe, and stepdames craft was slaine,
It will a wonder seeme to thee, and I shall haue much paine
To make thee to beleeue the thing. But I am very he.
The daughter of Pasyphae in vaine oft tempting me
My fathers chamber to defile, surmisde me to haue sought
The thing that she with all her heart would fayne I should haue wrought.
And whither it were for feare I should her wickednesse bewray,
Orels for spite because I had so often sayd her nay,
She charged me with her owne offence. My father by and by
Condemning me, did bannish me his Realme without cause why.
And at my going like a foe did ban me bitterly.
To Pithey Troyzen outlawlike my chariot straight take I,

My way lay hard vpon the shore of Corinth. Suddenly
The sea did rise, and like a mount the waue did swell on hie
And seemed howger for to grow in drawing euer nie,
And roring clyued in the toppe. Vp starts immediatly
A horned Bullocke from amid the broken waue, and by
The brest did rayse him in the ayre. And at his nosethrills and
His platter mouth did puffe out part of Sea vppon the land,
My seruants hearts were sore afrayd. But my heart musing aye
Vppon my wrongfull bannishment, did nought at all dismay.
My horses setting vp their eares and snorting wered shye,
And being greatly flayghted with the monster in their eye,
Turnde downe to sea: and on the rockes my wagon drew. In vaine
I striuing for to hold them backe, layd hand vpon the rayne
All white with some and haling backe, lay almost bolt vpright.
And sure the fiercenesse of the Steeds had yelded to my might,
But that the wheele that runneth ay about the Extræ round,
Did breake by dashing on a stub, and ouerthrew to ground.
Then from the Chariot I was snacht the bridels being cast
About my limbes. Ye might haue seen my sinewes sticking fast
Vppon the stub: my guts drawn out aliue: my members, part
Still left vppon the stump, and part forth harryed with the cart:
The crashing of my broken bones? and with what passing paine
I breathed out my weary ghost. There did not whole remaine
One peece of all my corse by which ye might discerne as tho
What lump or part it was. For all was wound from toppe to toe.
Now canst thou Nymph, or darest thou compare thy harmes with mine?
Moreouer, I the lightlesse Realme behild with these same eyne,
And bathde my tattred body in the riuer Phlegeton.
And had not bright Apollos sonne his cunning shewde vppon
My body by his surgerie, my life had quite be gon.
Which after I by force of herbes and leechcraft had againe
Receiu'd by Aesculapius meanes, though Pluto did disdaine,
Then Cynthya (least this gift of hers might worke me greater spight)
Thicke clouds did round about me cast. And to th'entent I might
Be safe my selfe, and harmelessely appeare to others sight:
She made me old. And for my face she left it in such plight,
That none can know me by my loke. And long she doubted whither

To

To giue me Dele or Crete. At length refusing both togither,
She plaast me here. And therewithall she bade me giue vp quight
The name that of my horses in remembrance put me might.
For whereas erst * Hippolytus hath bin thy name (quoth she) *Horse slain
I will that * Virbie afterward thy name for euer be. * Twice man.
From that time forth within this wood I keepe my residence,
As of the meaner Gods, a God of small magnificence.
And here I hide me vnderneath my soueraigne Ladies wing
Obeying humbly to her hest in euery kinde of thing.
But yet the harmes of other folke could nothing help nor bote
Aegerias sorrowes to asswage. Downe at a mountaines foote
She lying melted into teares, till Phœbus sister shéne
For pittie of her great distresse in which she had her séene,
Did turne her to a fountaine clére, and melted quight away
Her members into water thinne that neuer should decay.
The strangenesse of the thing did make the nymphs astonied: and
The Lady of the Amazons séeme amazd thereat did stand,
As when the Tyrrhene Tilman saw in earing of his land,
The fatall clod first stirre along without the help of hand,
And by and by forgoing quight the earthly shape of clod
To take the séemely shape of man, and shortly like a God
To tell of things as then to come. The Tyrrhenes did him call
By name of Tages, he did teach the Tuskanes first of all
To gesse by searching bulks of beasts what after should befall.
Or like as did King Romulus when suddenly he found
His launce on mountaine Palatine fast rooted in the ground,
And bearing leaues, no longer now a weapon, but a trée,
Which shadowed such as wondringly came thither for to sée.
Or else as Cippus when he in the running brooke had séene
His hornes: for why he saw them, and supposing there had béene
No credite to be giuen vnto the glauncing image, he
Put oft his fingers to his head, and felt it so to be.
And blaming now no more his eies, in comming from the chace,
With conquest of his foes, he stayd. And lifting vp his face,
And with his face his hornes to heauen, he sayd: What euer thing
Is by this wonder ment. O Gods if ioyfull newes it bring,
I pray ye let it ioyfull to my folke and countrey bée:

But

But if it threaten euill let the euill light on me.
In saying so an altar greene of clowers he did frame,
And offred fuming frankinsence in fire vpon the same,
And powred bolles of wine thereon, and searched therewithall
The quiuering inwards of a sheepe to know what should befall.
A Tyrrhene Wizzard hauing sought the bowels, saw therein
Great changes and attempts of things then ready to begin,
Which were not plainely manifest. But when that he at last
His eyes from inwards of the beast on Cippus hornes had cast,
Haile King (he sayd) for vnto thee, O Cippus, vnto thee,
And to thy hornes shall this same place and Rome obedient bee.
Abridge delay: and make thou haste to enter at the gates
Which tarry open for thee. So commaund the sothfast Fates.
Thou shalt be King as sone as thou hast entred once the towne,
And thou and thine for euermore shalt weare the royall crowne.
With that he stepping backe his sote, did turne his frowning face
From Rome-ward, saying: Farre, O farre, the Gods such handsell chace,
More right it were I all my life a bannilht man should bee,
Than that the holy Capitoll me raigning there should see:
Thus much he sayd: and by and by together he did call
The people and the Senators. But yet he first of all
Did hide his hornes with lawrell leaues, and then without the wall
He standing on a mount the which his men had made of sods,
And hauing after auncient guise made prayer to the Gods,
Sayd: Here is one that shall, vnlesse ye bannish him your towne
Immediately be King of Rome, and weare a royall crowne.
What man it is I will by signe, but not by name bewray.
He hath vppon his brow two hornes. The Wizzard here doth say,
That if he enter Rome, you shall like seruants him obay.
He might haue entred at your gates which open for him lay,
But I did stay him thence: and yet there is not vnto me
A nearer friend in all the world. Howbeit forbid him yee
O Romanes that he come not once within your walles: or if
Ye haue deserued, bind him fast in fetters like a theefe:
Or in this fatall tyrants death of feare dispatch your minde.
Such noyse as Pinetrees make what time the heady Easterne winde
Doth whiz among them, or as from the sea doth farre rebound:

Euen

Euen ſuch among the folke of Rome that preſent was the ſound.
Howbeit in that confuſed rore of fearefull folke, did fall
But one voyce, aſking, Who is he? and ſtaring therewithall
Vppon their foreheads, they did ſeeke the foreſayd hornes. Agen
(Quoth Cippus) Lo, ye haue the man for whom ye ſeeke, and then
He pulld (againſt his peoples will) his garlond from his head,
And ſhewed them the two faire hornes that on his browes were ſpread.
At that the people daſheth downe their lookes, and ſighing is
Right ſorry (who would thinke it true?) to ſee that head of his
Moſt famous for his good deſerts? Yet did they not forget
The honor of his perſonage, but willingly did ſet
The lawrell garment on his head againe. And by and by
The Senate ſayd: Well Cippus, ſith vntill the time thou dye
Thou mayſt not come within theſe walles, we giue thee as much ground
In honor of thee, as a teame of Steeres can plough thee round
Betweene the dawning of the day and ſhutting in of night.
Moreouer, on the brazen gate, at which this Cippus might
Haue entred Rome, a payre of hornes were graunde to repreſent
His wondrous ſhape, as of his deed an endleſſe monument.
Ye Muſes, who to Poets are the preſent Springs of Grace,
Now ſhew, for you know, neither are you dulde by time or ſpace,
How Æſculapius in the Ile that is in Tiber deepe
Among the Sacred Saints of Rome had fortune for to creepe.
A cruell plague did heretofore infect the Latian ayre
And peoples bodies pining pale the murreine did appaire,
When tyred with the buriall of their friends, they did perceiue
Themſelues no helpe at mans hand nor by Phiſicke to receiue.
Then ſeeking helpe from heauen, they ſent to Delphos (which doth ſtand
Amid the world) for counſell to be had at Phœbus hand
Beſeeching him with healthfull ayd to ſuccour their diſtreſſe,
And of the mightie citie Rome the miſchiefe to redreſſe.
The quiuers which Apollo bright himſelfe was wont to beare
The Bay-trees, and the place it ſelfe together ſhaken were.
And by and by the table from the furthеſt part of all
The chancell ſpake theſe words, which did their hearts with feare appall.
The thing ye Romanes ſeeke for here, ye ſhould haue ſought more me:
Your countrey: yea, and nearer home go ſeeke it now: Not I.

Apollo,

Apollo, but Apollos ſonne is he that muſt redreſſe
Your ſorrowes. Take your iourney with good handſell of ſucceſſe,
And fetch my ſonne among you. When Apollos heſt was told
Among the prudent Senators, they ſearcht what towne did hold
His ſonne, and vnto Epidaure a Galley for him ſent.
As ſone as that th'ambaſſadors arriued there, they went
Vnto the counſell, and the Lords of Grækland, whom they pray
To haue the God the preſent plagues of Romans for to ſtay,
And for themſelues the Oracle of Phœbus forth they lay.
The counſell were of ſundry minds, and could not well agrée:
Some thought that ſuccor in ſuch nede denyed ſhould not bée.
And diuers did perſwade to kéepe their helpe, and not to ſend
Their Gods away, ſith they themſelues might néed them in the end.
While doubtfully they off and on debate this curious caſe,
The euening twilight vtterly the day away did chaſe,
And on the world the ſhadow of the earth had darkenelle brought.
That night the Lord Ambaſſador as ſléep vppon him wrought,
Did dreame he ſaw before him ſtand, the God whoſe helpe he ſought,
In ſhape as in his chappell he was wonted for to ſtand,
With righthy and ſtroaking downe his beard, and ſtaffe in tother hand,
And mékly ſaying: Feare not: I will come and leaue my ſhrine.
This Serpent which doth wreath with knots about this ſtaffe of mine,
Marke well and take good héed thereof: that when thou ſhalt it ſée,
Thou mayſt it know. For into it transformed will I bée.
But big to I will be, for I will ſéeme of ſuch a ſize,
As my celeſtiall bodie may to turne into ſuffize.
Streight with the voyce the God, and with the voyce and God, away
Went ſléepe: and after ſléepe was gone enſlewed chéerefull day.
Next morning hauing clérely put the fierie ſtarres to flight.
The Lords not knowing what to do, aſſembled all forthright
Within the ſumptous temple of the God that was required,
And of his minde by heauenly ſigne ſome knowledge they deſired.
They ſcarce had done their prayers when the God in ſhape of Snake
With loftie creſt of gold, began a hiſſing for to make,
Which was a warning giuen. And with his preſence he did ſhake
The Altar, ſhrine, dores, marble flowre, and roofe all layd with gold,
And vauncing vp his breſt he ſtayd, right ſtately to behold

Amid

Amid the Church, and round about his fiery eyes he rould.
The light did fray the people, but the wineleſſe Priest (whoſe heare
Was trulled in a faire white Cawll) did know the God was there.
And ſaid. Behold tiz God tiz God. As many as be here
Pray both with mouth and mind. O thou our glorious God, appeare
To our behoſe, and helpe thy folke that keepe thy hallowes right.
The people preſent worſhipped his Godhead there in light.
Repeating double that the Priest did ſay. The Romanes alſo
Deuoutly did with godly voyce and heart his fauor ſeeke.
The God by nodding did conſent, and gaue aſſured ſigne
By ſhaking of his golden creſt that on his head did ſhine,
And hiſſing twice with ſpirting tongue. Then trayld he down the fine
And gliſtring graces of the Church. And turning backe his eine,
He loked to his Altar ward and to his former ſhrine
And Temple, as to take his leaue and bid them all farewell.
From thence right huge vpō the ground (which ſwēt of flowers did ſmell
That people ſtrewed in his way) he paſſed ſtately downe,
And bending into boughts, went through the heart of all the towne,
Untill that he the bowing wharfe beſide the hauen toke,
Where ſtaying, when he had (as ſeemd) diſmiſt with gentle loke
His traine of Chaplaines and the folke that waighted on him thither.
He layd him in the Romane ſhippe to ſayle away togither,
The ſhip did feele the burthen of his Godhead to the full,
And for the heauie waight of him did after paſſe more dull.
The Romanes being glad of him, and hauing kild a Steare
Upon the ſhore, untide their Ropes and Cables from the peare.
The lightſome wind did driue the ſhip. The God auancing hie,
And leaning with his necke vpon the Gallies ſide, did lie
And lookt vpon the greniſh waues, and cutting eaſily through
Th'Ionian ſea with little gales of weſterne wind not rough,
The firth day morning came vpon the coaſt of Italie.
Upon the head of Iacine, he was carryed alſo by
And paſſing forth by Iunos Church that muſtreth to the eye,
The rocke of Scylley, then he left the land of Calabry,
And rowing ſoftly by the rocke Zephyrion, he did drawe
To Celen cliffes, the which vpon the right ſide haue a flawe:
By Romech and by Cawlon, and by Narice thence he paſt,

And from the streights of Sicile gate quite and cleare at last.
Then ran he by th' Aeolian Iles, and by the mettall mine
Of Tempsa, and by Lewcose, and tempzate Peti, where fine
And pleasant Roses flourish aye. From thence by Capreas
And Athaney, the headlond of Minerua he did passe
To Surrent, where with gentle vines the hilles be ouerclad,
And by the towne of Hercules and Gaby ill bestad,
And Naples bozne to idlenesse, and Cumes where Sybell had
His Temple, and the scalding Bathes, and Linterne where grow stozre
Of Hasticke trees, and Vulturne which beates sand apace from shozre,
And Sinuesse where as Adders are as white as any snow,
And Minturne of infected ayze because it stands so low,
And Caiet where Æneas did his Nurse in tombe bestow,
And Formy where Antiphates the Lestrigon did kepe,
And Trache enuiron'd with a Fen, and Circes Mountaine steepe
To Ancon with the boystrous shozre. Assone as that the Ship
Arriued here, (foz now the sea was rough) the God let slip
His Circles and in bending boughs and wallowing waues did glide
Into his fathers temple which was builded there beside
Vpon the shozre, and when the Sea was calme and pacifide,
The forsayd God of Epidaure his fathers Church forsoke,
(The lodging of his nerest friend which foz a time he toke)
And with his crackling scales did in the sand a furrow cut,
And taking hold vpon the sterne did in the Galley put
His head, and rested till he came past Camp and Lauine sands,
And entred Tybers mouth at which the citie Ostia stands.
The folke of Rome came hither all by heapes both men and wiues,
And eke the Nunnes that kepe the fire of Vesta as their liues,
To met the God and welcome him with ioyfull noyse. And as
The Galley rowed vp the streame, great stoze of incense was
On Altars burnt on both the banks, so that on either side
The fuming of the frankincense the very ayze did hide,
And also slaine in sacrifice full many cattell dyde.
Anon he came to Rome the head of all the world: and there
The serpent lifting vp himselfe, began his head to beare
Right vp along the Mast, vpon the top whereof on hie
He loked round about, a met abyding place to spie.

The

The Tyber, doth deuide it selfe in twaine, and doth embrace
A little pretty Iland (so the people tearme the place)
From either side whereof the bankes are distant equall space,
Apollos snake descending from the Mast conuayd him thither,
And taking off his heauenly shape, as one repayring hither,
To bring our citie healthfulnes, did end our sorrows quight.
Although to be a God with vs admitted were this wight:
Yet was he borne a forreyner. But Cæsar hath obtain'd
His Godhead in his natiue soyle and citie where he raign'd,
Whom parelelle both in peace and warre, not more his wars vp knit
With tryumph, nor his great exployts atchieued by his wit,
Nor yet the great renowne that he obtain'd so spædily
Haue turned to a blazing starre, then did his progeny.
For of the acts of Cæsar, none is greater than that hee
Left such a sonne behind him as Augustus is to bee
His heire. For are thy things more hard to ouercome the realms
Of Britanie standing in the sea? or vp the seuenfold streams
Of Nyle, that beareth paper rèd victorious ships to row?
Or to rebellious Numedy to giue an ouerthrow?
Or Iuba King of Moores, and Pons (which proudly did it beare
Upon the name of Mythridate) to force by sword and speare
To yèld them subiects vnto Rome: or by his inft desart
To merit many tryumphs, and of some to haue his part?
Than such an heire to leaue behind, in whom the Gods do show
Exceeding fauour vnto men for that they doe bestow
So great a prince vpon the world? Now to th'entent that hee
Should not be borne of mortall sèed, the other was to bee
Canonizèd for a God. Which thing when golden Venus sée
(She also saw how dreadfull death was for her Bishop then
Prepaarde, and how conspiracie was wrought by wicked men)
She loked pale. And as the Gods came any in her way,
She sayd vnto them one by one: Behold, and sée I pray,
With how exceeding eagernesse they séeke me to betray,
And with what wondrous craft they striue to take my life away,
I meane the thing that onely now remaineth vnto me
Of Iule the Troians race. Must I then onely euer bo
Thus vext with vndeserued cares? How séemeth now the paine

Of Diomeds speare of Calydon to wound my hand againe?
How comes it me that Troy againe is lost through ill defence?
How comes my sonne Æneas like a banisht man, from thence
To wander farre againe, and on the sea to tossed be,
And warre with Turnus for to make? or rather (truth to say)
With Iuno? what meane I about harmes passed many a day
Against mine of-spring thus to stand? This present feare and woe
Permit me not to thinke on things now past so long ago.
Ye see how wicked swords against my head are whetted. I
Beseech ye keepe them from my throat, and set the traitors by
Their purpose, neither suffer you Dame Vestas fire to dye
By murthering of her Bishop. Thus went Venus wofully
Complayning ouer all the heauen and mou'd the Gods thereby.
And for they could not breake the strong decrees of Destinie,
They shewed signes most manifest of sorrow to ensew:
For battels fighting in the clouds with crathing armour slew,
And dreadfull trumpets sounded in the Ayre, and hornes eke blew
As warning men before hand of the mischiefe that did brew.
And Phœbus also loking dim did cast a drowzie light
Vpon the earth, which seemde like wise to be in sory plight.
From vnderneath amid the stars brands oft seemd burning bright,
It often rayned drops of blood. The morning starre lokt blew,
And was bespotted here and there with specks of ruffy hew.
The Mone had also spots of blood. The Screechowle sent from hell,
Did with her tune vnfortunate in euery corner yell.
Salt teares from sworn Images in sundry places fell,
And in the Chappels of the Gods was singing heard and words
Of threatning. Not a sacrifice one signe of good affords.
But great turmoyle to be at hand the heart-strings do declare.
And when the beast is ripped vp, the inwards headlesse are.
About the Court, and euery house, and Churches in the nights,
The Dogs did howle, and euery where appeared gastly sprights.
And with an earthquake shaken was the towne. Yet could not all
These warnings of the Gods dispoint the treason that should fall,
Nor ouercome the destinies. The naked swords were brought
Into the Temple. For no place in all the Towne was thought
So meet to worke the mischiefe in or for them to commit

The

The heynous murther, as the Court in which they vse to sit
In counsell. Venus then with both her hands her stomacke smit,
And was about to hide him in the cloud in which she hid
Aeneas, when she from the swo⁊d of Diomed did him rid:
O⁊ Paris, when from Menelay she did him safe conuay.
But Ioue her father staying her, did thus vnto her say:
Why daughter mine, wilt thou alone be striuing to p⁊euent
Vnuanquishable Destinie? In faith and if thou went
Thy selfe into the house in which the fatall sisters thre
Do dwell, thou shouldest there of b⁊asse and stele substantiall see
The registers of things so strong and massie made to bee,
That safe and euerlasting, they do neither stand in feare
Of thunder, no⁊ of lightning, no⁊ of any ruine there.
The destnies of thine of-spring thou shalt there find grauen deepe
In Adamant. I read them: and in mind I do them keepe.
And fo⁊ because thou shalt not quight be igno⁊ant of all,
I will declare what things I markt hereafter to befall.
The man fo⁊ whom thou makest sute, hath liued full his time,
And hauing run his race on earth must now to heauen vp clime,
Where thou shalt make a God of him aye hono⁊d fo⁊ to be
With Temples and with Altars on the earth. Mo⁊eouer he
That is his heire and beares his name, shall all alone sustaine
The burden layd vpon his backe, and shall our helpe obtaine
His fathers murther to reuenge. The towne of Mutinie
Besieged by his power shall yeld. The fields of Pharsaly
Shall sele him, and Philippus in the Realme of Macedon
Shall once againe be staynd with blood. The great Pompeius son
Shall vanquisht be by him vpon the sea of Sicilie.
The Romane captaines wife the Quene of Aegypt through her hye
P⁊esumption, trusting to her match too much, shall threat in vaine
To make her Canop ouer our high Capitoll to raigne.
What should I tell thee of the wild and barb⁊ous nations that
At both the Oceans dwelling be? The vniuersall plat
Of all the earth inhabited shall all be his. The sea
Shall vnto him obedient be likewise. And when that he
Shall stablish peace in all the wo⁊ld, then shall he set his mind
To ciuill matters vp⁊ight lawes by iustice fo⁊ to find,

And by example of himselfe all others he shall bind.
Then having care of time to come, and of posteritie,
A holy wise shall beare to him a sonne that may supply
His carefull charge and beare his name, and lastly in the end
He shall to heauen among the starres his aunceſtors ascend,
But not before his life by length to drooping age do tend.
And therefore from the murdred corce of Iulius Cæsar take
His soule with speed, and of the same a burning cresset make,
That from our heauenly Pallace he may euermore loke downe
Upon our royall Capitoll and Court within Rome Towne.
He scarcely ended had these words, but Venus out of hand
Amid the Senate-house of Rome inuisible did stand,
And from her Cæsars body toke his new erpuised spright
The which she not permitting to resolue to Ayre quight,
Did place it in the skie among the starres that glister bright.
And as she bare it she did feele it gather heauenly might,
And for to weren firie. She no sooner let it flye,
But that a goodly shininng starre it vp aloft did stye
And drew a great way after it bright beames like burning haire.
Who loking on his sonnes good deeds confeſſed that they were
Farre greater than his owne, and glad he was to see that hee
Excelled him. Although his sonne in no wise would agree
To haue his deeds preferd before his fathers: yet doth fame,
(Who ayeis free, and bound to no command) withstand the same
And striuing in that one behalfe against his heſt and will,
Procedeth to preferre his deeds before his fathers still.
Euen so to Agamemnons great renowne giues Atreus place,
Euen so Achilles deeds, the deeds of Peleus do abace.
Euen so beyond Ægæus farre doth Theseyes prowesse go
And (that I may examples vse full matching these) euen so
Is Saturne leſſe in fame than Ioue. Ioue rules the heauenly Spheres,
And all the triple shaped world. And our Augustus beares
Dominion ouer all the earth. They both are fathers: They
Are Rulers both. Ye Gods to whom both fire and sword gaue way,
What time ye with Æneas came from Troy: Ye Gods that were
Of mortall men canonized: Thou Quirin who didst reare
The walles of Rome: and Mars who wert the valiant Quirins syre,

And

And Veſta of the houſhold Gods of Caſar with thy fyre
Moſt holy: and thou Phœbus, who with Veſta alſo art
Of houſhold: and thou Iupiter who in the higheſt part
Of mountaine Tarpey haſt thy Church: and all ye Gods that may
With conſcience ſafe by Poets be appealed to: I pray
Let that ſame day be ſlow to come, and after I am dead,
In which Auguſtus (who as now of all the world is head)
Quite giuing vp the care therof, aſcend to heauen for ayes
There (abſent hence) to fauour ſuch as vnto him ſhall praye.
Now haue I brought a worke to end which neither Ioues fierce wrath,
Nor ſword, nor fire, nor freating age with all the force it hath
Are able to abeliſh quight. Let come that fatall howre,
Which (ſauing of this brittle fleſh) hath ouer me no powre,
And at his pleaſure make an end of mine vncertaine time.
Yet ſhall the better part of me aſſured be to clyme
Aloft aboue the ſtarry skie. And all the world ſhall neuer
Be able for to quench my name. For loke how farre ſo euer
The Romane Empyre by the right of conqueſt ſhall extend,
So farre ſhall all folke read this worke. And time without all end
(If Poets as by Propheſie about the truth may ame)
My life ſhall euerlaſtingly be lengthened ſtill by fame.

Finis Libri decimi quinti.

Laus & honor ſoli Deo.

Ille ego qui quondam gracili modulatus auena
carmen. 23.

THE FIFTEENE BOOKES OF P. OVIDIVS NASO, ENTITVLED METAMORPHOSIS.

Translated out of Latine into English Meeter, By Arthur Golding Gentleman.

A Worke very pleasant and delectable.

With Skill, heed, and Iudgement, this Worke must be read: For else to the Reader it sounds in small stead.

AT LONDON,
Printed by Thomas Purfoot.
Ann. Dom. 1612.

Gen Res 12F40 Suckling. =1642

To the right Honourable and his singular good Lord, Robert *Earle of* Leicester, Baron of *Denbigh*, Knight of the most Noble Order *Of the Garter*, &c. *Arthur Golding Gent.* wisheth continuance of health, with prosperous estate and felicitie.

AT Length my Chariot wherie about
the marke hath found the way,
And at their wearie races end,
my breathlesse horses stay.
The worke is brought to end by which
the Authour did account
(And rightly) with eternall fame
aboue the Starres to mount.
For whatsoeuer hath been writ
of ancient time in Greeke
By sundry men dispersedly,
and in the Latine eke,
Of this same darke Philosophie
of turned shapes, the same
Hath Ouid into one whole masse in this Booke brought in frame.
Foure kind of things in this his worke the Poet doth containe.
That nothing vnder heauen doth aye in stedfast state remaine.
And next that nothing perisheth: but that each substance takes
Another shape then that it had. Of these two points he makes
The proofe by shewing through his worke the wonderfull exchange
Of Gods, Men, Beasts, and Elements, to sundry shapes right strange,
Beginning with creation of the world and man of slime,
And so proceeding with the turnes that happened till his time.
Then sheweth he the soule of man from dying to be free,
By samples of the noble men, who for their vertues bee
Accounted and canonized for Gods by heathen men.
And by the paines of Lymbo sake, and blisfull state agen
Of Spirits in th'Elysian fields. And though that of these three
He make discourse dispersedly: yet specially they bee
Discussed in the latter Booke, in that Oration where
He bringeth in Pythagoras, disswading men from feare
Of death, and preaching abstinence from flesh of liuing things.
But as for that opinion which Pythagoras there brings

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Of sundry transquing out of braults to men, and out of men
To birds and beasts both bodie and soule, both too and fro again:
It is not to be wondred of that leaue soule inherite
We are indewed with reason and discretion from on hyet
But of that soule or life the which haunt beasts as well as we
Enioy. Three sorts of life or soule (for so they termed be)
Are found in things. The first giues power to the plant, encreast and growth
And this to Hearbs and trees and fruits it still doth shew.
The second giueth power to sences and wit of seuerall sort.
And this remaines in quicke beast, and keepeth them aliue.
Both these are mortall, as the which perish of the eye
By force of fire hot, after death no further get a pearle.
The third giues power of reason, wit, and reason: and therfore
Is it alonely which with he of soule doth beare the name.
And as the record doth testifie the first is com to the third
Containeth both the other twaine. Man neither beast, nor bird,
Nor fish, nor herbe, nor tree, nor stone, nor ought else may might
(Saue onely man) can of the same partake the heauenly might.
I grant that when our breath doth from our bodies go away,
If doth ethereous returne to ayre: and of that ayre there may
Both bird and beast participate, and use of theirs likewise.
For while we liue, (the thing it selfe appeareth to our eyes)
Both they and we haue all one breath. But for to dreme or say
Our noble soule (which is diuine and permanent for aye)
Is common to vs with the beasts, I thinke it nothing right.
There fur to be a point of him that will reuoke such peeuishe
Of this I am right well aware be there is no Christian wight
That can by soundnesse be so farre induced from the right.
And finally he doth pierced in hearing that we all
That beare the name of men (be he strong, fierce, stout, bold, hardy, tall,
Rich, wise, faire, rich, or mighty borne, how much renowned by fame,
Are for to be accounted men: but such as leading aime
Of reasons rule continually he liue in vertues frame
And that the rest no better seemeth them beastes, but rather bet
Much worse then beastes, because they no reason their aimes regard.
To naturall proclination the brutish liues pertaine.
The fourth to mortall: and to all are pleasure, ease and playne
Instructions which impeat the pestle of perfume: and the name
Of diuers: with the vse relapse be of either of the Dame.

Out of the first booke.

1 As the example, in the tale of Dardanus reuerse to May,
A mirrour of virginity appeare vnto his mind,
Which yeelding neither vnto hate, nor force, nor flattery,
Doth purchase euerlasting fame and immortality.

Out of the second.

2 In Phaenon Publius vnto Scipio the Elder doth expresse
The natures of ambitious wights, and how they shall with paine,
The vse whereof (in modesty, and honesty at the last
Attempted [illegible] and how that all reputed is past.
And how the [illegible] the heart of wise in magistrate
And how the [illegible] welcomd the his new estate.
This Publius also doth shewe all couetous and all such
As lying vp riches, to take good heed of enchasing them too much.

It further doth commend the meane : and willeth to beware
Of rash & hasty promises, which muſt perainmans are.
And not to be performed : and in fine it playnly ſhewes
What ingrow to the parents and to all the kinred growes
By diſobedience of the child : and in the child is ment
The diſobedient ſubiect that againſt his Prince is bent.
The tranſformation of the Crow and Raven do declare
That Clapp-backs and Cole-carriers ought vnlike to beware
Of whom, to whom, and what they ſpeake. For late againſt his will.
Can any friendly heart abide to heare reported ill.
The party whom he fauoureth. This title doth the bewray
The rage of wrath and iniurie no bonds nor bands of ſtay:
And that ſight cruelty to repents in no wiſe ſhould be giuen:
For feare that men too late to late repentance ſhould be driuen.
The Fable 6. Ocyroee by all ſuch ſhifts to tell
Is art in ſearching things to come too curiouſe and too ſkilfe
A very good example to beſtrayne an Princes will
For couetous people which for gaine no lie their tongues to falſe.

1 All ſuch as lie in flattering Feathers and Downes delight, Out of the
And Dice, and Cardes, and ſo to ſpende the time both day and night third.
In ſoule exerſe of Chamber ſports, as too much Sweat and Dyſeaſe:
Vnto the prayſes ſtoop of Aſcon ought to thinke.
For thoſe and their adherents kinde, exerſiſe are in deede
The Daggers that do lye for blowes their fellowmen on moſt ſpeede.
Dyrcæus mother fabulous behelde in any wiſe to ſhun
The lodge betweene their bedſtocks, leaſt in perill they be run.
Narciſſus of Sparta Lacedæmon and Phylleus ſuperſtitious,
Affect Beauties fading vanity more ſtedfaſtly many appeare.
Such lyke in the ſelfe-ſame rule doth kindly rejoicing
The lazie behauiours of a Drunk, and his vnſeemly geſture.

4 The peruerſe tale of Pyramus and Thiſbee doth containe Out of the
The louely figure of ſtrumpetlike Lone, which ſhould not paſſe vnſo paine. fourth.
The ſhame of Mars and Venus ſhow that time will bring to light
The ſecret things that ſhould remaine in concord as by night.
Hermaphrodite and Salmacis declare that Sodomites
In chiefeſt marke and cheriſhers of all Sodomiticall ſinne.
And that inſatiateneſſe like hatred Gyants : which ſtriuing all together
Would ſcale vp by diſcordance, inſolencie, enuie, and diſorder.

5 Rich Lyers humphery tongues to flatter, but openly beſtarre, Out of the
What name in holy ſo honeſt thereof ſome are abhorred are. fift.
The ſtudy platoke to beſtarre againſt a feather fine.
That whereas ſtyckish ſtones ſwim, moſt vnlikelie hath ſhine.

6 Anchiſes may example be, that ſuche ſhould not contend Out of the
Againſt their betters, who perill to errour in the end. ſixt.
And both the tale of Orpheus and of his ſad ſong : and
The tranſformation of the Cranes that ſtrife in Lemnos land,
Together with the ſtinging fly of proue Martes ſeruant.
The firſt no rule hathe ſide long of the ere God begonne
To pay to his own Author, what ſhee to heauen by all bonde
To leaue our lofty a boue all things and ſeruice due to,
Man therefore that no wight ſhould be ſtiffe-hatch Gyant-like to,
Him hate. But fearing and loue before all things vnto vs ſeeme.

Farewell.

Out of the seuenth.

Out of the eight.

Out of the Ninth.

Out of the Tenth.

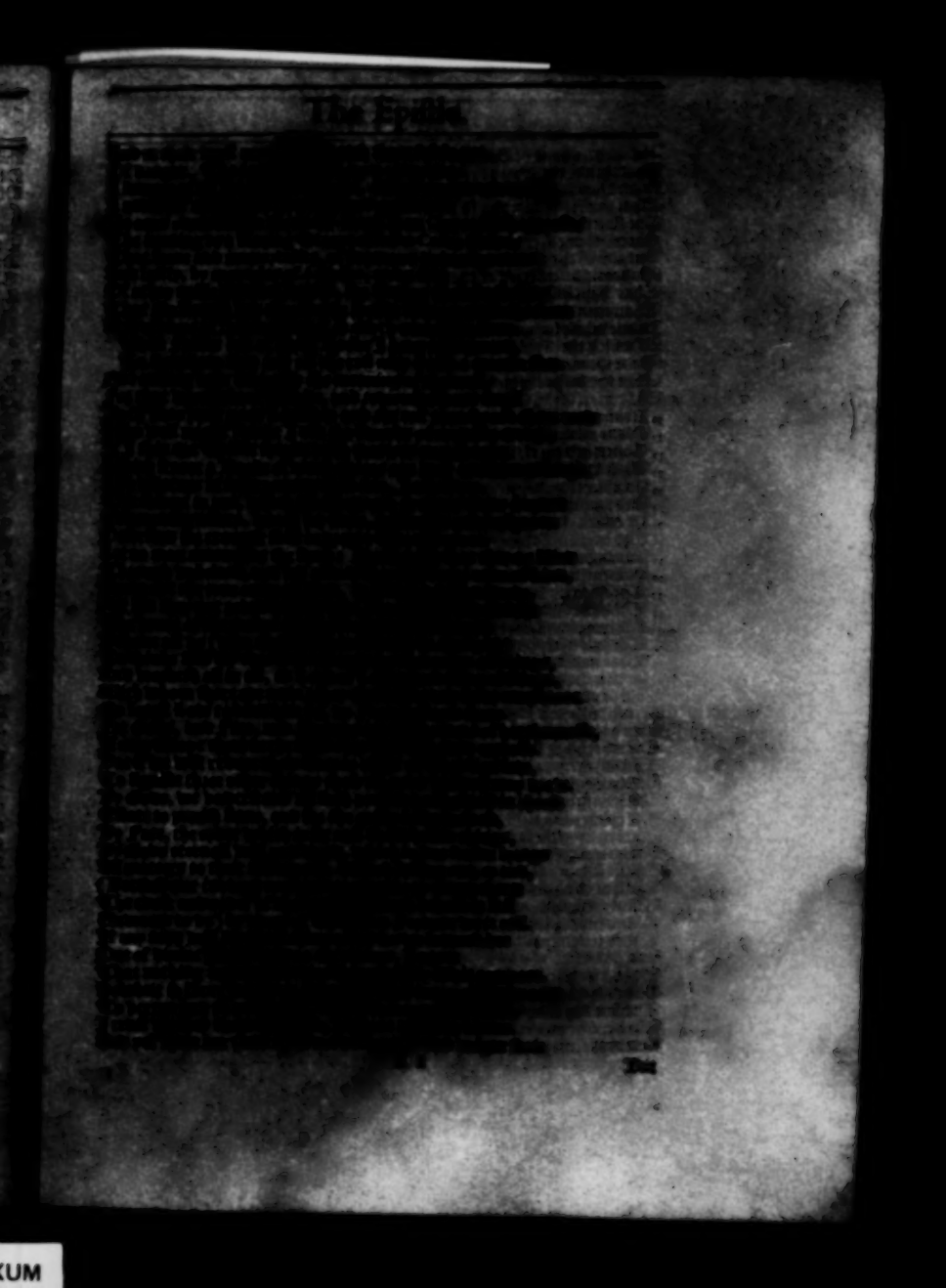
Out of the Eleventh.

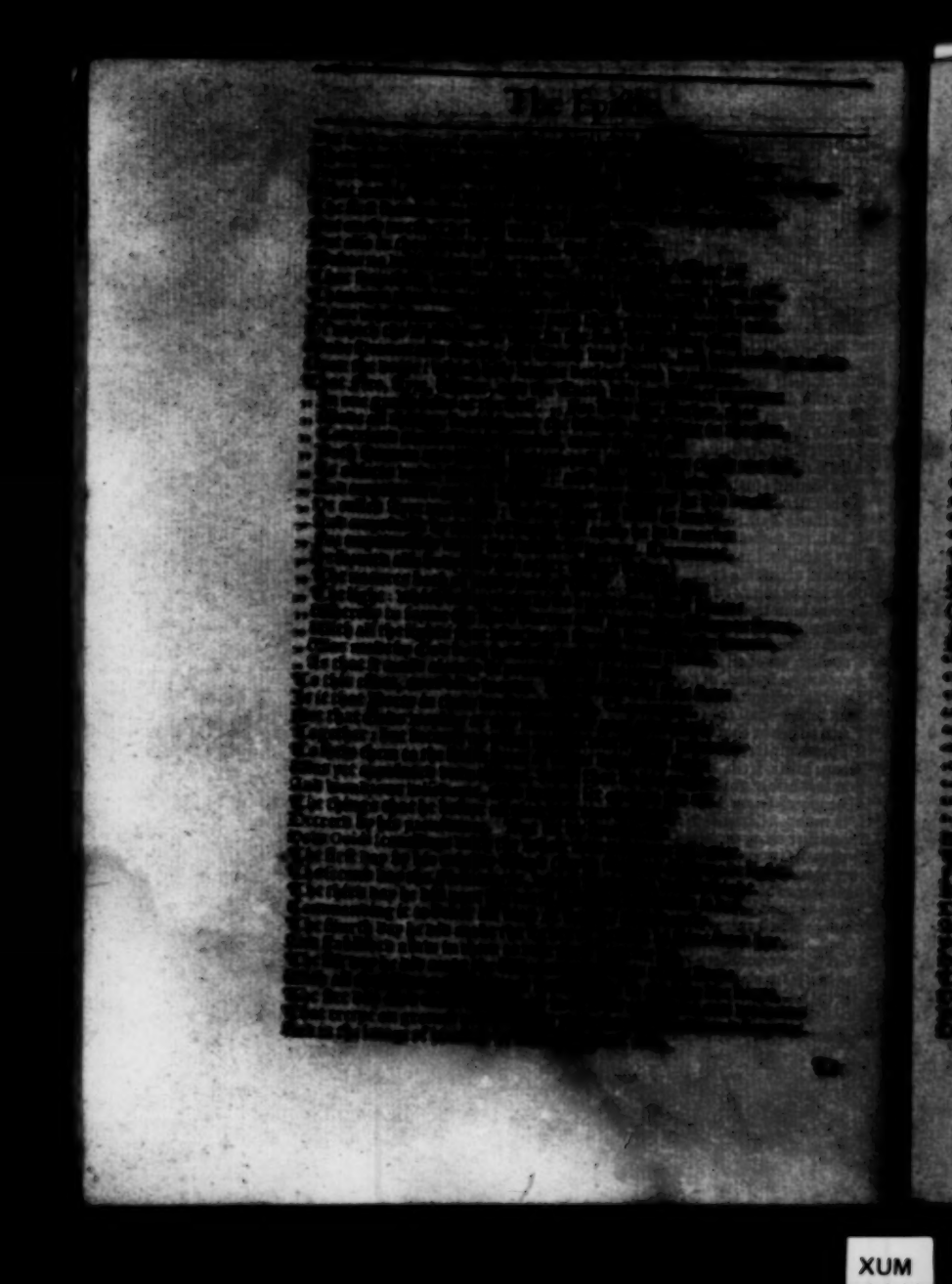
Out of the Twelfth.

Out of the Thirteenth.

Out of the Fourteenth.

Out of the Fifteenth.





The Epistle.

[illegible]

[illegible]

Your good L. most [illegible]

[illegible]

Your Senate house

[illegible]

To the Reader.

I Would not wish the simple sort
offended for to bee,
When in this Booke the Heathen names
of feyned Gods they see.
The true and euer-liuing GOD
the Paynims did not know:
Which caused them the name of Gods
on creatures to bestow.
For nature being once corrupt,
and knowledge blinded quight
By *Adams* fall, those little seeds
and sparkes of heauenly light
That did as yet remaine man, endeauouring soorth to burst,
And [illegible]ing grace and power to [illegible] to that they were at first,
To superstition did decline; and drawe the [illegible] mind,
Strange worshipe of the liuing God in creatures for to find.
The which by custome taking roote, and growing so to strength,
Through Sathans helpe possest the hearts of all the world at length.
Some worshipt all the hoste of heauen: some dead-mens ghosts & bones.
Some wicked fiends: some wormes & fowls, hearbs, fishes, trees & stones.
The fire, the ayre, the sea, the land, and euery running brooke,
Each queachie groue, each cragged cliffe the name of Godhead tooke,
The night and day, the fleeting howres, the seasons of the yere,
And euery strange and monstrous [illegible] for Gods mistaken were.
There was no vertue, no nor vice: there was no gift of mind
Or body, but some God thereto or Goddesse was assign'd.
Of health and sicknesse, life and death, of needynesse and wealth,
Of peace and warre, of loue and hate, of murder, craft, and stealth,

Of

Of bread and wine, or [illegible] shape, and of their [illegible]
And euery other trifling toy their Gods did beare the [illegible]
And looke how euery man was [illegible] goodnes or to ill,
He did surmize his foolish Gods enclyning to his will.
For God perceiuing mans peruerse and wicked will to sinne,
Did giue him ouer to his lust, to sincke or swimme therein.
By meanes whereof it came to passe (as in this Booke ye see)
That all their Gods with whore dome, theft, or murder blotted ben.
Which argues them to be no Gods, but worser in effect
Than they whose open punishment their doings do detect.
Who seeing *Ioue*, whome Heathen folke doarme with triple fire
In shape of Eagle, Bull, or Swanne, to winne his [illegible]
Or grisly *Mars* their God of Warre, [illegible]
By *Venus* husband purposely to trap him [illegible]
Who seeing *Saturne*, eating vp the children in begate?
Or *Venus*, dalying wantonly with euery lusty mate?
Who seeing *Iuno* play the scould? or *Phœbus* [illegible]
For losse of her whom in his rage [illegible]
Or else the suttle *Mercurie* that [illegible]
Conueying Neat and hyding them, would take him [illegible]
For if these faults in mortall men do [illegible]
What greater [illegible] can there be, [illegible]
To Gods, whose natures ought to [illegible] perfect, [illegible]
Most vertuous, holy, chast, and [illegible]
But as there is no Christen man that [illegible]
That these or other such are Gods, which are no Gods by [illegible]
So would to God there were not now of Christen [illegible]
That worship [illegible] these Gods [illegible]
Whose lawes [illegible] his [illegible] be, [illegible]
So long is Christ our God, as we in Christen life [illegible]
But if we yeeld to fleshly lust, to lucre, and to wrath,
Or if that Enuie, Gluttony, or Pryde [illegible]
Or any other kind of sinne, [illegible] we serue,
To be accounted for our God [illegible] doth deserue.
Then must we thinke the learned men that did these names frequent,
Some further things and purposes by those deuises ment.

By *Ioue* and *Iuno*, vnderstand all states of Princely port:
By *Ops* and *Saturne*, ancient folke that are of elder sort:
By *Phœbus*, young and lusty brutes of hand and courage stout:
By *Mars*, the valiant men of Warre, that lone to fight it out:
By *Pallas* and the famous troope of all the Muses nine,
Such folke as in the Sciences and vertuous Arts do shine.
By *Mercury*, the subtile sort that vse to filch and lye,
With Theeues, and Marchants, who to gaine their trauell do apply.
By *Bacchus*, all the meaner trades, and handicrafts are ment:
By *Venus*, such as of the flesh to filthy lust are bent:
By *Neptune*, such as kreepe the Seas: by *Phœbe*, Maydens chast,
And Pilgrimes, such as wandringly their time in trauell wast.
By *Pluto*, such as delue in Mynes, and Ghosts of persons dead:
By *Vulcane*, Smyths and such as worke in Iron, Tinne, or Lead:
By *Hecat*, Witches, Conjurers, and Necromancers reed:
With all such vaine and diuelish arts as superstition breed.
By *Satyres*, *Syluanes*, *Nymphs*, and *Fawnes*, with other such beside,
The plaine and simple Country folke that euery where abide.
I know these names to other things oft may and must agree,
In declaration of the which, I will not tedious bee,
But leaue them to the Readers will to take in sundry wise,
As matter rising giueth cause constructions to deuise.
Now when thou readst of God or man in stone, in beast, or tree,
It is a mirrour for thy selfe thine owne estate to see.
For vnder fayned names of Gods, it was the Poets guise,
The vice and faults of all estates to taunt in couert wise.
And likewise to extoll with prayse such things as do deserue,
Obseruing alwaies rules of grees, from which they do not swerue.
And as the person greater is of birth, renowne, or fame,
The greater euer is his laude, or fouler is his shame.
For if the States that on the earth the roome of God supply,
Decline from Vertue vnto Vice, and liue disorderly,
To Eagles, Tygres, Bulls, and Beares, and other figures strange,
Both to their people and themselues most hurtfull do they change:
And when the people giue themselues to filthy life and sinne,
What other kind of shape thereby than filthy can they winne?

So

So was *Licaon* made a Woolfe: and *Ione* became a Bull:
The tone for vsing cruelty, the tother for his trull.
So was *Elpenor* and his mates tranformed into Swine,
For following of their filthy lust in women and in wine:
Not that they lost their manly shape as to the outward show,
But for that in their brutish breasts most beastly lusts did grow.
For why this lumpe of flesh and bones this body is not wee:
We are a thing which earthly eyes denyed are to see.
Our soule is we, endewed by God with reason from aboue:
Our body is but as our house, in which we worke and moue.
Tone part is common to vs all, with God of heauen himselfe:
The tother common with the beasts, a vile and stinking pelfe.
The tone bedect with heauenly gifts and endlesse: tother grosse,
Fraily, filthy, weake, and borne to dye, as made of earthly drosse.
Now looke how long this clod of clay to reason doth obay,
So long for men by just desert account our selues we may:
But if we suffer fleshly lusts as lawlesse Lords to raigne,
Then are we Beasts, we are no Men, we haue our name in vaine.
And if we be so drownd in Vice, that feeling once be gone,
Then may it well of vs be sayd, we are a blocke or stone.
This surely did the Poets meane, when in such sundry wise
The pleasant tales of turned shapes they studied to deuise.
Their purpose was to profite men, and also to delight,
And so to handle euery thing as best might like the sight.
For as the image poetry [illegible] in simple white and blacke,
(Though well proportioned, [illegible]) if [illegible] colours lacke,
Delighteth not the eye so much, nor yet [illegible] the mind,
So much as that that [illegible] with colours in his kind:
Euen so a plaine and naked Tale or Story simply told,
(Athough the matter be indeed of value more then gold)
Makes not the hearer so attent to print it in his hart,
As when the thing is well declarde, with pleasant tearmes and art:
All which the Poets knew right well: and for the greater grace,
As *Persian* Kings did neuer go abroad with open face,
But with some Lawne or silken Scarfe, for reuerence of their state:
Euen so they following in their workes the selfe same trade and rate,

Did

Did vnder couert names and tearmes their doctrine so implie,
As that it is right hard and darke their meaning to espye.
But being found it is more sweet, and makes the mind more glad,
Then if a man of tryed Gold a treasure gained had.
For as the body hath his ioye in pleasant smells and sights:
Euen so in knowledge and in artes the mind as much delights.
Whereof abundant hoords and heaps in Poets packed been
So hid, that (sauing vnto few) they are not to be seene.
And therfore who so doth attempt the Poets workes to reed,
Must bring with him a stayed head and iudgement to proceed.
For as there be most holesome hestes and precepts to be found,
So are there rockes and shallow shelues to run the ship a ground.
Some naughty person seeing Vice shewd liuely in his hew,
Doth take occasion by and by like vices to ensew.
Another being more seuere then wisedome doth require,
Beholding Vice (to outward shew) exalted in desire;
Condemneth by and by the Booke, and him that did it make,
And willes it to be burnd with fire for lewd examples sake.
These persons ouershoote themselues, and other folkes deceiue:
Not able of the Authors mind the meaning to conceiue.
The Authors purpose is to paint and set before our eyes
The liuely image of the thoughts that in our stomacks rise.
Each Vice and Vertue seemes to speake and argue to our face,
With such perswasion as they haue their doings to embrace.
And if a wicked person seeme his vices to exalt,
Esteeme not him that wrote the worke in such defaults do halt.
But rather with an vpright eye consider well thy thought:
See if corrupted nature haue the like within thee wrought.
Marke what affection doth perswade in euery kind of matter,
Iudge if that euen in heynous crymes thy fancie do not flatter.
And were it not for dread of Law, or dread of God aboue,
Most men (I feare) would do the things that fond affections moue.
Then take these workes as fragrant Flowers most full of pleasant iuce,
The which the Bee conueying home, may put to holesome vse:
And which the Spider sucking on, to poyson may conuart,
Through venom spred in all her limbes and native in her hart.

For to the pure and godly mind, are all things pure and cleene,
And vnto such as are corrupt, the best corrupted beene:
Like as the finest meats and drinkes that can be made by art,
In sickly folkes to nourishment of sickenesse do conuart,
And therefore not regarding such whose dyet is so fine,
That nothing can digest with them vnlesse it be deuine:
Nor such as to their proper harme do wrest and wring awry
The things that to a good intent are written pleasantly,
Through *Ouids* worke of turned shapes I haue with painefull pace
Past on vntill I had attaind the end of all my race.
And now I haue him made so well acquainted with our toong,
As that he may in English verse as in his owne be soong,
Wherein although for pleasant stile, I cannot make account,
To match mine Author, who in that all other doth surmount:
Yet (gentle Reader) do I trust my trauell in this cace,
May purchase fauour in thy sight my doings to imbrace:
Considering what a sea of Goods and Iewells thou shalt find,
Not more delightfull to the eare, then fruitfull to the mind.
For this do learned persons deeme of *Ouids* present worke,
That in no one of all his Bookes the which he wrote, do lurke
Mo darke and secret misteries, mo counsells wise and sage,
Mo good ensamples, mo reprooues of vice in youth and age,
Mo fine inuentions to delight, mo matters clarkly knit,
No nor more strange variety to shew a learned wit.
The high, the low: the rich, the poore: the maister, and the slaue:
The mayd, the wife: the man, the child: the simple, and the braue:
The young, the old: the good, the bad: the warriour strong and stout:
The wise, the foole: the country clowne: the learned, and the lout:
And euery other liuing wight shall in this mirrour see
His whole estate, thoughts, words and deeds expresly shewd to bee:
Whereof if more particular examples thou do craue,
In reading the Epistle through, thou shalt thy longing haue.
Moreouer thou mayst find herein descriptions of the times,
With constellations of the Starres and Planets in their clymes.
The Sites of Countries, Cities, Hils, Seas, Forrests, Plaines, and Floods.
The natures both of Fowls, beasts, worms, herbs, mettals, stones, & woods

And

And finally, what euer thing is ſtrange and delectable,
The ſame conuayed ſhall you find moſt featly in ſome fable.
And euen as in a Chayne each linke within another winds,
And both with that that went before, and that that followes binds:
So euery Tale within this Booke, doth ſeeme to take his ground
Of that that was rehearſt before, and enters in the bound
Of that that followes after it; and euery one giues light
To other: ſo that who ſo meanes to vnderſtand them right,
Muſt haue a care as well to know the thing that went before,
As that the which he preſently deſires to ſee ſo ſore.
Now to th'intent that none haue cauſe hereafter to complaine
Of me, as ſetter out of things that are but light and vaine:
If any ſtomacke be ſo weake, as that it cannot brooke
The liuely ſetting foorth of things deſcribed in this Booke,
I giue him counſell to abſtaine vntill he be more ſtrong,
And for to vſe *Vlyſſes* feat againſt the Meremayds ſong.
Or if he needs will heare and ſee, and wilfully agree
(Through cauſe miſconſtrued) vnto Vice allured for to bee,
Then let him alſo marke the paine that doth thereof enſue,
And hold himſelfe content with that that to his fault is due.

FINIS.

THE FIRST BOOKE
of Ouids Metamorphosis translated into *English Meter*.

Of shapes transformd to Bodies strange,
My purpose is intreat.
Ye Gods vouchsafe (for you are they,
that wrought this wondrous feate)
To further this mine enterprise:
And from the world beginning,
Graunt that my verse may to my time,
his course directly runne.
Before the Sea and Land were made,
and Heauen that all doth hide,
In all the world one only face of Nature did abide,
Which Chaos hight, a huge rude heape, and nothing else but euen
A heauie lumpe and clotted clod of sundry together driuen,
Of things at strife among themselues, for want of order due.
No Sunne as yet with lightsome beames the shapelesse world did view:
No Moone in growing did repaire her hornes with borrowed light:
Nor yet the earth amids the ayre did hang by wondrous slight
Iust peyzed by her proper weight: Nor winding in and out
Did Amphitryte with her armes embrace the earth about.
For where was earth, was sea and ayre, so was the earth vnstable.
The ayre all darke, the sea likewise to beare a shippe vnable.
No kind of thing had proper shape, but each confounded other.
For in one selfe same body strone the hote and colde together.
The moyst with dry, the soft with hard, the light with things of weight.
This strife did God and Nature breake, and set in order streight.
The earth from heauen, the sea from earth, he parted orderly,
And from the thick and foggy ayre, he tooke the lightsome skie.
Which when he once vnfolded had, and seuered from the blind

And cladded beaye. He ſetting each from other, did them bind
In endleſſe friendſhip to agree. The fire moſt pure and bright,
The ſubtill aire (of the heauen it ſelfe, becauſe it lyes ſo light
Did vnderneath, and next it ſelfe in highеſt place it all.
The ſecond ſome of right to ayre, for lightnes did befall.
The earth more groſſe, drew downe with it each weighty kind of matter,
And ſet it ſelfe in loweſt place. Againe, the wauing water
Did laſtly challenge for his place, the vtmoſt coaſt and bound
Of all the compaſſe of the earth, to cloſe the ſtedfaſt ground.
Now when he in this forelayd wiſe (what God ſo ere he was)
Had broke and into members put this rude confuſed maſſe:
Then firſt becauſe in euery part, the earth ſhould equall be,
He made it like a mighty ball, in compaſſe as we ſee.
And heere and there he caſt in Seas, to whome he gaue a law:
To ſwell with euery blaſt of winde, and euery ſtorme ſtaw.
And with their waues continually to beat vpon the ſhore
Of all the earth within their bounds encloſ'de by them afore.
Moreouer, Springs and mighty Pooles and Lakes he did augment,
And flowing ſtreames of crooked Bankes in winding banks he pent.
Of which the earth doth drinke vp ſome, and ſome with ceaſeleſſe race
Do ſeeke the Sea: where finding ſcope of larger roome and ſpace,
In ſtead of bankes, they beat on ſhores. He did command the plaine
And champion grounds to ſtretch out wide: and valleys to remaine
Aye vnderneath: and eke the woods to hide them decently
With tender leaues: and ſtony hilles to lift themſelues on hie.
And as two Zones do cut the Heauen vpon the righter ſide,
And other twaine vpon the left likewiſe the ſame diuide,
The middle in outragious heate exceeding all the reſt:
Euen ſo likewiſe through great foreſight to God it ſeemed beſt,
The earth included in the ſame ſhould ſo deuided be,
As with the number of the Heauen, her Zones might full agree.
Of which the middle Zone in heate, the vtmoſt twaine in cold
Excéede ſo farre, that there to dwell no creature dare be bold.
Betwixt theſe two ſo great extreames, two other Zones are firſt,
Where temperature of heate and cold indifferently is mixt.
Now ouer this doth hang the Ayre, which as it is more fleightie
Then earth and water: ſo againe than fire it is more weighty.

There

There hath he placed myst and clouds, and for to fray mens minds,
The thunder and the lightning eke, with cold and blustring winds.
But yet the maker of the world permitteth not alway,
The windes to vse the ayre at will. For at this present day,
Though each from other placed be in sundry coasts aside:
The violence of their boystrous blasts, things scarcely can abide.
They so turmoyle as though they would the world in pieces rend,
So cruell is those brothers wrath when that they doe contend.
And therefore to the morning gray, the Reabue of Diabathie,
To Persis and to other lands and countries that doe lie
Farre underneath the morning Starre, did Eurus take his flight,
Likewise the setting of the Sunne, and shutting in of night
Belong to Zephyr. And the blasts of blustring Boreas raigne,
In Scythia, and in other lands set vnder Charles his waine,
And vnto Auster doth belong the coast of all the south,
Who beareth shoures and rotten mistes, continuall in his mouth.
Aboue all these he set aloft the cleare and lightsome skie,
Without all dregges of earthly filth or grossenesse vtterlie,
The bounds of things were scarsly yet by him thus pointed out,
But that appeared in the Heauen, starres glistring all about,
Which in the sayd confused heape had didden biene before,
And to thintent with liuely things each Region for to store.
The heauenly soyle, to Gods and starres and Planets first he gaue,
The waters next both fresh and salt he let the Fishes haue.
The suttle ayre to flickring Fowles and Birds he hath assignde.
The earth to Beasts both wild and tame of sundry sort and kind.
Howbeit yet of all this while, the creature wanting was,
Farre more diuine, of nobler minde, which should the residue passe
In depth of knowledge, reason, wit, and high capacitie,
And which of all the residue should the Lord and ruler bee.
Then eyther he that made the world, and things in order set,
Of heauenly seede engendred Man: or else the earth as yet
Young, lusty, fresh, and in her flowers, and parted from the skie
But late before, the seede thereof as yet held inwardly.
The which Prometheus tempring straight with water of the spring.
Did make in likenes to the Gods that gouerne euery thing.
And where all other beastes behold the ground with groueling rie,

In looking on the Lemman child contrary to her oth,
The which she tooke her in the chest: for which she wared wroth.
Againe she saw her cancred heart maliciously repine
Against her ſiſter and the God. And furthermore in fine
How that the gold whith Mercurie had giuen her ſelf her meede,
Would make her both in wealth and pride all others to exceede.
She goes me straight to Enuies house, a foule and irkesome cane,
Repleat with blacke and lothlie filth, and stinking like a graue.
It standeth in a hollow dale where neither light of Sunne
Nor blast of any winde or ayre may for the deepenesse come.
A dreyrie sad and dolefull den aye full of sloughfull colde
As which aye dimd with smoldring smoke doth neuer fire beholde.
When Pallas that saue manly Mayde approched neere this plot,
She stayd without, for to the house in enter might she not.
And with her Iauelin point did giue a push against the doore.
The doore flue open by and by and fell me in the floore.
There saw she enuie sit within fast gnawing on the flesh
Of Snakes and Todes the filthy foode that keepes her vices fresh.
It lothde her to beholde the sight. Anon the Elfs arose
And left the gnawed Adders flesh, and slouthfully she goes
With lumpish leasure like a Snayle, and when she sawe the face
Of Pallas and her fayre attyre adornde with heauenly grace,
She gaue a sigh, a sorie sigh from bottome of her hart.
Her lippes were pale, her cheekes were wan, and all her face was swart:
Her body leane as any Rake. She looked eke askew.
Her teeth were furde with filth and drosse, her gums were waryish blew.
The working of her festered gall had made her stomacke greene.
And all bevenimbde was her tongue No sleepe her eyes had seene.
Continuall carke and cankred care did keepe her waking still:
Of laughter (saue at others harmes) the Hel-hound can no skill.
It is against her will that men haue any good successe.
And if they haue, she frets and fumes within her minde no lesse
Than if her selfe had taken harme. In seeking to annoy:
And worke distresse to other folke, her selfe she doth destroy.
Thus is she torment to her selfe. Though Pallas did her hate,
Yet spake she briefly these few words to her without her gate,
Infect thou with thy venim one of Cecrops daughters three,

It is Aglauros whom I meane, for so it needs must be.
This sayd: she pight her speare in ground, and tooke her rise thereon.
And winding from that wicked wight did take her flight anon.
The Caitife cast her eye aside, and seeing Pallas gon,
Began to mumble with her selfe the Diuels Paternoster.
And fretting at her good successe, began to blow and bluster.
She takes a crooked staffe in hand bewreathde with knobbed pricks,
And couered with a cooly cloude, where euer that she stickes
Her filthy feete, she tramples downe and feares both grasse and corne:
That all the fresh and fragrant fields seeme vtterly forlorne,
And with her staffe she trippeth off the highest poppie heads.
Such poyson also euery where vngraciously she sheads,
That euery Cottage where she comes, and euery Towne and Cittie
Do take infection at her breath At length (the more is pittie)
She found the fairy Athenian Towne that flowed freshly then
In feast-full peace, and ioyfull wealth, and learned wits of men.
And forbecause she nothing saw that might prouoke to weepe,
It was a corsie to her heart her hatefull teares to keepe.
Now when she came within the court, she went without delay,
Directly to the lodgings where King Cecrops daughters lay,
There did she as Minerua bad, she layd her scurrie fist
Besmerde with venim and with filth vpon Aglauros brist,
The which she fild with hoked thornes: and breathed on her face
Did shead the poyson in her bones: which spred it selfe apace,
As blacke as euer Virgin-pitch through Lungs through Lights and all.
And to th'intent that cause of griefe abundantly should fall,
She placed ay before her eyes her sisters happy chaunce
In beeing wedded to the God: and made the God to glaunce
Continually in heauenly shape before her wounded thought.
And all these things she painted out: which in conclusion wrought
Such corsies in Aglauros breast, that sighthing day and night
She gnawd and fretted in her selfe for very cancred spight.
And like a wretch she wasts her selfe with restlesse care and pine
Like as the yse whereon the Sunne with glimmering light doth shine.
Her sister Herses good successe doth moue her heart to yerne.
In case as when that fire is put to greenefield wood or fearne,
Which giueth neither light nor heate, but smoulders quite away:

Sometime she minded to her Sire her sister to bewray.
Who (well she knew) would yll abide so lewde a part to play.
And oft she thought with wilfull hand to burst her fatall threede,
Because she would not see the thing that made her heart to bleede.
At last she sat her in the doore and leaned to a post.
To let the God from entring in. To whome now hauing lost
Much talke and gentle words in vaine, she sayd: Sir leaue I pray
For hence I will not (be you sure) on lesse you go away.
I take thee at thy word (quoth he) and therewithall he pusht
His rod against the barred doore, and wide it open rusht.
She making proffer for to rise, did feele, so great a waight
Through all her limmes, that for her life she could not stretch her straight
She stroue to set her selfe vpright: but striuing bootod not.
Her hamstrings and her knees were stiffe, a chilling colde had got
In at her nayles, through all her limmes, and eke her raynes began
For want of blood and liuely heate, to ware both pale and wan.
And as the fretting Fistula forgrowne and past all cure
Runs in the flesh from place to place and makes the sound and pure
As bad or worser then the rest: euen so the cold of death
Strake to her heart, and closd her vaines and lastly stopt her breath.
She made no profer for to speake, and though she had done so
It had been vaine. For way was none for language forth to go.
Her throte coniealed into stone: her mouth became hard stone,
And like on image sate she still, her blood was clerely gone.
Tho which the venim of her heart so fowlly did infect,
That euer after all the stone with freckled spots was spect.
When Mercurie had punisht thus Aglauros spitefull toung
And cancred heart, immediately from Pallas towne he flung.
And flying vp with flittring wings did pierce to heauen aboue.
His father cald him straight aside (but shewing not his loue)
Sayd: Sonne, my trusty messenger and worker of my will,
Make no delay but out of hand flie downe in haste vntil
The land that on the left side lookes vpon thy mothers light.
Yon same where standeth on the coast the towne that Sydon hight.
The King bath there a heard of Neate that on the Mountaines feede,
Go take and driue them to the Sea with all conuenient speede.
He had no sooner sayd the word, but that the heard begun

Driuen

Driuen from the Mountaine to the shore appointed for to run.
Whereas the daughter of the King was wonted to resort
With other Ladies of the Court there for to play and sport.
Betweene the state of Maiestie and Loue is set such odds,
As that they cannot dwell in one. The Sire and King of Goddes
Whose hand is armde with triple-fire, who onely with his frowne
Makes Sea and Land and Heauen to quake, doth lay his Scepter downe
With all the graue and stately port belonging thereunto.
And putting on the shape of Bull (as other cattell do)
Goes lowing gently vp and downe among them in the field.
The fayrest beast to looke vpon that euer man beheld.
For why? his colour was as white as any winters snow
Before that either trampling feete or Southerne winde it thow.
His neck was brawnde with rolles of flesh, and from his chest before,
A dangling dew-lap hung me downe good halfe a foote and more.
His hornes were small, but yet so fine as that he would haue thought
They had been made by running hand, or out of ware been wrought.
More cleare they were an hundreth folde then is the Cristall stone
In all his forehead fearefull frowne or wrinkle there was none.
No fierce, no grim, nor griefly looke as other cattell haue.
But altogether so demure as friendship seems to craue.
Agenors daughter marueld much so tame a beast [illegible],
But yet to touch him at the first to hold shee [illegible].
Annon she reaches to his mouth her hand with [illegible] flowres:
The louing beast was glad thereof and neither [illegible] lowres.
But till the hoped ioy might come with glad [illegible]
He licks her hands, and scarce ah scarce the [illegible]
Some time he friskes and skippes about and [illegible] sport at hand:
Anon he layes his snowie side against the golden [illegible]
So feare by little driuen away he offered [illegible]
To stroke and coy, and eft his hornes with [illegible],
At last Europa knowing not (for so the Mayde was calde)
On whom she ventrude for to ride, was [illegible]
To set her selfe vpon his backe. Then by and by the God
From maine drieland to maine moyst Sea gan leasurely to plod,
At first he did but dip his feete within the out-most wage,
And backe againe: then further in another plunge he gaue.

And

And so still further till at last he had his wished pray,
Amid the deepe where was no meane to scape with life away.
The Lady quaking all for feare with rufull countenance cast,
Ay toward shore from whence she came, held with her right-hand fast
One of his hornes: and with the left did stay vpon his backe.
The wether flaskt and whisked vp her garments being slacke.

Finis Secundi Libri.

THE THIRD BOOKE OF Ouids Metamorphosis.

THE God now hauing layd aside
his borrowed shape of Bull,
Had in his likenesse shew'd himselfe:
And with his pretty trull
Tane landing in the Ile of Crete.
When in that while her Syre
Not knowing where she was become,
sent after to enquire
Her brother Cadmus, charging him
his Sister home to bring,
Or neuer for to come againe:
wherein he did a thing,
For which he might both iustly kind and cruell called bee
When Cadmus ouer all the world had sought, (for who is hee
That can deteyn the thefts of Ioue?) and no where could her see.
Then as an Out-law (to auoyd his fathers wrongfull yre)
He went to Phoebus Oracle, most humbly to desire

His

His Heauenly counsell, where he would assigne him place to dwell.
An Heifar all alone in field (quoth Phœbus) marke her well,
Which neuer bare the pinching yoke, nor drew the plough as yit,
Shall méet thée, follow after her, and where thou seest her sit,
There build a Towne, and let thereof Beotia be the name.
Downe from Parnassus stately top scarce fully Cadmus came,
When royling softly in the vale before the Heard alone
He saw a Heifar on whose necke of seruage print was none.
He followed after leysurely as her that was his guide,
And thanked Phœbus in his heart that did so well prouide.
Now had he past Cephisus Fœrd, and eke the pleasants grounds,
About the Citie Panope contain'd within those bounds.
The Heifar stayd and lifting vp her forehead to the Skie
Full séemly for to looke vpon with hornes like branches hye
Did with her lowing fill the ayre: and casting backe her eye
Vpon the rest that came alœfe as softly as she could
Knéel'd downe and layd her hairy side against the grassie mould.
Then Cadmus gaue Apollo thankes, and falling flat bylow
Did kisse the ground and haile the fields which yet he did not know.
He was about to sacrifice to Ioue the heauenly King
And bad his seruants go and fetch him water of the Spring.
An old forgrowne vnfelled wood stood néere at hand thereby,
And in the mids a queachie plot with Sedge and Oysters hie.
Where curbde about with péeble stone in likenesse of a bow
There was a spring with siluer streames that forth thereof did flow.
Here lurked in his lowring den God Mars his grisly Snake
With golden scales and fiery eyes beswolne with poyson blake.
Thrée spirting tongues, thrée rowes of téeth within his head did sticke.
No sooner had the Tirian folke set foote within this thicke
And queachy plot, and dipped downe their bucket in the Well,
But that to buscle in his den began this Serpent fell,
And péering with a marble head right horribly to hisse.
The Tirians let their pitchers slip for fodaine feare of this.
And waxing pale as any clay, like folkes amazde and flaight,
Stood trembling like an Aspen leafe. The speckled serpent straight
Comes trailing out in wauing linkes, and knottie rolles of scales,
And bending into bunchie boughts his body forth he hales.

And lifting vp aboue the waſt himſelfe vnto the ſkie,
He ouer-looketh all the wood, as huge and big welnie
As is the Snake that in the heauen about the Norden Pole
Deuides the Beares. He makes no ſtay but deales his dreadfull dole,
Among the Tirians. Whether they did take them to their tooles,
Or to their heeles, or that their feare did make them ſtand like ſeeles,
And helpe themſelues by none of both, he ſnapt vp ſome aliue,
And ſwept in others with his taile, and ſome he did depriue
Of life with rankneſſe of his breath, and other ſome againe
He ſtings and poyſons vnto death, till all at laſt were ſlaine.
Now when the Sunne was at his heigth and ſhadowes wared ſhort,
And Cadmus ſaw his company make tariance in that ſort,
He marueld what ſhould be their let, and went to ſeeke them out.
His harneſſe was a Lyons ſkinne that wrapped him about.
His weapons were a long ſtrong ſpeare with head of yron tride,
And eke a light and piercing Dart. And thereunto beſide
(Worth all the weapons in the world) a ſtout and valiant heart.
When Cadmus came within the wood and ſaw about that part
His men lie ſlaine vpon the ground, and eke their cruell ſo
Of body huge ſtand ouer them, and licking with his blo
And blaſting tongue their ſory wounds: well truſty friends (quoth he)
I either of your pitious deaths will ſtraight reuenger be,
Or elſe will die my ſelfe therefore. With that he raughting faſt,
A mighty Millſtone at the Snake with all his might it caſt.
The ſtone with ſuch exceeding force and violence forth was driuen,
As of a ſort the Bulwarks ſtrong and walles it would haue a riuen.
And yet it did the Snake no harme: his ſcales as hard and tough
As if they had been plates of Mayle did fence him well ynough,
So that the ſtone rebounded backe againſt his freckled ſlough.
But yet his hardneſſe ſaude him not againſt the piercing dart.
For hitting right between the ſcales that yeelded in that part
Whereas the ioynts do knit the backe, it thirled through the ſkin,
And pierced to his filthy mawe and greedy guts within.
He fierce with wrath wrings backe his head, and looking on the ſtripe
The Jaueling ſteale that ſticked out betweene his teeth doth gripe.
The which with wreſtling too and fro at length he forth did wind,
Saue that he left the head thereof among his bones behind.

When of his courage through the wound more kindled was the ire,
His throt-boll swold with puffed veynes, his eyes gan sparkle fire.
There stood about his smeared chaps a lothly foming frath.
His scaled breast ploughs vp the ground, the stinking breath that goth
Out from his blacke and hellish mouth infects the herbes full fowle.
Sometime he winds himselfe in knots as round as any bowle.
Sometime he stretcheth out in length as straight as any beame.
Anon againe with violent brunt he rusheth like a streame
Encreast by rage of latefalne raine, and with his mightie sway
Beares downe the wood before his breast that standeth in his way.
Agenors sonne retyring backe doth with his Lyons spoyle
Defend him from his fierce assaults, and makes him to recoyle
Aye holding at the weapons point. The Serpent waxing wood
Doth crash the steele betweene his teeth, and bites it till the blood
Dropt mixt with poyson from his mouth, did die the grene grasse blacke
But yet the wound was very light because he writhed backe.
And pulld his head still from the stroke: and made the stripe to die
By giuing way, vntill that Cadmus following iustly
The stroke with all his power and might, did through the throate him riue.
And nayle him to an Oke behind the which he backe did cline:
The Serpents waight did make the tree to bend. It grieud the tree
His body of the Serpents taile thus scourged for to bee.

While Cadmus wondred at the hugenesse of the banquisht foe,
Vpon the sudden came a voyce: from whence he could not knowe.
But sure he was he heard the voyce: Which sayd: Agenors sonne
What gazest thus vpon this Snake? the time will one day come
That thou thy selfe shalt be a Snake. He pals and wan for feare,
Had lost his speech: and ruffled vp stiffe staring stode his heare.
Behold (mans helper at his neede) Dame Pallas gliding through
The vacant ayre was straight at hand, and bad him take a plough
And cast the Serpents teeth in ground, as of the which should spring
Another people out of hand. He did in euery thing
As Pallas bad, he take a plough, and earde a furrow lowe
And sowd the Serpents teeth, whereof the forelayd folke should growe.
Anon (a wondrous thing to tell) the clods began to moue,
And from the furrowe first of all the Pikes appearde aboue,

Next

Next rose vp Helmes with fethered creſts, and then the Boldzens bzight,
Succeſſiuely the Curets whole, and all the armour right.
Thus grew vp men like cozne in field in ranks of battell ray
With thields and weapons in their hands to fight the field that day.
Euen ſo when Stages are attyzde againſt ſome ſolemne game,
With clothes of Arras gozgiouſly, in dzawing vp the ſame
The faces of the Images do firſt of all them ſhow,
And then by pæce-meale all the reſt in ozder ſeemes to grow.
Untill at laſt they ſtand out full vpon their fæt bylow.
Afrighted at theſe new-found foes, gan Cadmus foz to take
Him to his weapons by and by reſiſtance foz to make.
Stay, ſtay thy ſelfe (cryde one of them that late befoze were bzed
Out of the ground) and meddle not with ciuill warres. This ſed,
One of the bzothers of that bzood with launcing ſwozd he ſlue.
Another ſent a dart at him the which him ouerthzew.
The third did ſtraight as much foz him and made him yéld the bzeath,
(The which he had receiude but now) by ſtroke of fozced death.
Likewiſe outraged all the reſt, vntill that one by one
By mutuall ſtroke of ciuill warre diſpatched euerychone
This bzood of bzothers all behewen and welkred in their blood,
Lay ſpzawling on their mothers wombe, the ground where erſt they ſtood,
Saue onely fiue that did remaine. Of whom Echion led
By Pallas counſell thzew away the helmet from his hed,
And with his bzothers gan to treat attonement foz to make.
The which at length (by Pallas helpe) ſo good ſucceſſe did take,
That faithfull friendſhip was confirmd and hand in hand was plight.
Theſe afterward did well aſſiſt the noble Tyzian knight,
In building of the famous towne that Phœbus had behight.
Now Thebes ſtood in good eſtate, now Cadmus might thou ſay
That when thy father baniſht thee it was a luckie day.
To ioyne aliance both with Mars and Venus was thy chance,
Whoſe daughter thou hadſt tane to wife, who did thée much aduance,
Not onely through her high renowne, but through an noble race
Of ſonnes and daughters that ſhe bare: whoſe children in like caſe
It was thy foztune foz to ſée all men and women growne.
But aye the end of euery thing muſt marked be and knowne.
Foz none the name of bleſſednes deſerueth foz to haue

Unleſſe

Unlesse the tenor of his life last blessed to his graue.
Among so many prosperous haps that flowde with good successe,
Thine eldest Nephew was a cause of care and sore distresse.
Whose head was arm'd w̄ palmed hornes, whose own hounds in ỹ wood
Did pull their master to the ground and fill them with his blood.
But if you sift the matter well, ye shall not find defart
But cruell fortune to haue bene the cause of this his smart.
For who could do with ouer-sight: great slaughter had bene made
Of sundry sorts of sauage beasts one morning: and the shade
Of things was wered very short. It was the time of day
That mid betweene the East and West the Sunne doth seeme to stay.
When as the Thebane stripling thus bespake his company,
Still ranging in the wayleſſe woods some further game to spie.
Our weapons and our toyles are moyst and stain'd with blood of Deere.
This day hath done ynough as by our quarry may appeere.
Allone as with her scarlet wheeles next morning bringeth light,
We will about our worke againe. But now Hiperion bright
Is in the mids of heauen, and seares the fields with fiery rayes.
Take vp your toyles, and cease your worke, and let vs go our waies.
They did euen so and ceasst their worke. There was a valley thicke
With Pine-aple and Cypresse trees that armed be with pricke.
Gargaphie hight this shady plot, it was a sacred place
To chaste Diana and the Nymphs that wayted on her grace.
Within the furthest end thereof there was a pleasant Bower
So vaulted with the leauie trees the Sun had there no power:
Not made by hand nor mans deuise: and yet no man alme,
A trimmer piece of worke then that could for his life contriue.
With Flint and Pommy was it vaulde by nature halfe about,
And on the right side of the same full freshly flowed out
A lively spring with Christall streame: whereof the vpper brim
Was greene with grasse and matted herbs that smelled very trim.
When Phœbee felt her selfe were faint, of following of her game,
It was her custome for to come and bath her in the same.
That day she hauing timely left her hunting in the chase,
Was entred with her troupe of Nymphs within this pleasant place.
She toke her Quiuer and her Bow the which she had vnbent,
And eke her Jauelin to a Nymph that serued that intent.

Another:

Another Nymph to take her clothes among her traine the chose,
Two losde her buskins from her legs and pulled off her hose.
The Thebane Lady Crocalee more cunning then the rest,
Did trusse her tresses handsomely which hung behind vndrest.
And yet her owne hung waning still. Then Nyphee next and clane
With Hiale glistring like the grasse in beautie fresh and cheene,
And Rhanis clearer of her skinne than are the rainy drops,
And little bibling Phyalee and Pleke that pretty Mops,
Powrde water into vessels large to wash their Lady with.
Now while she kepes this wont, behold, by wandring in the frith
He wist not whither (hauing stayd his pastime till the morrow)
Comes Cadmus Nephew to this thicke: and entring in with sorrow
(Such was his cursed cruell fate) Saw Phœbee where she washt.
The Damsels at the sight of man quite out of countenance dasht,
(Because they everychone were bare and naked to the quicke)
Did beat their hands against their breasts, and cast out such a shricke
That all the wood did ring thereof: and clinging to their Dame,
Did all they could to hyde both her and eke themselues fro shame.
But Phœbee was of personage so comely and so tall,
That by the middle of her necke she ouer-peerd them all.
Such colour as appeares in Heauen by Phœbus broken rayes
Directly shining on the clouds, or such as is alwaies
The colour of the morning clouds before the Sunne doth shew,
Such sanguine colour in the face of Phœbee gan to glow
There standing naked in his sight. Who though she had her gard
Of Nymphs about her: yet she turnde her body from him-ward.
And casting backe an angry loke like as she would haue sent
An arrow at him had she had her Bow there ready bent.
So raught she water in her hand and for to wreake the spight
Besprincled all the head and face of this vnluckie Knight,
And thus forespake the heauy lot that should vpon him light.
Now make thy vaunt among thy Mates, thou saw'st Diana bare.
Tell if thou can: I giue the leaue: tell hardly: do not spare.
This done she makes no further threats, but by and by doth spread
A paire of lively old Harts hornes vpon his sprinckled head.
She sharpes his eares, she makes his necke both slender, long, and lanke.
She turnes his fingers into feet, his armes to spindle shanke.

She wraps him in a hairie hide beset with speckled spots,
And planteth in him fearefulnesse and so away he trots.
Full greatly wondring to himselfe what made him in that case
To be so wight and swift of foot. But when he saw his face
And homed temples in the brooke, he would have cryde alas,
But as for then no kind of speech out of his lips could passe.
He sighte and braide: for that was then the speech that did remaine,
And downe the eyes that were not his, his bitter teares did raine.
No part remained (saue his mind) of that he erst had beene.
What should he do? turne home againe to Cadmus and the Queene?
Or hide himselfe among the woods? Of this he was afraid,
And of the tother ill athamde. While doubting thus he stayd:
His Hounds espyde him where he was, and Blackfoot first of all,
And Stalker speciall good of scent began aloud to call.
This latter was a hound of Crete, the other was of Sparte.
Then all the kenell fell in round, and euery one for his part
Did follow freshly in the chase more swifter then the wind,
Spy, Eateall, Scalecliffe, three good hounds comme all of Arcas kind
Strong Bilbucke, currish Sauage, Spring, and Hunter fresh of smell,
And Lightfoot, who to lead a chase did beare away the bell,
Fierce Woodman hunt not long ago in hunting of a Boare,
And Sherpheard wont to follow Sheepe and Neate to field afore.
And Launds a fell and eger Bitch that had a Wolfe to Syre:
Another brach cal'd Ouerdigut with two her Puppies by her.
And Ladon gaunt as any Oreiond a hound in Sycion bred,
Blab, Fleetwood, Patch whose flecked skin with sundry spots was spred:
Wight Bowman, Royster, Beautie faire and white as winters snow,
And Tawny full of duskie haires that ouer all did grow,
With lustie Ruffler passing all the reste there in strength,
And Tempest best of footmanship in holding out at length.
And Cole and Swift, and little Wolfe, as wight as any other,
Accompanide with a Cyprian hound that was his native brother,
And Snach amid whose forehead stood a starre as white as snow,
The resdue being all as blacke and slicke as any Crow.
And shaggy Rugge with other twaine that had a Syre of Crete,
And Dam of Sparta: None of them cal'd Jolle-boy, a great
And large flewd hound: the tother Chorle who euer gnarring went,

And Ringwood with a shrill loud mouth the which he freely spent.
With diuers mo whose names to tell it were but losse of time.
These fellowes ouer hill and dale in hope of prey do clime
Through thicke and thin and craggie cliffes where was no way to go,
He flyes through grounds where oftentimes he chased had ere tho.
Euen from his owne folke is he faine (alas) to flie away.
He strayned oftentimes to speake, and was about to say:
I am Acteon: know your Lord and Master, Sirs, I pray.
But vse of words and speech did want to vtter forth his minde.
Their cry did ring through all the wood redoubled with the winde.
First Slo did pinch him by the haunch, and next came Bil-berre in,
And Hil-bred fastened on his shoulder, bote him through the skin.
These came forth later then the rest but coasting thwart a hill,
They did gaine-cope him as he came and held their master still
Untill that all the rest came in, and fastned on him to.
No part of him was free from wound. He could none other doe
But sigh, and in the shape of Hart with voyce as Harts are wont,
(For voyce of man was none now left to helpe him at the brunt)
By braying shew his secret griefe among the Mountaines hie.
And kneeling sadly on his knees with drierie teares in eye,
As one by humbling of himselfe that mercie seemde to crane,
With pittious loke in stead of hands his head about to waue.
Not knowing that he was their Lord, the Huntsmen cheere their hounds
With wonted noyse and for Acteon lokt about the grounds.
They hallow who could lowdest cry still calling him by name,
As though he were not there, and much his absence they do blame
In that he came not to the fall, but slacke to see the game.
As often as they named him he sadly shoke his head,
And faine he would haue beene away thence in some other stead.
But there he was. And well he could haue found in heart to see
His dogges fell deedes, so that to see in place he had not bin.
They hem him in on euery side and in the shape of Stagge,
With greedy teeth and griping pawes their Lord in pieces dragge.
So fierce was cruell Phoebes wrath, it could not be alayd,
Till of his fault by bitter death the Ransome he had payd.
Much mutining was vpon the fact, some thought there was extended
A great deale more extremitie then needed. Some commended

Dianas

Dianas doing: saying that it was but worthely
For safegard of her womanhod. Each partie did applie
Good reasons to defend their case. Alone the wife of Ione,
Misliking or misliking it not all so greatly straine,
As secretly reioyst in heart that such a plague was light
On Cadmus Linage: turning all the malice and the spight
Conceiued erst against the wench that Ioue had set for Tyre,
Upon the kindred of the wench, and for to fierce her ire,
Another thing cleane ouerthwart there commeth in the minde:
The Lady Semell great with childe by Ioue as then was quicke.
Hereat she gan to freat and fume, and for to ease her heart
Which else would burst, she fell in hand with scolding out her part.
And what a good yere haue I won by scolding erst (she sed)
It is that arrant queane herselfe against whose wicked hed
I must allay to giue assault: and if (as men we call)
I be that Iuno who in heauen beare greatest swing of all,
If in my hand I worthy be to hold the Royall sparre,
And if I be the Quéene of heauen and soueraigne of this place,
Or wife and sister vnto Ioue, (his sister well I know:)
But as for wife that name is vaine, I serue but for a show,
To couer other priuie stapes) I will confound that Whore.
Now (with a mischiefe) is she bare and beareth out before,
Her open shame to all the world: and shortly hopes to be
The mother of a sonne by Ioue, the which hath hapt to me.
Not passing once in all my time, so fore she doth presume
Upon her beautie. But I trow her hope shall soone consume.
For neuer let me counted be for Saturns daughter more,
If by her owne deare darling Ioue on whom she trusts so fore
I send her not to Stygies streame. This ended, vp she rose.
And couered in golden cloude to Semelles house she goes.
And ere she sent away the cloud, she takes an olde wiues shape
With hoarie haire and rinckles shinne, with slow and crooked gate.
As though she had the palsie had her feble limmes did shake,
And eke she foltred in the mouth as often as she spoke.
She seemde olde Beldame Beroe of Epidaure to be,
This Lady Semelles Nurse as right as though it had beene she.
So when that after mickle talke of purpose ministred

loues name was vpned: by and by she gaue a sigh and sed,
I wish with all my heart that Ioue became to thee of this.
But daughter deare I dread the worst, I feare it be amisse.
For many harlets vnder name of Gods to serue their lust,
Haue into vndefiled beds themselues full often thrust.
And though it beene the mightie Ioue, yet doth not that suffize,
Vnlesse he also make the same apparant to our eyes.
And if it be euen very he, I say it doth behoue,
He proue it by some open signs and token of his loue.
And therefore pray him for to graunt, that loke in what degree,
What order, fashion, sort and state he vse to companie
With mightie Iuno, in the same in euery point and cate,
To all intents and purposes he thee likewise embrace,
And that he also bring with him his bright thee forked Mace:
With such instructions Iuno had enformed Cadmus Neece:
And she poore silly simple soule immediately on this
Requested Ioue to graunt a bone the which she did not name.
Alke what thou wilt (sweet heart (quoth he) thou shalt not misse the same,
And for to make thee sure hereof, the griesely Stygian Lake,
Which is the feare and God of Gods beare witnesse to thy sake.
She ioying in her owne mischaunce not hauing any powre
To rule her selfe, but making speede to hast her fatall howre,
In which she through her louers helpe should worke her owne decay.
Said: Such as Iuno findeth you when you and she do play
The games of Venus, such I pray thee shew thy selfe to me
In euery case. The God would faine haue stopt her mouth But she
Had made such haste that out it was. Which made him sigh full sore,
For neither she could then vnwish the thing she wisht before,
Nor he reuolke his solemne othe. Wherefore with sorie heart
And heauie countenance by and by to heauen he doth depart.
And makes to follow after him with loke full grim and stoure
The flakie clouds all grieslie blacke, as when they threat a shoure.
To which he added mixt with winde a fierce and flashing flame,
With dry and dreadfull thunder claps and lightning to the same
Of Deadly vnauoyded dint. And yet as much as may
He goes about his vehement force and fiercenesse to allay.
He doth not arme him with the fire with which he did remoue

The

The Giant with the hundred hands Typhoëus from aboue:
It was to cruell and to fore to vse against his Loue.
The Cyclops made another kind of lightning farre more light,
Wherein they put much lesse of fire, lesse fiercenesse, lesser might.
It light in heauen the second space. Ioue armes himselfe with this,
And enters into Cadmus house where Semelles chamber is.
She being mortall was too weake and feeble to withstand
Such troublous tumults of the heauens: and therefore out of hand
Was burned in her Louers armes. But yet he take away
His infant from the mothers woombe imperfect as it lay,
And (if a man might credite it) did in his thigh it sow,
Where biding out the mothers time it did to ripenesse grow.
And when the time of birth was come his Aunt the Lady Ine
Did nurse him for a while by stealth, and kept him trim and fine.
The Nymphs of Nysa afterward did in their bowres him hide,
And brought him vp with milke till time he might abroad be spyde.
Now while these things were done on earth, and that by fatall course
The twise borne Bacchus had a time to mans estate to come,
They say that Ioue disposde to merily, as he and Iuno sate
A drinking Nectar after meat in sport and pleasant rate,
Did fall a iesting with his wife, and said: a greater pleasure
In Venus games ye women haue then men beyond all measure.
She answerd no. To try the truth, they both of them agree
The wise Tyresias in this case indifferent Iudge to bee:
Who both the mans and womans ioyes by tryall vnderstood.
For finding once two mightie Snakes engendring in a wood,
He strake them ouer-thwart the backes, by meanes whereof behold
(As strange a thing to be of truth as euer yet was told)
He being made a woman straight, seuen winters lined so.
The eighth he finding them againe did say vnto them tho:
And if to strike ye haue such power as for to turne their shape
That are the giuers of the stripe, before you hence escape,
One stripe now will I lend you more He strake them as before,
And straight returnd his former shape wherein he first was borne.
Tyresias therefore being tane to iudge this iesting strife,
Gaue sentence on the side of Ioue. The which the Queene his wife
Did take a great deale more to heart than needed, and in spight

To breake her fame vpon her Iudge, bereft him of his sight.
But Ioue (for to the Gods it is vnlawfull to vndo
The things which other of the Gods by any meanes haue do)
Did giue him sight in things to come for losse of sight of eye,
And so his grieuous punishment with honour did supplye.
By meanes whereof within a while in Cittie, Field, and Towne
Through all the coast of Aony was bruted his renowne.
And folke to haue their fortunes read that dayly did resort,
Were answerde so that none of them could giue him mis-report.
The first that of his soth-fast words had proofe in all the realme,
Was freckled Lyreop, whom sometime surprised in his streame,
The flood Cephisus did enforce. This Lady bare a sonne,
Whose beautie at his very birth might iustly Ioue haue wonne.
Narcissus did she call his name. Of whom the Prophet sage
Demaunded if the child should liue to many yeeres of age,
Made answere, yea full long, so that himselfe he do not know.
The soth-sayers words seemd long, but vaine vntill the end did show
His saying to be true indeede by strangenesse of the rage,
And strangenesse of the kinde of death that did abridge his age.
For when yeeres three times five and one he fully liued had,
So that he seemd to stand betweene the state of man and lad,
The hearts of diuers trim yong men his beautie gan to moue,
And many a Lady fresh and faire was taken in his loue.
But in that grace of natures gift such passing pride did raine,
That to be toucht of mans or maide he wholy did disdaine,
A babling Nymph that Echo hight, who hearing others talke,
By no meanes can refraine her tongue, but that it needs must walke,
Nor of her selfe hath power to gin to speake to any wight,
Espide him driuing into toyles the fearefull stagges of sight.
This Echo was a body then, and not an onely voyce,
Yet of her speech she had that time no more then now the choice:
That is to say of many words the latter to repeate,
The cause thereof was Iunos wrath. For when that with the feate
She might haue often taken Ioue in dalliance with his Dames,
And that by stealth and vnbewares in midst of all his games.
This elfe would with her tatling talke detaine her by the way,
Vntill that Ioue had wrought his will and they were fled away.

The

The which when Iuno did perceiue, ſhe ſayd with wrathfull mood,
This tongue that hath deluded me ſhall do thee little god:
For of thy ſpeech but ſimple vſe hereafter ſhalt thou haue.
The deede it ſelfe did ſtraight confirme the threatnings that ſhe gaue.
Yet Echo of the former talke doth double oft the end,
And backe againe with iuſt report the wordes erſt ſpoken ſend.
Now when ſhe ſaw Narciſſus ſtray about the Forreſt wide,
She waxed warme, and ſtep for ſtep faſt after him ſhe hide.
The more ſhe followed after him, and nearer that ſhe came,
The hotter euer did ſhe were as nearer to her flame.
Like as the liuely brimſtone doth, which dipt about a match,
And put but ſoftly to the fire, the flame doth lightly catch.
O Lord how often would ſhe faine (if nature would haue let)
Intreated him with gentle wordes ſome fauour for to get.
But nature would not ſuffer her nor giue her leaue to gin.
Yet (ſo farre forth as ſhe by graunt of natures hand could win)
Lye ready with attentiue eare ſhe hearkens for ſome ſound,
Whereto ſhe might reply her wordes from which ſhe is not bound.
By chance the ſtripling being ſtraide from all his companie,
Sayd: is there any body nie? ſtraight Echo anſwerde: I
Amazde he caſts his eyes aſide and looketh round about,
And come (that all the Forreſt rang) aloud he calleth out.
And come (ſaith ſhe:) he looketh backe and ſeing no man follow,
Why flieſt, he cryeth once againe: and ſhe the ſame doth hallow,
He ſtill perſiſts and wondring much what kind of thing it was
From which that anſwering voyce by turne ſo duely ſeemd to paſſe.
Sayd: let vs ioyne. She (by her will deſirous to haue ſayd.
In faith with none more willingly at any time or ſtead)
Sayd: let vs meet. And ſtancing ſomewhat in her owne conceit,
Upon theſe wordes ſhe left the Wood, and forth ſhe yeelded ſtreit.
To coll the louely necke for which ſhe longed had ſo much,
He runs his way and will not be embraced of none ſuch.
And ſayth: I firſt will die ere thou ſhalt take of me thy pleaſure.
She anſwerde nothing els thereto, but, take of me thy pleaſure.
Now when ſhe ſaw her ſelfe thus mockt, ſhe gate her to the Woods,
And hid her head for very ſhame among the leaues and buddes.
And euer ſince ſhe lines alone in Dens and hollow caues.

Yet stacke her loue still to her heart, through which she dayly raues
The more for sorrow of repulse. Through restlesse carke and care
Her body pines to skin and bone, and wereth wonderous bare.
The blood doth vanish into ayre from out of all her veines,
And nought is left but voyce and bones: the voyce yet still remaines:
Her bones they say were turnd to stones. From thence she lurking still
In woods, will neuer shew her head in field, nor yet on hill.
Yet is she heard of euery man: it is her onely sound,
And nothing els that doth remaine aliue aboue the ground.
Thus had he mockt this wretched Nymph and many mo beside,
That in the Waters, Woods, and groues, or Mountaines did abide
Thus had he mocked many men. Of which one miscontent
To see himselfe deluded so, his hands to heauen vp bent,
And sayd: I pray to God he may once feele fierce Cupids fire
As I do now, and yet not ioy the thing he doth desire.
The Goddesse Ramnuse (who doth wrecke on wicked people take)
Assented to his iust request for ruth and pitties sake.
There was a spring withouten mudde as siluer cleare and still,
Which neither sheepeherds nor the Goates that fed vpon the hill,
Nor other cattell troubled had, nor sauage beast had stird,
Nor braunch, nor sticke, nor leafe of tree, nor any fowle nor bird.
The moysture fed and kept aye fresh the grasse that grew about,
And with their leaues the trees did keepe the heate of Phœbus out.
The stripling weary with the heate and hunting in the chace,
And much delighted with the spring and coolenesse of the place,
Did lay him downe vpon the brim: and as he stooped low
To staunch his thirst, another thirst of worse effect did grow.
For as he dranke he chaunst to spie the Image of his face,
The which he did immediately with feruent loue embrace.
He feedes a hope without cause why. For like a foolish noddie
He thinks the shaddow that he sees, to be a liuely boddy.
Astraughted like an Image made of Marble stone he lies,
There gazing on his shadow still with fixed staring eyes.
Stretcht all along vpon the ground it doth him good to see
His ardent eyes which like two starres full bright and shining bee.
And eke his fingers, fingers such as Bacchus might beseeme,
And haire that one might worthyly Apollos haire it deeme,

His beardlesse chyn and yuorie necke, and eke the perfect grace
Of white and red indifferently bepainted in his face.
All these he wondred to behold, for which (as I do gather)
Himselfe was to be wondred at, or to be pitied rather.
He is enamored of himselfe for want of taking heede.
And where he likes another thing he likes himselfe indeede.
He is the partie whom he woes, and suter that doth wowe,
He is the flame that sets on fire, and thing that burneth towe.
O Lord how often did he kisse that false deceitfull thing?
How often did he thrust his armes midway into the spring?
To haue imbrast the necke he saw and could not catch himselfe:
He knowes not what it was he saw. And yet the foolish elfe
Doth burne in ardent loue thereof. The very selfe same thing
That doth bewitch and blind his eyes, encreasing still his sting.
Thou fondling thou, why dost thou raught the fickle Image so?
The thing thou seekest is not there. And if aside thou go:
The thing thou louest, straight is gone. It is none other matter
That thou dost see then of thy selfe the shadow in the water.
The thing is nothing of it selfe: with thee it doth abide,
With thee it would depart if thou with-drew thy selfe aside.
No care of meate could draw him thence, nor yet desire of rest:
But lying flat against the ground, and leaning on his brest,
With greedy eyes he gazeth still vpon the falced face,
And through his sight is wrought his bane. Yet for a little space
He turnes and sets himselfe vpright, and holding vp his hands
With piteous voyce vnto the wood that round about him stands,
Cryes out and sayes: alas ye woods, and there was euer any,
That lou'd so cruelly as I? you know: for vnto many
A place of harbour haue you beene, and fort of refuge strong.
Can you remember any one in all your time so long,
That hath so pinde away as I? I see and am full faine,
Howbeit that I like and see I cannot yet attaine:
So great a blindnesse in my heart through doting loue doth raine.
And for to spight me more withall it is no iourney farre,
No drenching sea, no mountaine hie, no wall, no locke, no barre,
It is but euen a little drop that kéepes vs two asunder.
It would be had For loke how oft I kisse the water vnder,

So

So oft againe with vpward mouth he riseth towards me,
A man would thinke to touch at least I should yet able bee.
It is a trifle in respect that lets vs of our loue.
What wight soeuer that thou art come hither vp aboue,
O pereleſſe pere, why dost thou me thy louer thus delude?
Or whither flieſt thou off thy friend thus earneſtly purſude?
I wis I neither am so foule nor yet so growne in yeeres,
That in this wiſe thou shouldst me shun. To haue me to their Feeres,
The Nymphs themſelues haue ſude ere this. And yet (as should appeare)
Thou dooſt pretend some kind of hope of friendſhip by thy cheere.
For when I ſtretch mine armes to thee, thou ſtretcheſt thine likewiſe.
And if I ſmile thou ſmileſt to: And when that from mine eyes
The teares do drop, I well perceiue the water ſtands in thine.
Like geſture alſo dooſt thou make to euery becke of mine.
And as by moouing of thy ſweet and louely lips I weene,
Thou ſpeakeſt words although mine eares conceiue not what they beene.
It is my ſelfe I well perceiue, it is mine image ſure,
That in this ſort deluding me, this fury doth procure.
I am enamored of my ſelfe: I do both ſet on fire,
And am the ſame that ſweteth to through impotent deſire.
What ſhall I do? be wooed or woe? whom ſhall I woe therefore?
The thing I ſeeke is in my ſelfe, my plenty makes me poore.
I would to God, I for a while might from my body part.
This wiſh is ſtrange to heare a louer wrapped all in ſmart,
To wiſh away the thing the which he loueth as his heart.
My ſorrow takes away my ſtrength, I haue not long to liue:
But in the flower of youth muſt die. To die it doth not grieue.
For that by death ſhall come the end of all my griefe and paine.
I would this youngling whom I loue might longer life obtaine,
For in one ſoule ſhall now decay we ſted faſt louers twaine.
This ſaid: in rage he turnes againe vnto the foreſaid ſhade,
And roues the water with the teares y ſtoubyng that he made,
That through his troubling of the Well his image gan to fade.
Which when he ſaw to vaniſh ſo, Oh, whither dooſt thou flie?
Abide I pray thee hartily, aloud he gan to crie.
Forſake me not ſo cruelly that loueth thee ſo deere,
But giue me leaue a little while my dazled eies to cheere

With

With sight of that which for to touch is vtterly denide,
Thereby to feede my wretched rage and furie for a tide.
As in this wise he made his mone he stripped off his cote,
And with his fist outragiously his naked stomake smote.
A ruddy colour where he smote rose on his stomake theare,
Like apples which do partly white and striped redappeare.
Or as the clusters ere the grapes to ripenesse fully come,
An orient purple here and there begins to grow on some.
Which things as soone as in the spring he did behold againe,
He could no longer beare it out. But fainting straight for paine,
As lithe and supple Wax doth melt against the burning flame,
Or morning dew against the Sunne that glareth on the same:
Euen so by peace-meale being spent and wasted through desire
Did he consume and melt away with Cupids secret fire.
His liuely white and red, his cheerefulnesse and strength,
And all the things that liked him did waxe away at length.
So that in fine remained not the body which of late
The wretched Eccho loued so. Who when she saw his state,
Although in iest she angrie were, and mindfull of his pride,
Yet ruing his vnhappie case as often as he cride
Alas: she cride alas likewise with shrill redoubled sounde:
And when he beat his brest, or strake his fist against the ground,
She made like noise of clapping too. These are the words that last
Out of his lips (beholding still his wonted image) past.
Alas sweet boy belou'd in vaine, farewell. And by and by
With sighing sound the selfe same words the Eccho did reply.
With that he layd his weary head against the grassie place,
And death did close his gazing eyes that wondred at the grace
And beauty which did late adorne their masters heauenly face.
And afterwards when into hell receaued was his spright,
He goes me to the well of Styx: and there both day and night.
Stands toting on his shadow still as fondly as before.
The water-Nymphs his sisters wept and wailed for him sore.
And on his body strowd their haire clipt off and shorne therefore.
The Wood-Nymphs also did lament. And Eccho did resound
To euery sorrowfull woyse of theirs with like lamenting sound.
The fire was made to burne his corse, and wasen Tapers light,

A Herce to lay the body on with solemne pompe was dight.
But as for body none remaind: In stead thereof they found
A yellow flower with milke white leaues new sprong vpon the ground.
This matter all Achaia through did spread the Prophets fame.
That euery where of iust desart renowmed was his name.
But Penthey old Echions sonne (who proudly did disdaine
Both God and man) did laugh to scorne the Prophets words as vaine,
Vpbrayding him most spitefully with losing of his sight,
And with the fact for which he lost fruition of this light.
The good old father (for these words his patience much did moue)
Said: O how happie shouldst thou be and blessed from aboue,
If thou wert blind as well as I, so that thou might not see
The Sacred Rites of Bacchus band: for sure the time will bee,
And that full shortly (as I gesse) that hither shall resort
Another Bacchus Semelles sonne, whom if thou not support
With pompe and honour like a God, thy carkasse shall be tattred,
And in a thousand places eke about the Woods be scattred.
And for to read thee what they are that shall performe the deed,
It is thy mother and thine Aunts that thus shall make thee bleed.
I know it shall so come to passe, for why thou shalt disdaine
To honour Bacchus as a God: and then thou shalt with paine
Feele how that blinded as I am I saw for thee so much.
As old Tiresias did pronounce these words and other such,
Echions sonne did trouble him. His words prooue true indeed,
For as the Prophet did foretspeake, so fell it out with speed.
Anon this newfound Bacchus comes: the woods and fields rebound,
With noyse of shouts and howling out, and such confused sound.
The folke run flocking out by heapes, men, Mayds and wiues together,
The noble men and rascall sort ran gadding also thither.
The Orgies of this vnknown God full fondly to performe,
The which when Penthey did perceaue he gan to rage and storme.
And sayd vnto them. O ye impes of Mars his Snake by kind
What ayleth you: what fiend of hell doth thus enrage your mind?
Hath tinkling sound of pottes and pannes: hath noyse of crooked horne:
Haue fond illusions such a force: that them whom heretofore
No arming sword: no bloody trumpe: no men in battell ray
Could cause to shrinke: now shepily shrinkes of simple women fray?

And

And drunken madnesse wrought by wine: & vents of filthy breakes:
And sound of toying timpanes dauntes: and quite their courage breaks:
Shall I at you yee ancient men which from the towne of Tyre:
To bring your household Gods by Sea, in safetie did aspyre:
And setled them within this place the which ye now do yeld
In bondage quite without all force and fighting in the field:
Or wonder at you yonger sort approaching unto mee
More neere in courage and in yeeres: whom meete it were to see
With speare and not with thirsle in hand: with glittring helme on head,
And not with leaues: Now call to minde of whom ye all are bred,
And take the stomacke of that Snake, which being one alone,
Right stoutly in his owne defence confounded many a one.
Ye for his Harbrough and his spring his life did nobly spend.
Doe you no more but take a heart your Countrie to defend.
He put to death Right valiant Knights. Your battell is with such
As are but Peacocks in effect: and yet ye do so much.
In conquering them, that by the deede the olde renowne ye saue,
Which from your fathers by discent this present time ye haue.
If fatall destenies do forbid that Thebe long shall stand,
Would God that men with Cannon-shot might raze it out of hand.
Would God the noyse of fire and sword did in our hearing sound.
For then in this our wretchednesse there could no fault be found
Then might we iustly waple our case, that all the world might see.
We should not nede of sheading teares ashamed for to bee.
But now our Towne is taken by a naked beardlesse boy,
Who doth not in the feates of armes, nor horse, nor armour ioy,
But for to moyst his haire with Myrrhe, and put on garlands gay,
And in soft Purple silke and golde his body to array.
But put to you your helping hand and straight without delay
I will compell him point by point his lewdnesse to bewray,
Both in vsurping Ioues high name in making him his sonne
And forging of these Ceremonies lately now begonne.
Hath king Acrisius heart inough this fondling for to hate:
That makes himselfe to be a God: and for to shut the gate
Of Argus at his comming there: and shall this rouer make
King Penthey and the noble Towne of Thebe thus to quake:
Go quickely sirs (these words he spake vnto his seruants) go.

Anon

And bring the Captaine hither bound with speed, why stay ye so?
His Graundsire Cadmus, Athamas and others of his kinne
Reproued him by gentle meanes but nothing could they winne:
The more entreatance that they made the fiercer was he still:
The more his friends did go about to breake him of his will.
The more they did prouoke his wrath and set his rage on fire:
They made him worse in that they sought to bridle his desire.
So haue I seene a Brooke ere this, where nothing let the streame
Runne smoth with little noyse or none, but whereas any beame
Or cragged stones did let his course, and make him for to stay:
It went more fiercly from the stoppe with somy froth away.
Behold all bloudy came his men, and straight he them demanded
Where Bacchus was, and why they had not done as he commanded:
Sir (answered they) we saw him not, but this same fellow heere,
A chiefe companion in his traine and worker in his geere,
We take by force: and therewithall presented to their Lord
A certaine man of Tirrhene land, his hands fast bound with cord,
Whome they frequenting Bacchus Rites had found but late before.
A grim and cruell looke which ye did make to seeme more sore,
Did Penthey call vpon the man. And though he scarcely stayd
From putting him to torments straight. O wretched man (he said)
Who by thy worthy death shall be a sample vnto other,
Declare to me the names of thee, thy father, and thy mother:
And in what Country thou wert borne, and what hath caused thee,
Of these strange Rites and sacrifice a follower for to be.
The boy dof feare made answere thus. Acetis is my name:
Of Parents but of lowe degree in Lidy land I came.
No ground for painfull Dye to till, no sheepe to beare me wooll
My father left me: no nor Horse, nor Asse, nor Cow, nor Bull.
God wote he was but poore himselfe: with line and baited hooke
The frisking fishes in the poles vpon his Rod he take
His hands did serue in stead of lands, his substance was his craft.
Now haue I made you true account of all that he me laft,
As well of riches as of trades, in which I was his heire
And successour. For when that death bereft him vse of ayre,
Saue water he me nothing left. It is the thing alone
Which for my lawfull heritage I claime, and other none.

Penn

Soone after I (because I was vnwilling to abide
In that poore state) did learne a Ship by cunning hand to guide,
And for to know the rainy signe that hight th'Olenien Gote
Which with her milke did nourish Ioue. And also I did note
The Pleiads and the Hiads moyst, and eke the seely Plough
With all the dwellings of the winds that make the Seas so rough.
And eke such Hauens that are meet to harbour vessels in:
With euery starre and heauenly signe that guides to ship-men bin.
Now as by chance I late ago did toward Delos saile,
I came on coast of Scios Ile, and seeing day to faile,
Tooke harbour there, and went a land. Assoone as that the night
Was spent and morning gan to peere with ruddy glaring light,
I rose and bad my company fresh water fetch aboord.
And pointing them the way that led directly to the Foord,
I went me to a little hill and viewed round about
To see what weather we were like to haue ere setting out.
Which done I cald my Watermen and all my mates togither,
And wil'd them all to go aboord my selfe first going thither.
Lo here we are (Opheltes said) (he was the Masters Mate)
And (as he thought) a bootie found in desart field alate,
He dragd a boy vpon his arme that for his beauty sheene
A mayden rather then a boy appeared for to beene.
This child, as ouercharged with Wine and dreint with drousie sleepe
Did reele, as though he scarcely could himselfe from falling keepe.
I markt his countenance, weed and pace, no inckling could I see
By which I might coniecture him a mortall wight to bee.
I thought, and to my fellowes sayd: what God I cannot tell
But in this body that we see some Godhead sure doth dwell.
What God soeuer that thou art, thy fauour to vs show,
And in our labours vs assist, and pardon these also.
Pray for thy selfe and not for vs (quoth Dyctis by and by)
A nimbler fellow for to climbe vpon the Mast on hie
And by the Cable downe to slide there was not in our keele.
Swart Melanth Patrone of the ship did like his saying weele:
So also did Alcimedon: and so did Lybis to
And blacke Epopeus eke whose charge it did belong vnto
To see the Rowers at their times their duties duely do.

And

And so did all the rest of them; so sore mens eyes are blinded
Where couetousnesse of filthy gaine is more then reason minded.
Well sirs (quoth I) but by your leaue you shall not haue it so,
I will not suffer sacriledge within this ship to go.
For I haue here the most to do. And with that word I stept
Upon the Hatches, all the rest from entrance to haue kept.
The ranckest Ruffian of the Rout that Lycab had to name,
(Who for a murder being late driuen out of Tuscane, came
To me for succor) wexed wood, and with his sturdie fist
Did giue me such a churlish blow because I did resist,
That ouer-bord he had me sent, but that with much ado
I caught the tackling in my hand and held me fast thereto:
The wicked Varlets had a sport to see me handled so.
Then Bacchus (for it Bacchus was) as though he had but tho
Been waked with their noyse from sleepe and that his drousie braine
Discharged of the wine (began to gather sence againe)
Said: What a do? what noyse is this? how came I heare I pray?
Sirs: tell me whether you do meane to carry me away.
Feare not my boy (the Patrone said) no more but tell me where
Thou doost desire to go a land, and we will set thee there.
To Naxus-ward (quoth Bacchus tho) set Ship vpon the some,
There would I haue you harbrough take, for Naxus is my home.
Like periurde caytifts, by the sea, and all the Gods thereof,
They falsly sware it should be so, and therewithall in scoffe
They bad me hoise vp saile and goe. Upon the righter hand
I cast about to fetch the wind, for so did Naxus stand.
What mean'st? art mad? Opheltes cride, and there withall begun
A feare of losing of their pray through euery man to run.
The greater part with head and hand a signe did to me make,
And some do whisper in mine eare the left hand way to take.
I was amazde, and said: take charge henceforth who will for me:
For of your craft and wickednesse I will no further be.
Then fell they to reuiling me, and all the rout gan geudge:
Of which Ethalion said in scorne: Belike in you sir snudge
Consists the safegard of vs all: and with that word he takes
My rome, and leauing Naxos quite, to other Countries makes
The God then dallying with these mates, as though he had at last

Begun

Begun to smell their subtile craft, out of the fore-decke cast
His eyes vpon the Sea: and then as though he seemde to weepe,
Said: Sirs, to bring me on this coast ye do not promise keepe.
I see that this is not the land the which I did request.
For what occasion in this sort deserue I to be drest?
What commendations can you win, or praise thereby receiue?
If men a lad, if many one ye compasse to deceiue?
I wept and sobbed all this while, the wicked villaines laught,
And rowed forth with might and maine, as though they had bien straught
Now euen by him (for sure than he is all the world so wide
There is no God more neere at hand at euer plaine and tide)
I sweare vnto you that the things the which I shall declare,
Like as they seeme incredible, euen so most true they are.
The ship stood still amid the sea, as in a dustie decke,
They wondring at this miracle, and making but a mocke.
Persist in beating with their oars, and on with all their sayles:
To make their Galley to remoue, no arts nor labour fayles.
But inie troubled so their oars that forth they could not rowe:
And both with berries and with leaues their sayles did ouergrow.
And he himselfe with clustred grapes about his temples round,
Did shake a Iauelin in his hand that round about was bound
With leaues of Vines: and at his feet there seemed for to couch
Of Tygers, Lynx, and Panthers shapes most ougly for to touch.
I cannot tell you whether feare or wodnesse was the cause,
But euery person leapeth vp and from his labour drawes.
And there one Medon first of all began to waxen blacke,
And hauing lost his former shape did take a courbed backe.
What monster shall we haue of thee? (quoth Lycab) and with that
This Lycabs chappes did wexen wide, his nose-thrils wexed flat,
His skin wext tough, and scales thereon began anon to grow.
And Lybis as he went about the ores away to throw,
Perceiued how his hands did shrinke and were become so short,
That now for finnes and not for hands he might them well report.
Another as he would haue claspt his arme about the cord,
Had neare an arme: and so bemainn'd in body, ouer-bord
He leapeth downe among the waues and forked is his tayle
As are the hornes of Phœbes face when halfe her light doth fayle.

They leape about and sprinkle vp much water on the ship,
One while they swim aboue, and downe againe anon they slip.
They fetch their friskes as in a daunce and wantonly they writhe,
Now heere now there among the waues their bodyes baine and lithe.
And with their wide and hollow nose the water in they snuffe.
And by their noses out againe as fast they do it puffe.
Of twentie persons (for our ship so many men did beare)
I onely did remaine nigh straught and trembling still for feare.
The God could scarce recomfort me, and yet he sayd go too,
Feare not, but sayle to Dia-ward. His will I gladly doo.
And so assoone as I came there with right deuout intent,
His Chaplaine I became. And thus his Orgies I frequent.
Thou makste a processe very long (quoth Penthey) to th'intent
That (choler being coolde by time) mine anger might relent.
But Sirs, (he spake it to his men) go take him by and by,
With cruell torments out of hand go cause him for to die.
Immediately they led away Acetes out of sight,
And put him into prison strong from which there was no flight.
But while the cruell instruments of death as sword and fire
Were in preparing wherewithall t'accomplish Pentheys ire,
It is reported that the doores did of their owne accord
Burst open and his chaines fall off. And yet this cruell Lord
Persisteth fiercer than before, nor bidding others go:
But goes himselfe vnto the hill Cytheron, which as tho
To Bacchus being consecrate did ring of chaunted songs.
And other loude confused sounds of Bacchus drunken throngs.
And euen as when the bloody trompe doth to the battel sound.
The lustie horse straight neying out bestirres him on the ground,
And taketh courage thereupon t'assaile his enemie proud:
Euen so when Penthey heard a farre the noyse and howling loud
That Bacchus franticke folke did make, it set his heart on fire,
And kindled fiercer than before the sparkes of setled ire.
There is a goodly plaine about the middle of the hill,
Enuirond in with woods, where men may view eche way at will.
Here looking on these holy Rites with lewde prophaned eyes.
King Pentheys mother first of all her foresayd sonne espies,
And like a Bedlem first of all she doth vpon him runne,

And

And with her Iauelin furiously she first doth wound her sonne.
Come hither sisters come she cryes, here is that mightie Bore,
Here is the Bore that stroyes our fieldes, him will I strike therefore.
With that they fall vpon him all as though they had béene mad,
And clustring all vpon a heape fast after him they gad.
He quakes and shakes: his words are now become more méeke and cold:
He now condemnes his owne default and sayes he was too bold.
And wounded as he was he cries, helpe Aunt Autonoce,
Now for Acteons blessed soule some mercie shew to mée.
She wist not who Acteon was, but rent without delay
His right hand off: and Ino tare his tother hand away.
To lift vnto his mother tho, the wretch had neare an arme:
But shewing her his maimed corse and wounds yet bleeding warme,
O mother sée (he sayes): with that Agauē howled out:
And writhed with her necke awry, and shake her heare about.
And holding from his body torne his head in bloody hands,
She cryes: O fellowes in this déede one noble conquest stands.
No sooner could the winde haue blowen the rotten leaues fro trées,
When winters frost hath bitten them: then did the hands of these
Most wicked women Pentheys lims from one another teare.
The Thebans being now by this example brought in feare,
Frequent this new-found Sacrifice, and with sweete frankinsence,
God Bacchus altars load with gifts in euery place do cense.

Finis tertij Libri.

THE FOVRTH BOOKE OF Ouids Metamorphosis.

YEt would not stout Alcithoe
Duke Minyus daughter bow
The Orgies of this new-found God
in conscience to allow:
But still the silly doth denie
that Bacchus is the Sonne
Of Ioue: and in this heresie her sisters with her runne.
The Priest hath bidden holy-day, and that as well the mayd
As mistresse (for the time aside all other businesse layd)
In Buck-skinne cotes, with tresses lose, and garlands on their heare,
Should in their hands the leauie speares (surnamed Thyrsis) beare.
Foretelling them that if they did the Gods commandement breake,
He would with sore and grieuous plagues his wrath upon them wreake
The women straight both yong and old do thereunto obey,
Their yarne, their baskets, and their flare vnspunne aside they lay.
And burne to Bacchus Frankincense. Whom solemnly they call
By all the names and titles high that may to him befall.
As Bromeus and Lyeus eke begotten of the flame.
Twise borne, the sole and onely child that of two mothers came,
Vnthorne Thyoney, Nisseus, Leneus, and the setter
Of Vines, whose pleasant liquor makes all tables fare the better.
Nyctileus, and thy Elelean Sire, Iacchus, Euan eke,
With diuers other glorious names that through the land of Greeke
To thee O Liber wonted are to attributed be.
Thy youthfull yeares can neuer waste: there dwelleth ay in thee
A child-hod tender, fresh and faire: in heauen we do thee see.
Surmounting euery other thing in beautie and in grace:
And when thou standst without thy hornes thou hast a maydens face.
To thee obeyeth all the East as farre as Ganges goes,
Which doth the scorched land of Inde with tawnie folke inclose.

Lycur-

Lycurgus with his twi-bill sharpe, and Penthey who for pride
Thy Godhead and thy mighty power rebelliously denyde,
Thou right redoubted didst confound: thou into sea didst send
The Tyrrhene shipmen: thou with bits the sturdy necks doth bend
Of spotted Linxes: throngs of Frowes and Satyres on thee tend,
And that old Hag that with a staffe his staggring limmes doth stay
Scarce able on his Asse to sit, for reeling every way.
Thou commest not in any place but that is heard the noyse
Of gaglings womens tatling tongues, and shouting out of boyes.
With sound of timbrels, tabors, pipes, and brazen pannes and pots,
Confusedly among the rout that in thine Orgies trots.
The Thebane women for thy grace and favour humbly sue,
And (as the priest did bid) frequent thy Rites with reverence due.
Alonely Mineus daughters bent of wilfulnesse, with working
Quite out of time to breake the feast, are in their houses lurking:
And there do fall to spinning yarne, or weaning in the frame,
And kéepe their maidens to their worke. Of which one pleasant dame
As she with nimble hand did draw her slender thréd and fine,
Said: while that others idlely do serue the God of wine,
Let vs that serue a better saint Minerua, find some talke
To ease our labour while our hands about our profit walke.
And for to make the time séeme short, let each of vs recite,
(As every bodies turne shall come) some tale that may delight.
Her saying likt the rest so well, that all consent therein,
And thereupon they pray that first the eldest would begin.
She had such store and choyce of tales she wist not which to tell,
She doubted if she might declare the fortune that befell
To Dircetes of Babylon whom now with scaly hide
In altered shape the Philistine beléeueth to abide
In watry poles: or rather how her daughter taking wings
In shape of Doue on tops of towres in age now sadly sings.
Or how a certaine water-Nymph by witchcraft and by charmes
Conuerted into fishes dumbe, of youngmen many swarmes,
Untill that of the selfe same sauce her selfe did taste at last.
Or how the tree that vsde to beare fruite white in ages past,
Doth now beare fruit in manner blacke by sprinkling vp of blood.
This tale (because it was not stale nor common) séemed good
To her to tell: and thereupon she in this wise begun,

Her busie hand still drawing out the flaxen thred she spun,
Within the towne of whose huge walles so monstrous high and thick.
The fame is giuen Semyramis for making them of bricke)
Dwelt hard together two young folke in houses ioynd so nere,
That vnder all one roofe well nigh both twaine conuayed were.
The name of him was Pyramus, and Thisbe call'd was she,
So faire a man in all the East was none alme as he.
Nor nere a woman, maydē, nor wife in beautie like to her.
This neighbrod bred acquaintance first, this neighbrod first did ster
The secret sparkes: this neighbrod first an entrance in did show
For loue, to come to that to which it afterward did grow.
And if that right had taken place they had beene man and wife,
But still their Parents went about to let which (for their life)
They could not let. For both their hearts with equall flame did burne,
No man was priuie to their thoughts. And for to serue their turne,
In stead of talke they vsed signes: the closelier they suppresst
The fire of loue, the fiercer still it raged in their brest.
The wall that parted house from house had riuen therein a crauie,
Which chaunce at making of the wall: this fault not markt of anie
Of many hundred yeares before (what doth not loue espie?)
These louers first of all found out, and made away whereby
To talke together secretly, and through the same did go
Their louing wispings very light and safely to and fro.
Now as at one side Pyramus, and Thisbe on the tother
Stood often drawing one of them the pleasant breath from other:
O thou enuious wall (they sayd) why letst thou louers thus?
What matter were it if that thou permitted both of vs
In armes each other to embrace? or if thou thinke that this
Were ouer-much, yet mightest thou at least make roome to kisse.
And yet thou shalt not find vs churles: we thinke our selues in det
For the same piece of curtesie, in vouching safe to let
Our sayings to our friendly eares thus freely come and go.
Thus hauing where they stood in vaine complained of their woe:
When night drew nere they bad adue, and ech gaue kisses sweete
Vnto the parget on their side the which did neuer meete.
Next morning with her cherefull light had driuen the starres aside,
And Phœbus with his burning beames the dewie grasse had dride,
These louers at their wonted place by fore-appointment met,

Where

Where after much complaint and mone they couenanted to get
Away from such as watched them, and in the euening late
To steale out of their fathers house and eke the cittie gate.
And to th'intent that in the fields they strayd not vp and downe,
They did agree at Ninus Tombe to méet without the towne,
And tary vnderneath a tree that by the same did growe:
Which was a faire high Mulberie with fruite as white as snow,
Hard by a cole and trickling spring. This bargaine pleas'd them both.
And so day-light (which to their thought away but slowly goth)
Did in the Ocian fall to rest, and night from thence did rise.
Assone as darkenesse once was come, straight Thisbe did deuise
A shift to winde her out of doores, that none that were within
Perceiued her: and muffling her with clothes about her chin,
That no man might discerne her face, to Ninus Tombe she came
Vnto the tree: and set her downe there vnderneath the same.
Loue made her bolde. But see the chance, there comes besmerde with blood
About the chappes, a Lyoneſſe all foaming from the wood,
From slaughter lately made of kine to staunch her bloody thirst
With water of the foresayd spring. Whom Thisbe spying first
A farre by mone-light, thereupon with fearefull steps gan flie.
And in a darke and vgkesome caue did hide her selfe thereby.
And as she fled away for haste she let her mantle fall,
The which for feare she left behind not looking backe at all.
Now when the cruell Lyoneſſe her thirst had staunched well,
In going to the wood she found the slender weede that fell
From Thisbe, which with bloody teeth in péeces she did teare:
The night was somewhat further spent ere Pyramus came there.
Who seeing in the suttle sand the print of Lyons paw,
Wext pale for feare. But when also the bloody cloake he saw
All rent and torne: one night (he sayd) shall louers two confound,
Of which long life deserued she of all that line on ground.
My soule deserues of this mischaunce the perill for to beare.
I wretch haue béene the death of thée, which to this place of feare
Did cause thée in the night to come, and came not there before:
My wicked limbs and wretched guts with cruell teeth therefore
Deuoure ye, O ye Lyons all that in this rocke do dwell.
But cowards vse to wish for death. The slender weede that fell
From Thisbe vp he takes, and straight both beare it to the tree,

Which was appointed erſt the place of meeting for to bee.
And when he had bewept and kiſt the garment which he knew,
Receiue thou my blood too (quoth he) and therewithall he drew
His ſword the which among his guts he thruſt, and by and bis
Did draw it from the bleeding wound beginning for to die,
And caſt himſelfe vpon his backe, the blood did ſpinne on hie
As when a conduite pipe is crackt, the water burſting out
Doth ſhoote it ſelfe a great way off, and pierſe the Ayre about.
The leaues that were vpon the tree beſprinkled with his blood
Were died blacke. The roote alſo beſtained as it ſtood,
A deepe darke purple colour ſtraight vpon the Berries caſt.
Anon ſcarce ridded of her feare with which ſhe was agaſt,
For doubt of diſapointing him comes Thisbe forth in haſt,
And for her louer lookes about, reioycing for to tell
How hardly ſhe had ſcapt that night the danger that befell.
And as ſhe knew right well the place and faſhion of the tree
(As which ſhe ſaw ſo late before:) euen ſo when ſhe did ſee
The Colour of the Berries turnd, ſhe was vncertaine whither
It were the tree at which they both agreed to meete together.
While in this doubt full ſtound ſhe ſtood, ſhe caſt her eye aſide
And there beweltred in his blood her louer ſhe eſpide
Lie ſprawling with his dying limbs: at which ſhe ſtarted backe,
And looked pale as any Wox, a ſhudring through her ſtracke,
Euen like the ſea which ſuddenly with whiſſling noyſe doth moue,
When with a little blaſt of wind it is but toucht aboue.
But when approching nearer him ſhe knew it was her loue,
She beate her breſt, ſhe ſhriked out, ſhe tare her golden heares,
And taking him betweene her armes did waſh his wounds with teares.
She meynt her weeping with his blood, and kiſſing all his face
(Which now became as cold as yſe) ſhe cryde in wofull caſe
Alas what chaunce my Pyramus hath parted thee and mee?
Make anſwere O my Pyramus: it is thy Thisb, euen ſhee
Whom thou doſt loue moſt hartily that ſpeaketh vnto thee,
Giue eare and raiſe thy heauie head. He hearing Thisbes name,
Lift vp his dying eyes, and hauing ſeene her, cloſde the ſame.
But when ſhe knew her Mantle there, and ſaw his Scaberd lie
Without the ſword: Vnhappy man thy loue hath made thee die:
Thy loue (ſhe ſayd) hath made thee ſlea thy ſelfe. This hand of mine

Is strong inough to do the like. My loue no lesse than thine
Shall giue me force to worke my wound. I will pursue thee dead,
And wretched woman as I am, it shall of me be sed
That like as of thy death I was the onely cause and blame,
So am I thy companion eke and partner in the same.
For death which onely could alas asunder part vs twaine,
Shall neuer so disseuer vs but we will meete againe.
And you the Parents of vs both most wretched folke alme,
Let this request that I shall make in both our names be inne
Intreat you to permit, that we whome chaste and stedfast loue,
And whom euen death hath ioynd in one, may as it doth behoue
In one graue be together layd. And thou vnhappy tree
Which shroudest now the corse of one, and shalt anon through mee
Shroude two, of this same slaughter hold the sticker sinnes for ay
Blacke be the colour of thy fruite and mourning like alway,
Such as the murder of vs twaine may euermore bewray.
This sayd, she toke the sword yet warme with slaughter of her loue
And setting it beneath her brest did to her heart it shoue.
Her prayer with the Gods and with their Parents toke effect,
For when the fruite is throughly ripe, the Berrie is bespect
With colour tending to a blacke. And that which after fire
Remained, rested in one Tombe as Thisbe did desire.

This tale thus told, a little space of pawsing was betwixt,
And then began Leucothoë thus, her sisters being whist.
This Sonne that with his streaming light all worldly thing doth cheare,
Was tane in loue. Of Phœbus loues now list and you shall heare.
It is reported that this God did first of all espie,
(For euery thing in heauen and earth is open to his eye)
How Venus with the warlike Mars aduoutry did commit.
It grieued him to see the fact and so discouered it.
He shewed her husband Iunos sonne th'aduoutrie and the place
In which this pryuie scape was done. Who was in such a case
That heart and hand and all did fayle in working for a space.
Anon he featly fordgd a net of Wire so fine and slight,
That neither knot nor noze therein apparant was to sight.
This piece of worke was much more fine then any hand-warpe weele,
Or that whereby the Spider hangs in sliding from the rafe.
And furthermore the suttlenesse and slight thereof was such,

It

A happie league of amitie: and * two of Thestes race: * Plexippus, and Toxeus.
And Lynce the sonne of Apharie and Idas swift of pace.
And fierce Leucyppus and the brane Acastus with his Dart,
In handling of the which he had the perfect skill and Art.
And Cæny who by birth a wench, the shape of man had wonne
And Dryas and Hyppothous: and Phœnix eke the sonne
Of olde Amintor: and a * paire of Actors ympes: and Phyle * Eurytus & Cteatus.
Who came from Elis. Telamon was also there that while:
And so was also Peleus the great Achilles Sire:
And * Pherets sonne: and Iolay the Thebane who with fire * Admetus.
Helpt Hercules the monstrous heads of Hydra off to scare.
The lively lad Eurytion and Echion who did beare
The pricke and prize for footmanship, were present also there.
And Lelex of Narytium tho. And Panopie besyde:
And Hyle: and cruell Hippasus: and Nestor who that tide
Was in the prime of lustie youth: moreouer thither went
* Three children of Hippocoon from olde Amycle sent. * Enesimus, Alceus, & Dexippus.
And ‡ he that of Penelope the fathrinlaw became.
And eke the sonne of Parrhasus Ancæus cald by name.
There was * the sonne of Ampycus of great forecasting wit: ‡ Laertes.
And ‡ Oeclies sonne who of his wife was vnbetrayed yit. * Mopsus.
And from the Cittie Tegea, there came the Paragone ‡ Amphiaraus.
Of Lycey Forrest, Atalant a godly Lady, one
Of Schœneys daughters, then a maid: the garment she did weare
A brayded button fastned at her gorget. All her heare
Untrimmed in one onely knot was trussed. From her left
Side hanging on her shoulder was an Ivorie quiuer deft:
Which being full of arrowes, made a clattring as she went,
And in her right hand she did beare a bow already bent.
Her furniture was such as this. Her countnance and her grace
Was such as in a Boy might well be cald a Wenches face,
And in a Wench be cald a Boyes. The Prince of Calydon
No sooner cast his eye on her, but being caught anon
In loue, he wish't her to his wife. But vnto this desire
God Cupid gaue not his consent. The secret flames of fire
He haling inward still did say: O happie man is he
Whom this same Lady shall vouchsafe her Husband for to be.
The shortnesse of the time and shame would giue him leaue to say

no more: a worke of greater weight did draw him then away.
A wood thicke growne with trees which stood vnfelled to that day,
Beginning from a plaine, had thence a large prospect throughout
The falling grounds that euery way did mutter round about.
As soone as that the men came there, some pitched vp the toyles,
Some tooke the couples from the Dogs, and some pursude the foyles
In places where the Swine had trast: desiring for to spie
Their owne destruction. Now there was a hollow bottom by,
To which the watershots of raine from all the hie grounds drew.
Within the compasse of this pond great store of Oysters grew:
And Sallowes lithe, and slackring Flags, and moorish rushes eke,
And lazie Reedes on little shankes, and other baggage like.
From hence the Boare was rowzed out, and fiercely forth he flyes
Among the thickest of his foes like thunder from the Skies.
When clouds in meeting force the fire to burst by violence out.
He beares the trees before him downe, and all the wood about
Doth sound of crashing. All the youth with hideous noyse and shout
Against him bend their Boarespeare points with hand and courage stout,
He rushes forth among the Dogs that held him at a bay,
And now on this side, now on that, as any come in way,
He rippes their skins, splitteth them, and chaseth them away.
Echion first of all the rout a Dart at him did throw,
Which mist and in a Maple tree did giue a little blow.
The next (if he that threw the same had shed lesser might)
The backe at which he aymed it was likely for to smight.
It ouerflew him. Iason was the man that cast the Dart.
With that the sonne of Ampycus, sayd: Phœbus (if with hart *Mopsus.*
I haue, and still do worship thee) now graunt me for to hit
The thing that I do leuell at. Apollo graunts him it
As much as lay in him to graunt. He hit the Swine indeed.
But neither entred he his side, nor caused him to bleed.
For why Diana (as the Dart was flying) tooke away
The head of it: and so the Dart could headlesse beare no sway.
But yet the moody beast thereby was set the more on fire,
And chafing like the lightning swift he vttreth forth his ire.
The fire did sparkle from his eyes: and from his boyling brest
He breathed flaming flakes of fire conceined in his chest.
And lyke with what a violent hunt a mightie Bullet goes

From engines bent against a wall, or Bulwarks full of fors:
With euen such violence rush't the Swine among the Hunts amaine,
And ouerthrew Eupalamon and Pelagon, both twaine
That on the right wing placed were. Their fellowes stooping to
And drawing them away, did saue their liues with much ado.
But as for poore *Enesimus* Hippocoons sonne, had not
The lucke to scape the deadly dint. He would away haue got,
And trembling, turn'd his backe for feare. The Swine him ouertooke
And cut his hamstrings, so that straight his going him forsooke.
And Nestor to haue lost his life was like by fortune ere
The siege of Troy, but that he tooke his rift vpon his speare:
And leaping quickly vp vpon a tree that stood hard by,
Did safely from the place behold his foe whom he did flie.
The Boare then whetting sharpe his tuskes against the Oken wood,
To mischiefe did prepare himselfe with fierce and cruell mood.
And trusting to his weapons which he sharpened had anew,
In great Orithyas thigh a wound with hooked groyne he drew.
The valiant brothers those same twinnes of Tindarus (not yet *Castor & Pollux.*
Celestiall signes) did both of them on gaudy courbers sit
As white as snow: and each of them had shaking in his fist
A lightsome Dart with head of Steele to throw it where he list.
And for to wound the bristled Boare they surely had not mist
But that he still recouerd to the couerts of the wood,
That neither horse could follow him, nor Dart doe any good.
Still after followed Telamon, whom taking to his fate
No heede at all for eagernesse, a Maple stake did mate,
Which tripped vp his heeles, and flat against the ground him laide.
And while his brother Peleus releeued him, the Maide
Of Tegea toke an arrow swift, and shot it from her bow.
The arrow lighting vnderneath the hauors eare by low,
And somewhat rasing of the skin, did make the blood to flow.
The Maide her selfe not gladder was to see that luckie blow,
Than was the Prince Meleager. He was the first that saw,
And first that shewed to his Mates the blood that she did draw:
And sayd, for this thy valiant act due honor shalt thou haue.
The men did blush, and hearing vp each other courage gaue
With shouting, and disordrely their Dartes by heapes they threw.
The number of them hindred them, not suffring to ensew

That

That any lighted on the marke at which they all did ame.
Bohold, enrag'd against his end the hardie Knight that came
From Arcadie, rusht rashly with a Pollax in his fist
And sayd: you youglings learne of me what difference is betwist
A wenches weapon and a mans: and all of you giue place
To my redoubted force. For though Diana in this chase
Should with her owne shield him defend, yet should this hand of mine
Euen maugre Dame Dianaas heart, confound this orped Swine.
Such boasting words as these through pride presumtuously he crakes:
And streyning out himselfe vpon his tiptoes, straight he takes
His Pollax vp with both his hands. But as this bragger ment
To fetch his blow, the cruell beast his malice did preuent:
And in his coddes (the speeding place of death) his tuskes he puts,
And rippeth vp his paunch. Downe falles Ancæus, and his guts
Come toumbling out besmear'd with blood, and foyled all the plot.
Pirithous, Ixions sonne at that abashed not:
But shaking in his valiant hand his hunting staffe, did goe
Still stoutly forward face to face t'encounter with his foe.
To whom Duke Theseus cryde a farre. O dearer vnto me
Then is my selfe, my soule I say, stay: lawfull we it see
For valiant men to keepe a loofe. The ouer hardy hart
In rash aduentring of himselfe hath made Ancæus smart.
This sed: he threw a weightie Dart of Cornell with a head,
Of brasse: which being leuel'd well was likely to haue sped,
But that a bough of Chestnut tree thicke leaued, by the way
Did latch it, and by meanes thereof the dint of it did stay.
Another Dart that Iason threw, by fortune mist the Bore.
And light betweene a Mastifes chaps, and through his guts did gore
And nayld him to the earth. The hand of Prince Meleager
Playd hittymisse. Of two Darts his first did flye too fae,
And lighted in the ground: the next amid his backe sticke fast.
And while the Bore did play the fiend and turned round agast,
And grunting flang his fome about together mixt with blood,
The giuer of the wound (the more to stirre his enemies mood)
Stept in, and vnderneath his shield did thrust his Boarespare through.
Then all the hunters shouting out demeaned ioy inough.
And glad was he that first might come to take him by the hand.
About the vgly beast they all with gladnes gazing stand,

And

And wondring what a field of ground his carcasse did possesse.
There durst not any be so bold to touch him. Nerethelesse,
They every of them with his blood their hunting staues made red.
Then stepped forth Meleager, and treading on his hed
Said thus: O Lady Atalant receiue thou here my fee,
And of my glory vouch thou safe partaker for to bee.
Immediately the vgly head with both the tusshes braue
And eke the skinne with bristles stur right grisly, he her gaue.
The Lady for the giuers sake, was in her heart as glad
As for the gift. The rest repinde that she such honor had.
Through all the rout was murmuring. Of whom with roaring crie
And armes displayde that all the field might easily see and here,
The Thesties cryed, Dame come off and lay vs downe with gere.
And thou a woman offer not vs men so great a shame,
As we to toyle, and thou to take the honor of our game.
Ne let that faire smoth face of thine beguile thee, least that he
That being doted in thy loue did giue thee this our fee.
Be ouer farre to reuenge thee. And with that worde they take
The gift from her, and right of gift from him. He could not brake
This wrong: but gnashing with his teeth for anger that did boyle
Within, sayd fiercely: learne ye, you that other folkes dispoyle
Of honor giuen, what difference is betweene your threats, and deedes.
And therewithall Plexippus brest (who no such matter dredes)
With wicked weapon he did perce. As Toxey doubting stood
What way to take, desiring both t'auenge his brothers blood,
And fearing to be murthered as his brother was before,
Meleager (to dispatch all doubts of musing any more)
Did heate his sword for company in blod of him againe,
Before Plexippus blod was cold that did thereon remaine.
Althæa going toward Church with presents for to yild
Due thankes and worship to the Gods, that for her sonne had kild
The Boare, beheld her brothers brought home dead: and by and by
She beate her brest and fild the Towne with shrieking piteously,
And shifting all her rich aray, did put on mourning wede,
But when she vnderstood what man was doer of the dede,
She left all mourning and from teares to vengance did procede.
There was a certaine firebrand which when Oenies wife did lie
In childebed of Meleager, she chaunced to espie

The Destinies putting in the fire: and in the putting in,
She heard them speake these wordes as they his fatall thréed did spin.
O lately borne, like time we giue to thée and to this brand:
And when they so had spoken, they departed out of hand.
Immediately the moother caught the blazing bough away,
And quenched it. This bough she kept full charely many a day:
And in the keeping of the same she kept her sonne aliue.
But now entending of his life him clearely to depriue
She brought it foorth, and causing all the coales and shiuers to
Be layd by, she like a foe did kindle fire thereto.
Fowre times she was about to cast the firebrand in the flame:
Fowre times she pulled backe her hand from doing of the same.
As moother and as sister both she stroue what way to go:
The diuers names drew diuersly her stomacke too and fro.
Her face wert often pale for feare of mischiefe to ensew:
And often red about the eyes through heate of ire she grew.
One while her looke resembled one that threatned cruelnesse:
Another while ye would haue thought she minded pitcousnesse.
And though the cruell burning of her heart did drie her teares,
Yet burst out some. And as a boate which Tyde contrary beares
Against the winde, feeles double force and is compeld to yéeld
To both: So Thesties daughter now vnable for to wéelde
Her doutfull passions, diuersly is caryed off and on,
And changeably she wexes calme, and stormes againe anon.
But better sister ginneth she than moother for to be.
And to th'intent her brothers Ghosts with blood to honor, she
In meaning to be one way kinde, doth worke another way
Against kinde. When the plagny fire wert strong, she thus did say:
Let this same fire my bowels burne. And as in cursed hands
The fatall wood she holding at the hellish Altar stands:
She sayd: ye triple Goddesses of wreake, ye helhounds thrée,
Behold ye all this furious fact and sacrifice of mee.
I wreake and do against all right: with death must death be payd:
On mischiefe mischiefe must be heapt: on corse must corse be layd.
Confounded let this wicked house with heaped sorrowes bee:
Shall Oenie ioy his happy sonne in honor for to see,
And Thestie mourne bereft of his? Nay, better yet it were,
That eche with other companie in mourning you should beare.

Ye brothers Ghosts and soules new dead I wish no more, but you
To feele the the solemne obsequies which I prepare as now:
And that mine offring you accept, which deerely I haue bought
The issue of my wretched wombe. Alas, alas, what thought
I for to do? O brothers I beseech you beare with me.
I am his moother: so to do my hands vnable be.
His trespasse I confesse deserues the stopping of his breath:
But yet I do not like that I be author of his death.
And shall he then with life and limme, and honor too, scape free?
And vaunting in his good successe the King of Calydon bee?
And you deare soules lie raked vp but in a little dust?
I will not surely suffer it. But let the villaine trust
That he shall die, and draw with him to ruine and decay
His Kingdome, Countrey, and his Sire, that doth vpon him stay.
Why, where is now the moothers heart and pittie that should raine
In parents? and the ten moneths paines that once I did sustaine?
O would to God thou burned had a baby in this brand,
And that I had not tane it out and quencht it with my hand.
That all this while thou liued hast, my goodnesse is the cause.
And now most iustly vnto death thine owne desert thee drawes.
Receiue the guerdon of thy deede and render thou agen
Thy twice giuen life, by bearing first, and secondarly when
I caught this firebrand from the flame: Or els come deale with me
As with my brothers, and with them let me entumbed be.
I would, and cannot. What then shall I stand to in this case?
One while my brothers corses seeme to prease before my face,
With liuely image of their deaths. Another while my minde
Doth yeeld to pittie, and the name of moother doth me blinde:
Now wo is me. To let you haue the vpperhand is sinne!
But neerethelesse the vpperhand, O brothers do you win.
Condicionly that when that I to comfort you withall
Haue wrought this feate my selfe to you resort in person shall.
This sed, she turnde away her face and with a trembling hand
Did cast the deathfull brand amid the burning fire. The brand
Did either sigh or sound to sighin burning in the flame,
Which sorie and vnwilling was to fasten on the same.
Meleager being absent, and not knowing ought at all,
Was burned with this flame; and felt his bowels to appall

With secret fire. He bare out long the paine with courage stout.
But yet it grieued him to die so cowardly without
The shedding of his blood. He thought Aeneas for to bee
A happie man that dide of wound. With sighing called hee
Upon his aged father, and his sisters, and his brother,
And lastly on his wife to, and by chaunce vpon his mother.
His paine increased with the fire, and fell therewith againe:
And at the selfe same instant quite extinguisht were both twaine.
And as the ashes soft and hote by leasure ouergrew
The glowing coales: so leasurely his spirit from him drew.
Then drouped stately Calydon. Both yong and old did mourne
The Lords and Commons did lament: and married wiues with borne
And tattred haire did cry alas. His father did beray
His hoarie head and face with dust, and on the earth flat lay,
Lamenting that he liued had to see that woefull day,
For now his mothers giltie hand had for that cursed crime
Done execution on her selfe by sword before her time.
If God to me a hundred mouthes with sounding tongues should send,
And reason able to conceine, and thereunto should lend
Me all the grace of eloquence that ere the Muses had,
I could not shew the woe wherewith his sisters were bestad.
Unmindfull of their high estate, their naked brests they smit,
Untill they made them blacke and blew. And while his bodie yit
Remained, they did cherish it, and cherish it againe.
They kist his bodie: yea, they kist the chist that did contains
His corse. And after that the corse was burnt to ashes, they
Did presse his ashes with their brests: and downe along they lay
Upon his toombe, and there embraste his name vpon the stone,
And filde the letters of the same with teares that from them gone.
At length Diana satisfied with slaughter brought vpon
The house of Oenie, lifts them vp with feathers euerichone,
(Saue Gorgee and the daughter in law of noble Alemene) and
Makes wings to stretch along their sides, and horned nebs to stand
Upon their mouthes. And finally she altring quight their fayze
And native shape, in shape of Birds both sent them through the Ayze.
The noble Theseus in this while with others hauing borne
His part in killing of the Boare, to Athens word beforne
To take his way. But Acheloy then being swolne with raine

Did

Did stay him of his iourney, and from passage him restraine.
Of Athens valiant Knight (quoth he) come vnderneath my roofe,
And for to passe my raging streame as yet attempt no proofe.
This Brooke is wont whole trees to beare, and side-long stones to carry
With hideous roaring downe his streame. I oft haue seene him harrie
Whole sheepecotes standing neere his bankes with flocks of sheepe therim
Nought booted Buls their strength, nought steeds by swiftnes there could
Yea many lusty men this brooke hath swallowed, when the snow (win
From mountaines molten, caused him his bankes to ouerflow.
The best is for you for to rest vntill the Riuer fall
Within his boundes: and run againe within his channell small.
Content (quoth Theseus:) Acheloy, I will not sure refuse
Thy counsell nor thy house. And so he both of them did vse.
Of Pommy hollowed diuersly, and ragged pebble Stone
The walles were made. The floore with Mosse was soft to tread vpon.
The roofe thereof was chekerwise with shels of purple wrought,
And Pearle. The Sunne then full two parts of day to end had brought,
And Theseus downe to table sate with such as late before
Had friendly borne him company at killing of the Bore.
At one side late Ixions sonne, and on the other sate
The Prince of Troyzen Lelex with a thin heard hoarie pate,
And then such other as the brooke of Acarnania did
Vouchsafe the honour to his boord and table for to bid,
Who was right glad of such a guest. Immediatly there came
Bare-footed Nymphs, who brought in meate. And when that of the same
The lords had taken their repast, the meate away they tooke,
And set downe wine in precious stones. Then Theseus who did looke
Vpon the sea that vnderneath did lie within their sight,
Sayd: Tell vs what is yon same place (and with his finger right
He pointed thereunto) I pray, and what that Iland hight,
Although it seemeth mo than one. The Riuer answerd thus,
It is not one maine land alone that kenned is of vs:
There are vpon a fiue of them. The distance of the place,
Doth hinder to descerne betweene each Ile the perfect space.
And that the lesse ye wonder may at Phoebes act alate,
To such as had necloned her vpon contempt or hate,
These Iles were sometime water-nimphes, who hauing killed neate
Twice fiue, and called to their feast the countrey Gods to eate,

Forgetting

Forgetting me, kept frolicke chéere. At that gan I to swell,
And ran more large than euer erst: and being ouer fell
In stomacke and in streame, I rent the wood from wood, and fild
From feld, and the ground the Nimphs as then with stomakes mild
Remembring me, I tumbled to the Sea. The waues of me
And of the sea the ground that erst all whole was wont to bee,
Did rend a sunder into all the Iles you yonder see,
And made a way for waters now to passe betweene them free.
They now of Vesta haue their name. But of these Ilands, one
A great way off (behold ye) stands a great way off alone,
As you may see. The Mariners do call it Perimel'.
With her (she was as then a Nymph) so farre in loue I fell,
That of her maidenhood I her spoyld: which thing displeasd so sore
Her father Sir Hippodamas, that from the craggie shore
He threw her headlong downe to drowne her in the sea But I
Did catch her straight, and bearing her aflote did lowd thus crie.
O Neptune with thy thrise tynde Mace who hast by lot the charge
Of all the waters wilde that bound vpon the earth at large,
To whome we wholy streames do runne, in whom we take our end.
Draw neere, and gently to my bone effectually attend.
This Lady whom I beare aflote, my selfe hath hurt. Be meeke
And vpright If Hippodamas perchaunce were father lake,
Or if that he extremitie through outrage did not sake,
He ought to haue pitied her, and for to beare with me:
Now helpe vs Neptune I thee pray, and condiscend that she
Whome from the land her fathers wrath and cruelnesse doth chace,
Who through her fathers cruelnesse is drowned, may find the grace
To haue a place: or rather let her selfe become a place:
And I will still embrace the same. The King of Seas did mone
His head, and as a token that he did my suite approue,
He made his surges all to shake. The Nymph was sore afrayd.
Howbeit she swam, and as she swam, my hand I softly layd
Vpon her brest which quiuered still. And while I touchd the same,
I sensibly did feele how all her body hard became:
And how the Earth did ouergrow her bulke. And as I spake,
New Earth enclosde her swimming limbes, which by and by did take
Another shape, and grew into a mighty Ile. With that
The Riuer ceasd, and all men there did wonder much thereat.

Pirythous

Pirythous being ouer hault of minde, and such a one
As did despise both God and man, did laugh them euerychone
To scorne for giuing credite, and sayd thus, The wordes thou spakst
Are feyned fancies Acheloy: and ouerstrong thou makst
The Gods: to say that they can giue and take way shapes. This scoffe
Did make the heaters all amazde, for none did like thereof.
And Lelex of them all the man most ripe in yeres and wit,
Sayd thus: Unmeasurable is the power of heauen, and it
Can haue none end. And loke what God doth minde to bring about
Must take effect. And in this case to put ye out of doubt,
Upon the hilles of Phrigye neere a Teyle there stands a tree
Of Oke enclosed with a wall. My selfe the place did see.
For Pitchey vnto Pelops fields did send me where his father
Did sometime raigne. Not farre from thence there is a pole which rather
Had beene dry ground inhabited. But now it is a meare
And Waterecocks, Cootes, and Cormorants do breed and nestle there.
The mightie Ioue and Mercurie his sonne, in shape of men,
Resorted thither on a time. A thousand houses when
For rome to lodge in they had sought, a thousand house bard
Their doores against them. Nerethelesse one cotage afterward
Receiued them, and that was but a pelting one in deede.
The roofe thereof was thatched all with straw and fennish reede.
Howbeit two honest ancient folke, (of whom the Baucis hight
And he Philemon) in that Cote their faith in youth had plight:
And in that Cote had spent their age. And for they patiently
Did beare their simple ponertie, they made it light thereby,
And shewed it nothing to be repined at at all,
It skilles not whether there for Hindes or Waiter you do call,
For all the household were but two: and both of them obayd,
And both commaunded. When the Gods at this same Cotage stayd,
And ducking downe their heads within the low made wicket, came
Philemon bringing each a stole, bade rest vpon the same
Their limmes: and buisie Baucis brought them Cushions homely geare,
Which done, the embers on the harth she gan abrode to reere,
And layd the coales together that were raakt vp ouer night.
And with the brandes and dryed leaues did make them gather might.
And with the blowing of her mouth did make them kindle bright.
Then from an inner house she fetcht seare sticks and clifted brands,

And

And put them broken vnderneath a skillet with her hands.
Her husband from their Garden-plot fetcht Colewoorts. Of the which
She shreaded small the leaues, and with a Forke tooke downe a flitch
Of rustie Bacon from the Balke made blacke with smoke, and cut
A peece thereof, and in the Pan to boyling did it put.
And while this meate a seething was, the time in talke they spent,
By meanes whereof away without much tediousnesse it went.
There hung a Bowle of Beech vpon a spirget by a ring.
The same with warmed water filde, the two old folke did bring
To bath their guestes foule feete therein. Amid the house there stood
A Couch whose bottome, sides, and feete were all of Sallow wood,
And on the same a Mat of Sedge. They cast vpon this bed
A couering which was neuer wont vpon it to be spred,
Except it were at solemne Feastes: and yet the same was olde
And of the coursest, with a bed of Sallow meete to holde.
The Gods sate downe. The aged wife right chare and busie as
A Bee, set out a table: of the which the third foote was
A little shorter then the rest. A tylesherd made it euen
And tooke away the shoringnesse: and when they had it dryuen
To stand vp leuell, with greene Mintes they by and by it wipt,
Then set they on it * Pallas fruite with double colour stript. * Olyfs
And Cornels kept in pickle moyst, and Endiue, and a roote
Of Radish, and a iolly lumpe of Butter fresh and soote,
And egges reare rosted. All these Cates in earthen dishes came.
Then set they downe a grauen Cup made also of the same
Selfe kinde of Plate, and Mazers made of Beech, whose inner side
Was rubd with yellow Waxe. And when they pawsed had a tide,
Hotte meate came piping from the fire. And shortly therevpon
A cup of greene hedge Wine was brought. This tane away, anon
Came in the latter course, which was of Nuts, Dates, dryed Figges,
Sweete smelling Apples in a Maunde made flat of Oysier twigges,
And Prunes and Plums and purple Grapes cut newly from the tree,
And in the midst a Honny-combe new taken from the Bee.
Besides all this, there did ensue good countnance ouermore,
With will not poore nor niggardly. Now all the while before,
As often as Philemon and dame Baucis did perceiue
The emptie Cup to fill alone, and Wine still to receiue,
Amazed at the strangenesse of the thing, they gan straight way

With fearefull hearts and hands hild vp to frame them selues to pray.
Desiring for their slender cheere and fare to pardoned bee.
They had but one poore Gose which kept their little Tennantrée,
And this to offer to the Gods their guestes they did intende.
The Gander wight of wing did make the slow old folke to spende
Their paynes in vayne, and mockt them long. At length he seem'd to flye
For succour to the Gods themselues, who bade he should not dye.
For we be Gods (quoth they) and all this wicked towneship shall
Abye their guilt. On you alone this mischiefe shall not fall.
No more but giue you vp your house, and follow vp this hill
Togither, and vpon the top thereof abide our will.
They both obay'd, And as the Gods did leade the way before,
They lagged slowly after with their staues, and labored sore
Against the rising of the hill. They were not mickle more
Than full a flight shot from the top, when looking back they saw
How all the towne was drowned saue their little shed of straw.
And as they wondred at the thing, and did bewaile the case
Of those that had their neighbours beene: the olde poore Cote so base,
Whereon they had beene owners erst, became a Church. The proppes
Were turned into pillars huge. The straw vpon the tops
Was yellow so that all the roofe did seeme of burnisht gold:
The flowre with Parble paued was. The dores on either fold
Were grauen. At the sight hereof Philemon and his Make
Began to pray in feare. Then Ioue thus gently them bespake:
Declare thou righteous man: and thou O woman meete to haue
A righteous husband: what yée woold most chiefly, wish or craue.
Philemon taking conference a little with his wife,
Declared both their meanings thus. We couet during life
Your Chaplaines for to be to kepe your Temple. And because
Our yeeres in concord we haue spent, I pray when death nere drawes,
Let both of vs togither leaue our lines: That neither I
Behold my wines decease, nor she see mine when I doe die.
Their wish had sequele to their will. As long as life did last,
They kept the Church. And being spent with age of yeeres forepast,
By chance as standing on a time without the Temple doore
They told the fortune of the place, Philemon old and poore
Saw Baucis florish greene with leaues, and Baucis saw likewise
Philemon branching out in boughs and twigs before her eyes.

And

And as the Barke did ouergrow the heads of both, each spake
To other while they might. At last they each of them did take
Their leaue of other both at once, and therewithall the barke
Did hide their faces both at once. The Phrygians in that parke
Do at this present day still shew the trees that shaped were
Of their two bodies, growing yet togither ioyntly there.
These things did ancient men report of credite very good.
For why, there was no cause why they should lye. As I there stood
I saw the garlands hanging on the boughs, and adding new
I sayd: let them whom God doth loue be Gods; and honor dew
Be giuen to such as honor him with feare and reuerence trew.
He held his peace, and both the thing and he that did it tell,
Did moue them all, but Theseus most. Whom being minded well
To heare of wondrous things, the Brooke of Calydon thus bespake:
There are O valiant Knight, some folke that had the power to take
Strange shape for once, and all their liues continue in the same.
And othersome to sundry shapes haue power themselues to frame.
As thou, O Protew, dwelling in the sea that cleepes the land.
For now a Poonker, now a Boare, anon a Lyon, and
Straightway thou didst become a Snake, and by and by a Bull,
That people were afraid of thee to see thy horned skull.
And oftentimes thou seemed a stone, and now and then a tree,
And counterfeiting water sheere thou seemedst oft to bee
A Riuer: and another while contrary thereunto.
Thou wart a fyre. No lesser power than also thus to do
Had Erisicthons daughter whom Awtolychus tooke to wife.
Her father was a person that despised all his life
The power of Gods, and neuer did vouchsafe them sacrifice.
He also is reported to haue hewen in wicked wise
The groue of Ceres, and to fell her holy woods which ay
Had vndiminish't and vnhack't continued to that day.
There stood in it a warry Oke which was a wood alone.
Vpon it round hung fillets, crownes, and tables many a one.
The vowes of such as had obtain'd their hearts desire. Full oft
The woodnymphs vnderneath this tree did setch their frisks aloft,
And oftentimes with hand in hand they daunced in a round
About the Trunke, whose bignes was of timber good and sound
Full fifteene fadom. All the trees within the wood beside,

Were vnto this, as wæds to them: so farre it did them hide.
Yet could not this moue Triops sonne his are there fro to hold.
But bade his seruants cut it downe. And when he did behold
Them stunting at his hest, he snatch't an Are with furious mood
From one of them, and wickedly sayd thus. Although this wood
Not onely were the dærling of the Goddesse, but also
The Goddesse euen her selfe: yet would I make it ere I go
To kisse the flowers with her top that prankes with branches so.
This spoken, as he sweak't his are aside to fetch his blow,
The manast Oke did quake and sigh, the Acornes that did grow
Thereon together with the leaues to were full pale and began,
And shrinking in for feare, the boughes and branches loked wan.
As sone as that his cursed hand had wounded once the træ,
The blood came spinning from the carke, and freshly as ye sæ
It issue from a Bullockes necke whose throate is newly cut
Before the Altar, when his flesh to sacrifice is put.
They were amazed euerychone. And one among them all
To let the wicked act, durst from the træ his hatchet call.
The lewd Thessalian facing him, sayd: Take thou hære to thæ
The guerdon of thy godlynesse: and turning from the træ,
He chopped off the fellowes head. Which done, he went agen
And heawed on the Oke: streight from amid the træ as then
There issued such a sound as this: Within this træ dwell I
A Nymph to Ceres very dære, who now before I die,
In comfort of my death doe giue thæ warning thou shalt buy
Thy dooing dære within a while: he goeth wilfully
Still thorow with his wickednesse, vntill at length the Oke
Pull'd partly by the force of ropes, and cut with ares stroke
Did fall, and with his weight bare downe of vnder-wood great store.
The Woodnymphs with the losses of the Woods and theirs right sore
Amazed, gathered on a knot, and all in mourning wæde
Went sad to Ceres, praying her to wreake that wicked dæde
Of Erisichthons. Ceres was content it should be so.
And with the mouing of her head in nodding to and fro,
She shooke the fieldes which ladden were with fruitefull Harnest tho.
And therewithall a punishment most pitrous she procædes
To put in practise: were it not that his most heynous dædes,
No pittie did deserue to haue at any bodyes hand.

With

With helpeleſſe hunger him to pine, in purpoſe ſhe did ſtand.
And for as much as ſhe her ſelfe and famine might not marie,
(For fate forbiddeth famine to abide within the laire
Where plentie is) ſhe thus beſpake a Fayrie of the hill.
There lyeth in the vtmoſt bounds of Tartarie the chill
A dearie place, a wretched ſoyle, a barraine plot: no grayne,
No fruite, no tree, is growing there: but there doth aye remayne
Vnweldſome cold, with trembling feare, and paleneſſe white as clout,
And fooliſh famine. Will thou her immediatly without
Delay to ſhed herſelfe into the ſtomacke of the wretch,
And let no plentie ſtaunch her force: but let her working ſtretch
Aboue the power of me. And leaſt the longneſſe of the way
May make thee wearie, take thou heere my Chariot: take I ſay
My Dragons for to beare thee through the Ayre. In ſaying ſo,
She gaue her them. The Nymph mounteth vp, and flying thence as tho
Alights in Scythy land, and vp the cragged top of hie
Mount Caucaſus did cauſe her Snakes with much a do to flie.
Where ſeeking long for famine, ſhe the gap-toothd elfe did ſpie
Amid a barren ſtonie field a ramping vp the graſſe
With vglynayles and chanking it. her face pale coloured was.
Her heare was harſh and thrill, her eyes were ſunken in her head.
Her lips were hore with filth, her teeth were furd and ruſtie read.
Her ſkin was ſtarched and ſo theere, a man might well eſpie
The very bowels in her bulke how euery one doth lie.
And eke aboue her courbed loynes her withered hippes were ſeene.
In ſtead of bellie was a ſpace where bellie ſhould haue beene.
Her breſt did hang ſo ſagging downe as that a man would weene
That ſcarcely to her ridgebone had her ribs beene faſtned well.
Her leannelle made her ioynts boine big, and knee-pannes for to ſwell.
And with exceeding mighty knubs her heeles behind boynd out.
Now when the Nymph beheld this elfe a farre (ſhe was in dout
To come too neere her:) ſhe declarde her Ladies meſſage. And
In that ſame little while although the Nymph alone did ſtand,
And though ſhe were but newly come, yet ſeemed ſhe to feele
The force of famine. Whereupon ſhe turning backe her wheele
Did reyne her Dragons vp aloft: who ſtreight with courage free
Conuay'd her into Theſſaly. Although that famine be
Aye contrary to Ceres worke, yet did ſhe then agree